



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

Organ of the international brigades



Vol. II - No. 30

Barcelona, August 26 - 1938

ON THE ROAD TO FINAL VICTORY

The sensational success of our offensive has astounded the entire world. Not alone the fascists were taken by surprise. There was a great deal of consternation in all those diplomatic circles who have based their policies on a speedy Franco victory. The news electrified all friends of democracy revitalizing those who had been inclined to pessimism.

The feat of the Army of Ebro completely vindicated the correctness of the policy pursued by the Government after the Aragon offensive. This policy « Resist, Counter-attack-Win » has now borne fruit. Resistance enabled the Government to reorganize its forces, to strengthen the army with new recruits, to develop its cadres of officers, to mobilize the resources of the country for war and to make possible the next phase — the powerful counter-attack.

This new phase was ushered in by our offensive — a feat that filled all military experts with admiration. Even German and Italian military experts are forced to admit that our crossing the river on so many points simultaneously and by surprise was a demonstration of a well trained, highly disciplined, excellently led army and it was the result of long range, carefully planned and executed general Staff work.

The rapidity of our advance, the great gains in territory without artillery, tanks or aviation support, the 5,000 prisoners and important war material we captured are all military gains of first importance. As a result we now possess a bridgehead wide enough for a basis of large scale operation. We achieved our main objective brilliantly — the Levante offensive of the fascists has been brought to a standstill. With the pressure relieved the Levante Army has been given a chance to consolidate its defenses and even to counter-attack successfully on many points of strategic importance. As a result of our offensive the fascists now have a new front to contend with — a prospect that fills with gloom the most ardent supporters of Franco who are now despairing of an early decision.

Our victory has caused great demoralization among the ranks of Franco's forces. This was clearly demonstrated by the attitude of our prisoners. Officers who pre-

viciously had fought to the last and even committed suicide at the end now willingly permitted themselves to be taken prisoners because they had lost faith in the victory of Franco. The fascist peseta took a deep tumble in the market and all foreign newspapers report a hasty flight of capital from Franco territory. Any further victory can only hasten this process of demoralization and disintegration in the Franco camp.

No less important are the results on the field of international politics.

Our offensive completely destroyed the maneuvers of fascist diplomacy. The sleight-of-hand trick known as « Withdrawal of Volunteers » has now become thoroughly exposed. It has now become impossible for them to keep up their pretenses, all their talk about retirement has abruptly ceased. All fascist newspapers have been forbidden to mention anything about our Government's reply to the Non-Intervention Committee or to comment on it. Far from being in a position to make even a « symbolic » withdrawal they are in desperate need of more men and material.

Our victory has also provided the rearguard with new enthusiasm, renewed its faith in the correctness of the policies of the Government. It gave new impetus to unity and cemented the bonds between Catalonia and the rest of Spain.

Our Brigade and our Division have come through this action with flying colors. The biggest advance was made by our Division which proved itself the Shock-Division of the Army of Ebro. Our Brigade was considered among the best — proving the correctness of the policy pursued by our military command and political leadership.

The new policies and innovations introduced in our Brigade have proved their worth in the acid test of battle. Thanks to the rigorous training our Brigade was able to fulfill all its allotted tasks with speed and a precision worthy of any regular army. The new recruits who had benefited the most by the training gave a very good account of themselves under fire to the satisfaction of all.

The activist movement justified all our expectations. Our activists have set an example of courage, devotion, self-sacrifice wor-

thy of the highest praise. And last, but not least, the mixing of Internationals with Spanish comrades was an unqualified success raising the military effectiveness of our entire Brigade to a hitherto unknown degree.

The Officers, Commissars and the men have all fought exceedin-

gly well. They have carried out their orders in a highly efficient and disciplined manner, with a courage, devotion and a spirit of self sacrifice that only men with very high morale and complete loyalty to the antifascist cause are capable of.

The work of our Staff earned



Mural Poster by Antonio Pujol

the praise of the Higher Command and completely justified our unqualified faith in our leadership.

Of the services the work of the Transmissions was outstanding. For the first time we had telephone connections with all our units and the transmission men worked tirelessly, repairing the line time after time under intense fire when communications had been disrupted by shelling or bombardment.

We have good reasons to be satisfied with our achievements but this is no time to rest on laurels. The struggle is far from completed. We have a long way to go yet until final victory. Our struggle has entered into a new phase and we must be ready for

it. WE MUST BE PREPARED TO RESIST ALL POSSIBLE COUNTERATTACKS TO CONVERT THEM INTO ATTACK AND THUS BRING ABOUT VICTORY!

We must be alert and struggle against all those elements who at this moment are trying to underestimate our gains, belittle our achievements and are thus trying to introduce an element of pessimism, defeatism into our ranks. Cowards and defeatists have no place in our Brigade.

History is being made right here and our Brigade has been allotted a leading role, deservedly so. Let's marshal all our forces and strike blow after blow until final victory is ours!



CROSSING the Ebro

CRUZANDO el Ebro

EN EL CAMINO DE LA VICTORIA FINAL

El éxito sensacional de nuestra ofensiva ha conmovido al mundo entero.

No sólo los fascistas fueron sorprendidos. La consternación se apoderó de todos aquellos círculos diplomáticos, cuya política se basaba en una rápida victoria de Franco. Las noticias electrificaron a todos los amigos de la Democracia, revitalizando a aquellos que se habían inclinado al pesimismo.

La ruta del Ejército del Ebro, vindicó completamente la correcta política señalada después de la ofensiva de Aragón por nuestro Gobierno. Esta política: RESISTIR-CONTRAATACAR-GANAR, ha fructificado. La resistencia facilitó al Gobierno la reorganización de las fuerzas, fortaleció el Ejército con nuevos reclutas, desarrolló nuevos cuadros de oficiales, movilizó los recursos del país para la guerra, e hizo posible la nueva fase.

Esta nueva fase fué iniciada por nuestra ofensiva — una ruta que llenó de admiración a todos los técnicos militares. Aún los expertos militares de Alemania e Italia, se han visto forzados a admitir, que nuestro cruce del río, simultáneo y por sorpresa en muchos sitios, fué una demostración de un ejército bien entrenado, al-

tamente disciplinado y excelentemente dirigido y fué el resultado de un largo entrenamiento cuidadosamente planeado y ejecutado por los Jefes del Ejército.

La rapidez de nuestro avance, el enorme territorio reconquistado sin ayuda de nuestra artillería, tanques y aviación, los 5,000 prisioneros y la importante cantidad de material de guerra capturado, son todos triunfos de primera importancia. Como resultado, ahora poseemos un amplio campo, base de futuras operaciones en gran escala. Hemos alcanzado brillantemente nuestro principal objetivo. La ofensiva de Levante ha sido detenida en seco. Amortiguada la presión enemiga, el Ejército de Levante ha consolidado sus defensas y contraatacado con éxito en muchos puntos de importancia estratégica. Como resultado de nuestra ofensiva, los fascistas tienen que contender en un nuevo frente, niebla que obscurece a sus ardientes colaboradores, que desesperan de una próxima decisión.

Nuestra victoria ha causado una gran desmoralización en las filas de las fuerzas de Franco. Demostrado claramente por la actitud de los prisioneros. Oficiales que luchaban hasta el final y siempre se suicidaban, ahora se dejan ha-

cer prisioneros porque han perdido la fe en la victoria de Franco. La peseta fascista ha sufrido una baja en las cotizaciones de bolsa y todos los periódicos extranjeros dan cuenta del «vuelo» de capitales del territorio fascista. Cualquiera otra victoria nuestra acelerará más aún este proceso de desmoralización y desintegración en el Campo de Franco.

No menos importantes son los resultados en el terreno internacional.

Nuestra ofensiva destruyó las maniobras de Franco en el terreno diplomático. El juego de manos conocido por «retirada de voluntarios», ha quedado al descubierto. Ahora es imposible para ellos conservar estas pretensiones, todo lo que hablaban acerca de esta «retirada» ha cesado repentinamente. Los periódicos fascistas tienen prohibido mencionar o comentar cualquier noticia acerca de la respuesta de nuestro Gobierno al Comité de No Intervención. Lejos de mantener la posición de una retirada simbólica, se encuentran en una desesperada necesidad de más hombres y material.

Nuestra victoria ha inyectado nuevo entusiasmo a nuestra retaguardia y reafirmado la fe en la correcta política de nuestro Gobierno. Ha dado nuevos ímpetus a la Unidad y cimentado los lazos de unión entre Cataluña y el resto de España.

Nuestra Brigada y nuestra División, han actuado por entero en esta acción, poniendo muy en alto sus colores. El más grande avance fué realizado por nuestra División, lo cual le da el nombre de División de choque del Ebro. Nuestra Brigada está llamada a ser la mejor, prueba de la correcta política seguida por nuestros mandos militares y dirección política.

Las nuevas tácticas e innovaciones introducidas en nuestra Brigada, han demostrado su valor en la dura prueba de la batalla. Gracias al riguroso entrenamiento, nuestra Brigada fué capaz de cumplir todos sus deberes con la rapidez y precisión propias de cualquier Ejército Regular. Los nuevos reclutas, beneficiados por el entrenamiento, dieron un gran rendimiento bajo el fuego, con la satisfacción de todos nosotros.

El movimiento activista justificó todas nuestras esperanzas.

Nuestros activistas han sido ejemplo de coraje, abnegación y exaltado espíritu de sacrificio. La inclusión de camaradas españoles junto con los internacionales, ha sido un inenarrable éxito, que elevó la efectividad militar de nuestra Brigada a un nivel jamás alcanzado.

Los Oficiales, Comisarios y soldados, han luchado excelentemente, cumpliendo las órdenes con gran eficiencia y en forma disciplinada, con tal valor y espíritu de sacrificio, que sólo hombres de muy alta moral y completa lealtad a la causa antifascista son capaces de tener.

El trabajo de nuestro Estado Mayor fué tan perfecto que mereció los elogios del Alto Mando, justificando completamente nuestra inquebrantable fe en los superiores.

El trabajo de los Servicios, y del de Transmisiones, ha sobresalido. Por primera vez tuvimos teléfono conectado con todas nuestras Unidades y los hombres de Transmisiones, trabajando incansablemente, reparando la línea — de vez en cuando bajo intenso fuego —, cuando las comunicaciones habían sido rotas por las balas o el bombardeo, lo han hecho posible.

Tenemos razones para estar satisfechos de nuestra actuación, pero no es el momento de dormirmos en los laureles. La lucha está lejos de ser finalizada. Ella se encuentra en una nueva fase y debemos estar preparados. DEBEMOS ESTAR PREPARADOS. RESISTIR TODOS LOS CONTRAATAQUES Y TRANSFORMARLOS EN ATAQUE QUE NOS CONDUZCA A LA VICTORIA.

Debemos estar alerta y luchar contra todos aquellos elementos que tratan en estos momentos de rebajar la importancia de nuestros triunfos, hacer pequeños nuestros hechos procurando introducir el pesimismo y derrotismo dentro de nuestras filas. Cobardes y derrotistas, no tienen lugar en nuestra Brigada.

La Historia se está escribiendo aquí y nuestra Brigada, ha tenido el papel más importante, llanamente así. Vamos con toda la potencia de nuestras fuerzas a devolver golpe por golpe, hasta que la victoria final sea nuestra.



CAPTURED from the enemy

CAPTURADO al enemigo

A PAIR OF PANTS

I had a pair of pants — one of the Spanish Army pants that tears in one place and can then be depended on to tear all over, up and down all the seams and both legs. So naturally, after the offensive had been on a few days, and I had done a lot of crawling around in the brush, and plenty of crouching low, my pants were ripped in all possible directions. The two legs were independent of each other and each one flapped around its respective leg, as immodest as a Minsky queen. Incidentally, I'd like to mention the fact that I'm over six feet tall, and have grown accustomed to the fact that Spanish men are, as a rule, short, and there aren't any pants in Spain long enough for me. Things looked bad.

I happened to creep down from the machine gun pit for a minute to stretch my legs. A comrade from the T— Brigade, an average sized short Spaniard, sees me stepping along with what's left of the pants hanging from my belt. He stops me and pulls a pair of pants out of his pack. I smile and thank him, at the same time start saying that the pants are too short, there wasn't a pair of pants for a six-footer in all Spain, let alone in his knapsack. But he smiles back and unfolds the pants. I continue telling him that I appreciate the favor but the pants are too short. He keeps smiling and holds the pants up. I look at the pants, just to let him know I do appreciate his gesture. I take the pants and hold them up at my waist... I looked all the way down the pants. I saw that they reached my feet — that they actually did fit! And I got the pants — almost the first pair I've seen in all of Spain that fit my six feet.

Now, what I'd like to know is this: just how did it happen that this short Spanish comrade from the T— Brigade had in his pack that pair of oversized pants, and happened to be near my gun pit at the particular time when I

UNA CARTA INTERESANTE NOS SENTIMOS ORGULLOSOS DE QUE NUESTRO HIJO.....

El cónsul de España en Montreal, D. José Tomás Piera, ha recibido una carta del Sr. A. M. Maclure, en la que éste acusa recibo, por sí y por su esposa, del escrito en que aquel consulado les incluía el certificado de defunción del hijo de ambos, Alejandro C. Maclure, que halló la muerte combatiendo voluntariamente en favor de la causa republicana española.

«Creo — dice el Sr. Maclure — que le interesaré a usted saber que en Nueva Zelanda, donde nuestro hijo residió durante cinco

crawled out to stretch my legs and air my — knees? I'm sure the Commissar didn't arrange it. I can't figure it out.—PAUL WENDORF, Lincoln Battalion Machine Gun Co.

años como estudiante de aquella Universidad, en Dunedin, están organizando una suscripción para crear una fundación en su recuerdo, denominada «Fundación a la memoria de Alejandro Maclure». Nuestro hijo era muy bien conocido en todo el país por su labor recolectando dinero para enviar a España una unidad médica de Nueva Zelanda. Esta semana hemos recibido de allí varios recortes de periódicos, y en uno de ellos aparece publicada una carta de una enfermera en España que conoció a Alejandro y que merced a su esfuerzo se trasladó a aquel país con otras compañeras. Una carta que recibimos de Nueva Zelanda dice: «No se alzarán monumentos de piedra a su memoria porque sabemos que Alejandro Maclure hubiera preferido que todo el dinero recaudado se

destinase a socorrer a los enfermos y heridos de España».

Alejandro Maclure se había especializado en el estudio de las Matemáticas Superiores y era acreedor al brillante porvenir que seguramente le aguardaba. Joven exento de egoísmos y que jamás pensó en sí mismo, consagrándose al bienestar de los demás, se alistó al servicio de la Causa de España, con el beneplácito de sus padres. ¡Qué diferencia entre este espontáneo impulso y la forzada leva de esos que llaman voluntarios en la zona franquista!

Aquí encontró la muerte Alejandro Maclure. Pero esta muerte — bella muerte en defensa de una idea noble — le ha hecho objeto de admiración entre los que fueron sus compañeros. Y sus propios padres, que veneran la memoria de Alejandro, cierran la carta a que aludimos con esta frase tan sobria y tan llena de contenido espiritual:

«Nosotros nos sentimos orgullosos de que nuestro hijo haya sucumbido defendiendo vuestro ideal y hacemos votos porque el sacrificio de su joven vida no sea en vano.»

¡Admirable gesto espartano el que se encierra en este epitafio lapidario!

IN MEMORIAM

«The rifles you will never hold again
In other hands still speak against the night...»

MARK MILLMAN — Commander, 59th Battalion.
ARNOLD REID — Commissar, Machine Gun Company, 59th Battalion.
Efraim Guasch — Soldado, 59th Battalion.
Rufino Martos Medina — Soldado, 59th Battalion.
Vicente Pelegay Muro — Sargento, 59th Battalion.
Miguel Vega Navarrete — Cabo, 59th Battalion.
Domingo Navarro Hernández — Cabo, 59th Battalion.
Antonio López Alcalde — Soldado, 59th Battalion.

* * *

Matías Vano Vano — Company Commissar, 57th Battalion.
Lewis Clive — Company Commander, 57th Battalion.
David Guest — Cabo, 57th Battalion.
Brazell Thomas — Soldado, 57th Battalion.

* * *

Milton Epstein — Cabo, 60th Battalion.
Jack Steele — Soldado, 60th Battalion.

BOB RAVEN GREETS LINCOLN BATTALION

The following postcard, received by the Lincoln Battalion Commissar, reached us a week after we had crossed the Ebro. It is from Robert Raven, blinded while fighting with the original Lincoln Battalion at Jarama a year and a half ago.

«Greetings, men of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. We're all watching you here, and fighting as well as one can here. I'm on a national tour now, raising funds for the Friends. Just left Los Angeles, where I raised 7,000 dollars. Keep up the fight — we know that when you return, you'll return as victors. Salud! — ROBERT RAVEN.»



TAKING good aim

Apuntando bien



CONSTRUCTING A «CHABOLA»

Construyendo una «Chabola»



STRETCHING a cable across the Ebro. — Pasando un cable por las riberas del Ebro.



LINCOLN-WASHINGTON observer. — Observador del Batallón



«SHOT-PUT» contest during the Battalion fiesta, «July 19»
Lanzamiento de pelota durante la fiesta del Batallón «19 Julio»

WITH THE LINCOLN

For the Lincolns it was action from the very start. Even before we crossed the Ebro we were under enemy fire and, what's more important, the enemy was under *our* fire. I don't mean only the artillery fire that was sweeping the approaches to the river all along the line on the morning of July 25. Every battalion got a bit of that, more or less, in varying degree. I'm referring to the huge trimotored bomber that coasted down, low over the beach on which our companies were spread, just as Captain Lamb, with part of our first company, was shoving off in the first boat with that fine old Spanish name, «All Right», painted on its prow. As the rest of Company One shoved off in other boats, the bomber glided low over our heads and our second and third companies, scattered on the sandy river beach, opened up, rifles and light machine guns. I remember seeing one gunner popping away at the plane, with beautiful bursts of three, while Teniente Abad Garcia, his company commander, steadied the gun on his shoulder.

Through all the fire, and while the plane continued to move directly overhead, Captain Wolff's six-odd feet loomed at the rivershore, directing the men to the boats. Once a hunk of shrapnel the size of two fists shrieked down and plopped in the mud scarcely more than two metres away from him. And the plane kept gliding, and strafing occasionally, and our comrades, unafraid, kept shooting away. If we didn't put a dozen holes in that bomber, we didn't hit him once — but it was an armored plan, and it didn't go out of commission. After a while it scooted off, and by that time the last boats, with the machine gun company and with the Plana Mayor, were across the river.

Of the long march afterward to our first hill, which we took just by climbing, there's little to say, except that we marched — up and down hills, on rocky and dusty paths. At the end of that first day we had five prisoners. And by the next morning, just before we entered Fatarella, we had five more. Outside of Fatarella the battalion waited till mid-day, when we contacted the — Division, our right flank. Then we pushed on down the road, deploying after a kilometre or two. A small fascist's force had been sighted in the wooded country ahead. The whole battalion advanced, and in an hour we had 250 additional prisoners, and it was all over, for the moment, at least.

Then marching again — until after midnight, when we sent out a patrol to investigate suspicious movements off the hill. There, while the battalion rested and dozed, we had out first night-skirmish. A few wounded, including Teniente Paulo, commander of the Fourth Company, but the companies reformed rapidly — and soon we were on the march



COMMANDER WOLFF checking on enemy movements]
El Comandante Wolff observando los movimientos del enemigo

again, after eating tinned clams and squids and anchovies and sardines, and bread and marmalade. We needed that meal because our real work was about to begin.

After three kilometres on the morning of July 27, we deployed against enemy positions on hills facing us. Advancing perfectly, we drove them from their original wooded height, then over another hill, where our Puesto de Mando was established. Before night we had driven the enemy off still another hill ahead — and the battalion moved up again. That hill initiated the stiff fighting. At the end of that day another group of wounded comrades lay in stretchers, waiting to be evacuated:



N-WASHINGTON

Jack Hoshoooley and Herman Tabb of Company Two, young Wilfred Mendelsohn, of the Third Company — and Captain Lamb, Commander of the first company and second-in-command of the battalion.

From then on our attacks were frequent. Over the top time after time; but the enemy, nervous and scared stiff by now, had been sighted by our observation post bringing up 1,000 new troops — they appeared to be of the Tercio, the fascists' infamous foreign legion. In one morning attack a section of company three (the other two sections had been detailed to deliver our 250 prison stayed out in no-man's land from dawn till nightfall, when Bill Wheeler, aided by Jack Shaffran, carried the wounded comrades up. Tom Page was among the wounded, and he took long, deep drags of a cigaret while waiting at our first aid post, waiting for Doc Simon to finish bandaging Johnny Murra, on the adjacent stretcher.

The next two days there were frequent attacks — action thick and heavy all the time. Three commissars, of the first three companies, were hit — and evacuated despite their insistence on remaining with their companions: Morrie Goldstein, Hal Smith and Larry Lustgarten, of Companies One, Two and Three. The fascists had plenty to do — and they threw everything they had at us — trench mortars, artillery; and their avion bombed the baranco behind our hill.

There was a day of comparative quiet after we moved from

this first position, but it was needed — for the next day, August 1, was the toughest of the entire action. That was the day we attacked behind the 59th. Battalion, in that small, bottle-necked baranco that is already known to most of us as Death Valley. The story of that day and night, with enemy artillery covering the sides of the valley geometrically, and with tracer bullets weirdly lighting the whole scene, will be told, but later; now it's still too close. Anybody in the 59th. or the Lincolns will tell you about it, if you weren't there yourself. And a couple of comrades have begun to write it up for these pages.

Our final position, where we relieved the — Brigade just outside of Gandesa, was a rest compared to what had preceded it. Only trench mortars did any damage — and that was slight. But our artillery opened up on the fascist trenches near the soccer field at the town, and we could see the enemy scurrying for cover, back into the woods.

The night of August 6th we left this position behind, going into rest — and our part in the first stage of the action was over.

This is far from the entire story: the deeds have not been described, nor the men who did them. The effect on us of the arrival of the papers, with news that the fascist advance in the Levante had been stopped — this too has not been told. And a hundred other things, large and small — painful, joyous, nerve-wracking, enthusiastic — which make up any battle. But this is the bare outline. The men themselves can fill the gaps in this story, just as they did during the action, better than anyone else.

W. T.

Copic Sends Farewell to 15th Brigade

Just after the Brigade had completed the first part of its action on the Ebro offensive, Commissar John Gates received the following letter:

«Dear Comrade Gates: I am happy that, before my departure, I could hear about the good work of the XV Brigade during the last operation. Hold up now, and prepare for the next golpe.

After tomorrow I am leaving to continue the fight for Spain on other fronts.

My regards to you, Comrade Valledor, and all the officers, commissars and fighters of the VX Brigade. — V. COPIC.»

August, 6, 1938.



MAKING THEIR way across the Ebro after completion of hastily built bridge. Cruzando el Ebro por uno de los puentes construidos por nuestros pontoneros.



THOSE WHO CAME BACK. Reading from left to right: (1) Joe Rehill, transmissions; (2) Bill Wheeler, Commander, Company Three; (3) Joe Gordon, scouts; (4) Joe Cobert, armory; (5) Joe Cuban, Company One; (6) Al Tanz, Machine Gun Company. All belong to the Lincoln-Washington Battalion.



BATTALION fiesta, «July 19». — Fiesta en el Batallón «19 julio»





PUBLISHED BY THE WAR COMMISSARIAT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

For correspondence, use the following address: VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

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VOL. II — No. 30 BARCELONA AUGUST 26 — 1938

PARA VENCER AL ENEMIGO

La República española, al comenzar el movimiento fascista, no tenía Ejército Regular, ni estaba preparada para hacer frente al enemigo invasor que pretendía invadir a España, y el cual nunca podrá imponer su voluntad a un pueblo que ha tenido siempre el don de su liberación, a pesar de no contar en aquel tiempo con un Ejército Regular disciplinado, organizado y armado como lo tiene hoy y con un Gobierno de Unión Nacional.

Con respecto a lo que es un cabo. Tiene muchos deberes que cumplir y hacer cumplir; como por ejemplo: conocer todos sus deberes militares en el cuartel y hoy en la guerra. Una comparación: estando de guardia debe cerciorarse de que los camaradas que están en su Escuadra tengan un perfecto conocimiento de lo importante que es dicha guardia, ya que sobre él pesa toda la responsabilidad de un pelotón, Sección o Compañía, y de él depende la vida de toda una Unidad. También debe tener conferencias con sus compañeros y

ser un verdadero orientador en los momentos más difíciles, haciéndoles comprender la consigna de nuestro glorioso Gobierno de RESISTIR, QUE ES VENCER, y cuando esté de guardia vigilar muy de cerca el comportamiento de sus camaradas, que un descuido puede acarrear malas consecuencias. Debe procurar siempre enseñar a sus camaradas todo lo que esté a su alcance y sobre todo en lo moral, luego, en lo militar y en el frente, ha de tener especial cuidado sobre el control de ellos e indicando siempre el lugar menos peligroso, y si es posible, señalar el mejor y escoger de esta manera el mejor terreno y procurar tener siempre un verdadero control en ellos, para que, en un momento dado, ser los primeros en estar listos para lo que sea menester, haciéndoles comprender que el Ejército de hoy no es el anterior, y que nuestra victoria depende siempre, por lo regular, de las escuadras y pelotones bien organizados y disciplinados, y de esta forma venceremos al enemigo mayor: el Fascio.

VAZQUEZ

COPERNICO

Copernico is alive! Throughout the Brigade there are those who knew and, it follows, admired him, who will be overjoyed to hear it. We knew he was captured (during the March retreat) and almost certainly felt that he was killed. Now we have received a letter from him to say that he is in the other half, on the Levante front and asking, characteristically enough, for his back pay. I first knew Copernico in Tarragona when he was commander of the 2nd Company, the Specialist company, and I couldn't help remarking along with others that small as he was, there was nothing incongruous about his erect little figure as he marched in front of such giants as Charlie Youngblood, or Luke Hinman. Everyone respected him because he was so obviously a soldier who knew his job down to the smallest detail. He was a hard worker too, devoted to the cause of Antifascism. There is a story that when he was very ill, he was called in front of Major Johnson.

«Copernico, I think you'd better take a rest.»

«No comrade Johnson, I don't need it.»

«You can take a week's leave.»

«No thank you comrade.»

«Copernico», said the Major grimly, «if you don't take a



week's leave I'll throw you into jail». So little Copernico went and two days later he was back.

Ill as he was, on manoeuvres he was here, there and everywhere and always in the right place, and when everybody else was dog-tired, he was still bright and cheerful.

His exploit which resulted in his capture was entirely typical of his coolness and resource.

Just past Gandesa. The Lincoln-Washington were passing through a valley. It was dawn and the men were hardly discernible. Suddenly from a commanding height, our boys heard the command «Alto».

Immediately Copernico answered «Alto».

«¿Quién es?»

«¿Quién es?» demanded Copernico.

And for what seemed hours Copernico played with them, while the Battalion passed out of range. It was getting lighter and the last few men were just filing past when the order came to approach. It was certain that they were fascists on the hill, for one of them had just shouted in German «Eighth Division». As slowly as possible Copernico drew out his white handkerchief and went up the hill.

He had surrendered to save the last few men, just as he had saved the rest.

Death seemed inevitable after his audacity. But he has escaped. One of these days we'll get his story. It will be as remarkable as his other exploit.

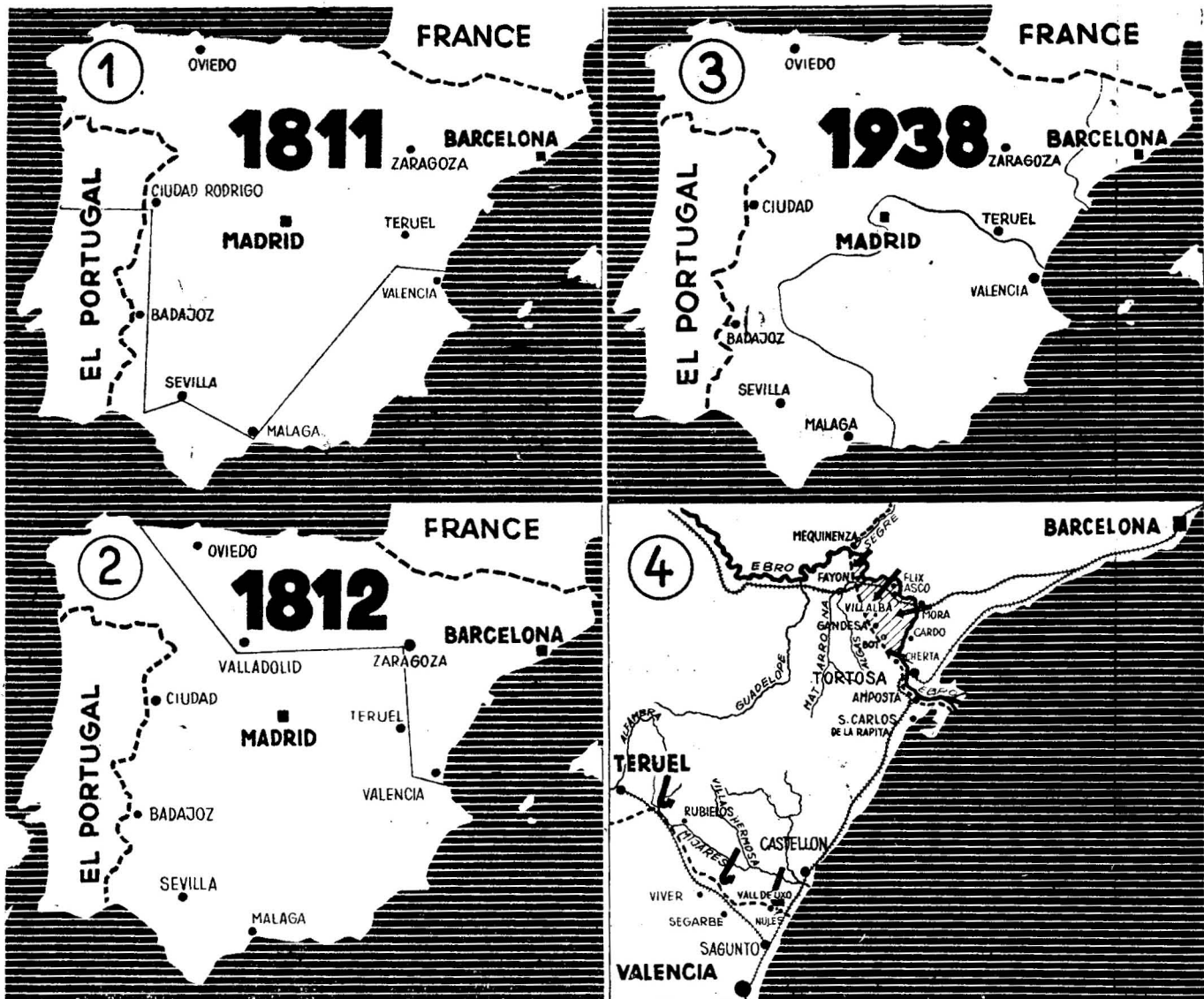
MORRIS MILLER

«THE POMPOUS UGLY SYLLABLES..»

«...On this (the Government's) side, there is the flash of the human spirit, alive in inconceivable struggle and difficulty. What comes over from the other (the Fascists') side, carrying the engines of mutilation for men, women and children alike, is the flashing piratical horde of the Duce's airplanes... deadly against the impartial sun. We can lie beneath them and reflect upon the words that sent them here, the pompous, ugly syllables, the grand safe words: non-intervention, neutrality.»

VINCENT SHEEAN





Nuestros mapas demuestran:

1. La situación durante la guerra de independencia española, desde hace 130 años, precisamente en ese momento cuando los ejércitos de los invasores habían ocupado ya casi toda España.

2. Pero pasado un año, ha cambiado el aspecto del mapa a favor del pueblo español.

3. Así están situados los frentes. La España republicana consiste en la parte central: Madrid, Valencia y Cataluña.

4. Los teatros de las grandes luchas actuales en el frente de Levante y en el del Ebro. En el último citado frente han pasado los republicanos a la ofensiva. Las flechas indican las direcciones principales de los ataques de Franco en el Frente de Levante y la ofensiva de los republicanos en el Ebro. El territorio ocupado en estas operaciones está rayado.

GUERRAS ESPAÑOLAS DE INDEPENDENCIA

Anotamos el año 1808. El pueblo de España se ha levantado contra el dominio arbitrario del ministro Godoy, un hombre de los más viles de aquella época. El rey Carlos, cuyo ministro fué Godoy, dimite. El hijo de Carlos, Fernando, debe ser proclamado rey. Pero para el arreglo de esta cuestión se provoca una riña. El emperador Napoleón se mezcla en ese asunto y se lleva a los pendencieros a Bayonne para desempeñar él el cargo de juez. Ante sus ojos, se desarrolla una disputa fortísima. Napoleón los manda encarcelar a los dos. En España debe ser creado el «orden y la tranquilidad» bajo el imperio de José, hermano de Napoleón. Pero Napoleón ha hecho las cuentas sin contar con el pueblo español. El pueblo se levantó contra los arrebatadores de sus derechos. En todo el país se forman juntas, en todos los sitios se organizan las guerrillas. Por ninguna parte puede aparecer un pequeño contingente de las tropas napoleónicas sin que sea asaltado. Los oficiales al servicio de Napoleón

tomaron las medidas contrarrestantes. Con despecho sin igual se lucha en las dos partes. Algunas veces parece que Napoleón, que envió ejércitos completos a España, va a ganar la guerra. Las Juntas sólo dominan ya una parte pequeña de España; en el más recóndito sur de la Península. Su situación es desesperante. Pero el peligro amenazador impulsó al pueblo español a la resistencia más enérgica. Seis años duró la guerra. En su transcurso recibió el pueblo español ayuda por parte de un ejército inglés y una «Brigada de Hanover», 1814. Ya es dueño de su tierra. La lucha de libertad del pueblo español despertó la voluntad de la elevación nacional de Prusia y del Tirol, y capacitó a Austria para la resistencia, cuando las tropas de Napoleón habían ocupado ya Viena. Las experiencias de la guerra de guerrillas fueron estudiadas afanosamente por los reformistas Scharnhorst, Clausewitz y Cleisenau. En ellos se fundamentó también la proposición de levantar ante Napoleón,

en Prusia, todo un pueblo armado. La reacción era contraria a esta propuesta.

La guerra de independencia de España se llevaba lo mismo contra la opresión interior como la exterior. En el transcurso de la lucha del pueblo español se compuso éste una constitución libre. Se confió de la suposición de que el rey, al volver de su cautiverio bajo Napoleón, respetaría la voluntad popular. Traicionó esta confianza y seis años después se levantó el pueblo contra sus opresores interiores.

En el transcurso de la historia ha dado el pueblo español repetidamente ejemplos al mundo entero. En los tiempos de la más negra de las reacciones, cuando regía Metternich en Europa, se levantaron por dos veces los campesinos y los ciudadanos españoles, dando lugar con ello a las luchas por la libertad que se registraron en toda Europa.

Y hoy prosigue el pueblo español gloriosamente sus grandiosas tradiciones.

ESPAÑA UNICA

En otra ocasión me he dirigido a vosotros, Soldados de nuestro Glorioso Ejército Popular, y me he dirigido a vosotros desde estas mismas columnas, pero lo he hecho disertando sobre otro tema. Mi intención ha sido en esta ocasión tratar sobre tema análogo, pero quizás los acontecimientos victoriosos de estos días en los frentes de batalla hayan variado el rumbo de mis ideas y modificando paulatinamente las mismas, hago correr la pluma sobre el papel, pensando, ciertamente, que mi gran ilusión es comunicarme con vosotros.

Quisiera extenderme debidamente con vosotros, Soldados de nuestro Ejército; quisiera buscar en lo más recóndito de mi corazón sentimientos sublimes que armonicen de forma exacta con vuestras gestas heroicas. Ello es imposible, siempre, a pesar de mi esfuerzo, la sangre derramada en vuestras jornadas gloriosas, sobrepasarán por muy encima de todo sentimiento.

Se vislumbra de modo claro, tajante, de irrefutable valor positivo, que nuestro Ejército adquiere cada día que transcurre, más pujanza y mayor desarrollo de capacidad técnica. Los últimos acontecimientos así lo han confirmado, todo ello ha sido posible mediante sacrificios, sinsabores y horizontes amargos, pero en todo momento, alentados por la idea que nos asiste. Pero al fin, los derechos de ciudadanos libres se ven plasmados en hileras de hombres disciplinados, sanos y con un lema esencial; el total aplastamiento del fascismo invasor, cruel y sanguinario, para que jamás vuelvan a cruzar el cielo de España las Alas negras que bombardean ciudades, asesinan ancianos, mujeres y niños y ponen como colofón a sus hazañas de seres inhumanos, el ametrallamiento de Trenes Hospitales, donde gimen centenares de heridos, in cluso de sus propias filas, al servicio de la invasión, recogidos en los campos de batalla, por sus hermanos «los ROJOS», tratados con toda clase de cuidados y esmero, porque así lo quiere la

hidalguía de nuestra raza y la nobleza de la República Española. Toda posibilidad de justificación en estos hechos puede ser objeto de controversias. La ferocidad latente del salvajismo Italo-Germano llega a la sazón de sus aspiraciones en el suelo español, toda clase de actos vandálicos y tropelías han sido cometidos; solloza nuestra querida España, tintos en sangre sus campos, ciudades y lugares más recónditos y queridos, destruidas sus riquezas arquitectónicas y culturales, profanadas las tumbas de sus hijos más queridos y deshonradas ciudades de abolengo histórico, entre ellas, Guernica, cuya destrucción conmovió al mundo entero, y no muy lejano está el hecho que «demuestra» el «Objetivo Militar» que supone la Catedral de Barcelona, plétorica de ricas obras de Arte. ¿Quién puede dudar ya de la clase de civilización que comete tanta destrucción y ultraje? ¿Qué vergüenza que españoles sean los que han vendido a su Patria, a nuestra España! ¿La que también es de ellos! ¿Un hijo deshonorar a su Madre! ¿Venderla al fascismo internacional, a Alemania e Italia! ¿Qué hecho más monstruoso; pero... esta Madre, tiene más hijos... hijos buenos, sanos de espíritu y de cuerpo, dispuestos a vertir hasta su última gota de sangre por ella, por nuestra querida República española, representada en estos momentos históricos por el glorioso Ejército Popular.

ARTURO NAVARRO



WORLD-FAMOUS GERMAN AUTHOR GREETES VOLUNTEERS IN SPAIN

I am glad and proud to spend a day with the American volunteers who, worthy of the tradition of Abraham Lincoln, defend the independence of the Spanish people against foreign invaders, the freedom of the democratic world against fascist aggressors.

The strongest impression I have had in Loyalist Spain is the heroic attitude of the people, who fight and resist, who are hungry without complaining, courageous antifascists who remain democrats in their daily life under war conditions.

I have watched here, in a time of war, a tolerance in cultural, political and religious questions which one does not very often find in democratic countries where there is peace.

More and more people in the world recognize the significance of the Spanish war. You, and your fellow-volunteers from other lands, were the pioneers — you were the first to bestir the sleep of the world.

ERNST TOLLER

* * *

Ernst Toller, one of Nazi Germany's most famous exiles, is an author, poet and playwright. Among his works are «I Was a German», «Masse Mensch», «Plays» and numerous other books. He was imprisoned for five years for his revolutionary activities, and included in his career is a long stretch of military work.

INSPECTION OF ARMS.

Every soldier of the People's Army knows that if his rifle is kept in good condition, cleaned and oiled regularly, it raises the fighting capacity of his unit. The rifle properly cared for lasts longer, fires more accurately and insures the continuance of the successes recently gained on the Ebro and Levante fronts. CARE FOR YOUR RIFLE AS YOU WOULD CARE FOR YOUR LIFE

No abandonando jamás las armas, conservándolas en condiciones de hacer muchos disparos, mejorando la puntería de nuestros soldados, CONSOLIDAMOS LA VICTORIA. El Comisario ha de saber convencer a Mandos y soldados de la importancia del cuidado y manejo de las armas con las cuales alcanzaremos la victoria

Creando grupos de audaces antiavionistas, instruyéndoles para combatir a los pájaros del crimen, recompensando justamente sus heroicidades, CONSOLIDAMOS LA VICTORIA. El Comisario ha de saber impulsar la voluntad de mandos y soldados hacia una moral de victoria



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

Organ of the international brigades



Vol. II - No. 31

Barcelona, September 5 - 1938

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EBRO DRIVE

More than a month has gone by since the soldiers of the Republic victoriously crossed the Ebro. Time has only confirmed and emphasized the importance of this great victory.

We reconquered many towns and important territory for the Republic.

We obliged the fascists to discontinue their offensive in Levante. Sagunto and Valencia which were threatened by the advancing enemy were able to take advantage by raising strong defenses.

We forced Queipo de Llano to halt his offensive directed against the rich Almaden mercury mines, so coveted by the Italians.

We annihilated fascist divisions which were posted along the Ebro. The importance of the Ebro offensive lies in the fact that not only was territory gained, but, above all, it dealt a powerful blow to the stability of the army of the enemy.

Our victory on the Ebro obliges the fascists, and will continue to do so, to garrison their front with not merely troops for vigilance, but with regular corps of troops for resistance.

Franco sees that his troops are disorganized and that his fronts need more and more troops. This is his tragedy.

Their illusion for a rapid victory was vanished with our resistance; the Ebro victory means demoralization for their rear-guard.

It is for this reason that Franco has had to renounce all his promises of the acceptance of the plan for the withdrawal of foreign troops.

It is for this reason that Mussolini, in spite of the existing difficult economic and military situation in Italy is obliged to multiply his transfer of more troops and material to Spain.

It is for this reason that Hitler and Japan must momentarily halt aggressions against the pacific and democratic peoples.

The victory of the Ebro has had the most profound repercussions on the military and political situation of Republican Spain. It has elevated still more the faith of the people in victory; it has brilliantly confirmed the confidence that the people put in its army and chiefs. It has grouped solidly more than ever all the political channels and trades unions around the Government of National Union and its leader, Doctor Negrin.

It has been a hard blow to those vacillators, defeatists and advocates of compromise.

In respecting boldly the liber-

ties of the different peoples of the Republic, the Government has been able to take measures to organize, unify and plan all the services of the rearguard, in order to obtain the maximum yield of all the energies and the sacrifices of our people for the war.

In the heat of confidence created by victory, the small government crisis was rapidly solved without infringement on any class; another proof of the solidity of the National Union against the foreign invaders.

The victory of the Ebro galvanized all our forces, all our will. It threw the enemy ranks into disorganization.

The population under Franco and the Italian people feel profoundly disturbed over the idea of going through another year in the trenches. The sacrifices supported by them are enormous.

The international importance of the struggle in Spain becomes clearer than ever. All resistance here is a brake on the planned fascist aggressions.

Each success obtained here, is a blow against world fascism.

Spain is the most advanced and most sensible sector of the struggle of democracy against reaction.

On the world front of this struggle our sector unites China, where

our brothers also obtain great victories; that of Czechoslovakia, where the people are lifting an unbreakable wall of will and decision before the threats of Hitler; that of the democratic countries where the masses are mobilizing to render active and concrete aid to our struggle; that of the Soviet Union, advanced bulwark of liberty and of democracy, where all the people are working for progress and wellbeing; that of the underground sector in those fascist countries where at the price of innumerable dangers, the heroic vanguard is battling for the defeat of its oppressors.

All these sectors fight together in this struggle, which is a world struggle between liberty and oppression, between democracy and tyranny.

We who are in the midst of this struggle, must be conscious and worthy of the tasks that are imposed on us. We must always better ourselves and dominate the technique and the art of war; to make of our Popular Army in the shortest possible time the Army of victory against the invader and against international fascism.

LUIGI GALLO,
COMMISSAR-INSPECTOR
OF THE INTERNATIONAL
BRIGADES



ROUTING the enemy after crossing the Ebro
Batallando al enemigo después del cruce del Ebro



PONTON bridge builders. They defy enemy aviation and repair the bridges as rapidly as they are damaged by bombs
Los heroicos pontoneros reparan los puentes con la misma rapidez con que son destruidos por las bombas enemigas

LA SIGNIFICACION DE LA OFENSIVA DEL EBRO

Ha transcurrido un mes desde el día en que los soldados de la República han cruzado victoriosamente el Ebro.

El tiempo no ha hecho más que confirmar y subrayar la importancia de la gran victoria obtenida.

Hemos reconquistado numerosos pueblos e importante territorio para la República.

Hemos obligado a los fascistas a detener en seco su ofensiva en Levante: Sagunto y Valencia, amenazadas, han podido aprovechar esta tregua para levantar defensas infranqueables.

Hemos obligado a Queipo de Llano a marcar una pausa en su ofensiva sobre el marcurio de Almadén, codiciado por el invasor italiano.

Hemos destruido con nuestro ataque las divisiones fascistas que defendían el Ebro.

Hemos visto desmoronarse ante nuestro valor y nuestra resistencia las mejores unidades de choque lanzadas por el fascismo para reconquistar el terreno perdido: decenas de millares de muertos y heridos marcan el coste del encarnizamiento fascista.

La importancia de la victoria del Ebro, no solamente estriba sobre los éxitos territoriales obtenidos, sino sobre todo porque se ha asestado un fuerte golpe a la consistencia del Ejército enemigo.

Nuestra victoria en el Ebro, obliga y obligará en el porvenir a los fascistas a guarnecer el frente, no solamente con algunas formaciones de vigilancia como antes, sino con numerosas tropas de resistencia.

Franco ve que sus tropas se deshacen, y que sus frentes necesitan más y más tropas. Esta es su tragedia.

La ilusión de una rápida victoria que se había desvanecido frente a nuestra resistencia, se transforma ahora, para los fascistas en una perspectiva de derrota en el frente, y de un derrumbamiento en la retaguardia.

Es por esto por lo que Franco ha tenido que renunciar hasta a

sus promesas de aceptación del plan de la retirada de las tropas extranjeras.

Es por esto que Mussolini, a pesar de la difícil situación económica y militar de Italia se ve obligado a multiplicar sus envíos a España de tropa y material.

Es por esto que Hitler y el Japón deben frenar sus agresiones contra los pueblos pacíficos y democráticos.

La victoria del Ebro ha tenido las más fecundas y profundas repercusiones sobre toda la situación militar y política de España republicana. Ha elevado aún más la fe del pueblo en la victoria, ha confirmado brillantemente la confianza que éste había depositado en su ejército y en sus jefes, ha agrupado más sólidamente que nunca todas las corrientes políticas y los sindicatos alrededor del Gobierno de Unión Nacional y de su jefe el Doctor Negrín.

Ha sido un golpe muy duro para todos los miedosos, los defetistas y los predicadores de compromiso.

Al respetar plenamente las libertades de los diferentes pueblos de la República, el Gobierno ha podido tomar nuevas medidas para organizar, unificar y planificar todas las fuerzas de la retaguardia, para obtener el máximo rendimiento de las energías y del sacrificio de nuestro pueblo en pro de la guerra.

En el calor de la confianza creado por la victoria, la pequeña crisis gubernamental ha podido ser resuelta rápidamente sin sacudidas de ninguna clase: otra prueba de la solidez de la Unión Nacional contra el invasor extranjero.

La victoria del Ebro ha galvanizado todos nuestros esfuerzos, todas nuestras voluntades. Ha arrojado en las filas enemigas el desconcierto, la desorganización.

Las poblaciones sometidas a Franco, el pueblo italiano se sienten profundamente turbados con la idea de pasar un nuevo invierno en las trincheras. Los sacrificios soportados por ellos son enormes.

La importancia internacional de la lucha en España aparece más



THE BRIGADE PAYMASTER'S HEADQUARTERS. This is where all the technical work regarding the pay of the comrades in the Brigade is performed. These comrades of the Pagaduria are real Stakhanovites; few in numbers, they turn out the work of a staff twice their size. Lieutenant Fred Lutz, head paymaster and chief of the Pagaduria, is writing at his desk in the rear.

SAM

The kid looks and acts about eighteen, but when you ask him how old he is, he says he's 23. «So you're 23, are you?» said the grumpy Company Adjutant. «You look about 16.»

The kid grinned and blushed and showed his missing tooth.

que nunca. Toda resistencia aquí es un freno al desencadenamiento de las agresiones fascistas. Cada éxito obtenido aquí, es un golpe contra el fascismo mundial.

España no es más que el sector más avanzado y más sensible de la lucha de la democracia contra la reacción.

En el frente mundial de esta lucha nuestro sector se une al de China, donde nuestros hermanos obtienen también grandes victorias; al de Checoslovaquia, donde el pueblo levanta una muralla infranqueable de voluntad y decisión ante la amenaza de Hitler; al de los países democráticos donde las masas se movilizan para dar un apoyo activo y concreto a nuestra lucha; al de la Unión Soviética, baluarte avanzado de la libertad y de la democracia, donde todo un pueblo trabaja para el progreso y el bienestar; al otro sector de la lucha subterránea en los países fascistas donde al precio de innumerables peligros, la vanguardia heroica se bate para la derrota de sus opresores.

Todos estos sectores se sostienen estrechamente en la lucha, que es una lucha mundial entre libertad y opresión, entre democracia y tiranía.

Nosotros que estamos en la punta de esta lucha, debemos ser conscientes y dignos de las tareas que nos incumben, debemos cada vez más, mejorarnos y capacitarnos y dominar la técnica y el arte de la guerra. Hacer lo más pronto y más brillantemente posible de nuestro Ejército Popular, el Ejército de la victoria contra el invasor y contra el fascismo internacional.

LUIGI GALLO

Comisario Inspector
de las Brigadas Internacionales

«Now comrade», he said, «you know if I hadn't been 21, I couldn't have come to Spain.»

«Well», said the Adjutant, «why the hell you come here for anyway?»

«Hell», said Sam, «I wanted to. I didn't like the way things were going back home. My folks didn't approve of me.»

«Didn't approve of you, why?»

«Well, I was making only 10 a week in the curtain-factory, an' I was taking up a lot of time organizing the workers.»

«How long you been in the infantry?»

«Four months.»

«What you do before that?»

«I was a year in the garage at Albacete.»

«You're an automobile mechanic, huh?»

«The kid grinned. «Well, sort a.»

«Then why'd you come into the infantry?»

«Well, they were cleaning all the Internationals out, so here I am.»

The grumpy Company Adjutant felt unjustifiably annoyed by the kid—but he couldn't help admiring the lad. During the action, the kid was a runner—the one runner he'd figured would fall down on his job; the one runner who, as it turned out, excelled all the others.

He'd come dashing up to the Commander in the middle of a hot fire and shout, «Now, don't get worried. The fascist bastards are just worried; they're nervous and jumpy. So they started to fire.»

He'd talk continuously, day and night, making superfluous and unnecessary comments about everything that took place. Was the avian overhead? «Christ», said Sam, «Those... bastards are back again». Bombs? «They're dropping their!...» Sam announced. Artillery? «Boyl! They're giving it to us», he'd yell in the Adjutant's ear. «Christ! They've got our range; boy, we're going to get it now!» He was scared stiff; he was scared as a rabbit, but that didn't prevent him from carrying



COMRADE LUIGI GALLO, (left to right): John Gates, War Commissar of the 15th Brigade and Comrade André Marty, father of the International Brigades in Spain.

out his job. To the contrary, he displayed the only sort of courage that has any significance—he was scared to death but he did his job regardless. No fire was too hot for him to cross with his messages; no fire was hot enough to prevent him from being at the Commander's side even when it was not necessary. «Maybe Aaron

needs me», he said; «I gotta find him.»
«You young squirt you, said the grumpy Adjutant, «you'll stop calling the Commander by his first name.»
«Now comrade», said Sam, «don't get excited, everything is going to be O. K.»
A. C. B.

TO A FALLEN COMRADE

With those that bled, with those that gave their lives,
Who had no thought for individual gain,
But rather, as a man, like one who strives
For fellow men, he joined the fight in Spain.

He fought to aid a people, strong and great,
Forged in steel, by common struggle one;
Fought to see a world that knew not hate—
That all might take a place beneath the sun.

He will not see the people that shall rise
In the new-born world for which he gave his life;
Yet o'er his grave, a sound that never dies—
A happier, joyous sound, unmarred by strife.

BILL HARRINGTON.

WHAT ARE THE DUTIES OF A CABO?

by ROY WATTS

The cabo in the Spanish people's army should realise that not only has he many responsibilities in connection with the whole life of the soldiers in his squad, but also that it is necessary to train himself in such a way as to become a fit and proficient officer of other rank in the event of any casualty.

During his duties as a cabo it is of first and prime importance that he should keep his own rifle and make sure that the arms of his men are in good order. He should be in a position to advise and instruct in the use and care of the squad's arms so that in times of action the "team" will be of maximum use.

He should thoroughly acquaint himself and his men as to the methods of combat and defence. The squad should be able to adopt the formations most effective against tanks, cavalry, and avian, without the slightest hesitation. They should also be capable of

speedily, entrenching themselves, the cabo making sure that positions selected are good from the point both of attack and defence.

The cabo should acquaint himself with topography and should be able to quickly take over the responsibility of leading patrols. He should be in the position to be able to guide his men in the event of being cut off, by having a knowledge of direction and the terrain.

Finally, it is obvious that a cabo should at least be able to display confidence in the orders he gives and in himself. It would be best if politically he was able to appreciate the true position of the war and its effects, in order to classify many of the incidents that may have a weakening effect on the morale of the men. It is also necessary for the cabo himself to be a good soldier in order that he may maintain the respect of his men.



ARNOLD REID

NUESTRO QUERIDO COMISARIO

Ha caído el camarada Arnold Reid, en un día de los muchos que vivimos. El Comisario Reid y yo buscábamos un sitio para emplazar la segunda máquina. Sobre una cota, viendo la situación del enemigo, estábamos varios camaradas que atendíamos aquella máquina, cuando vino una bala maldita que causó la muerte a nuestro camarada Arnold; la bala atravesó su cabeza cuando él la tenía vuelta hacia nosotros, saliéndole por la frente; fué una bala explosiva.

Fué el 29 de julio a las cuatro de la tarde, cuando perdimos a nuestro Comisario, a nuestro camarada, a nuestro amigo, que tantos y tan útiles consejos nos diera y de tan inteligente manera.

Fué muerto por el fascismo, por el enemigo, por los extranjeros invasores; murió defendiendo la libertad de nuestro pueblo, la de todos los españoles, la causa de todos los trabajadores del mundo.

Fué muerto luchando al lado del Jefe de nuestra Compañía, Capitán Ortiz en el cumplimiento de su deber.

En nombre de los soldados, cabos, sargentos y oficiales de la

Compañía de Ametralladoras del 59 Batallón, prometemos solemnemente vengar su muerte luchando con toda la decisión y coraje antifascista hasta conseguir el aplastamiento del enemigo, expulsando a mercenarios e invasores del suelo de España y a mantener la Independencia y Libertad de la República Española. Causa por la que en forma tan noble y desinteresada luchó nuestro camarada desaparecido.

El Comisario de la Compañía de Ametralladoras del 59 Batallón,

MARIANO CAÑEVERAS

Fortificando con ritmo acelerado nuestras posiciones, construyendo nuevos refugios para preservar la vida preciosa de nuestros combatientes, CONSOLIDAMOS LA VICTORIA. El Comisario ha de conseguir que cada cerro, cada río, cada piedra, sea una fortaleza inexpugnable contra el fascismo



With the Mac-Paps

The Army of the East is coming to the aid of Levante!

Like a bolt of lightning this sweeping thought penetrated every company, every unit, every soldier in this Army.

How? Where?

Again the smashing lightning



MAC-PAP HELIOGRAPHER

idea. Along a front of more than a hundred miles we would cross the Rio Ebro. Swiftly, secretly we would cross. The weak human defenses would rapidly be overpowered. The enemy was to be encircled. We were to push forward. Success called for surprise, speed and audacity.

Questions: If the whole Army of the East knows this, if every soldier is discussing it a day or two prior to the event, surely the enemy will know. And when it knows it will throw in reserves and try to halt us.

What about the fascist fortifications we've heard so much about? And their network of machine-gun nests? How would

we cross in the day time with all their aviation?

Surprise, speed, audacity — and faith in ourselves and in our command: these were the impelling forces to guarantee success. Above all — every sacrifice to relieve the Levante, to change the course of the war in our favor. With the crossing of the Ebro we would achieve still more: gain territory, morale, material; crack a significant position of the enemy organization.

We had to win!

II

It was pitch dark when the Mac-Paps were assembled. Fall in! Quiet! No rattling of canteens; no clatter of rifles; no talking; no smoking! The Ebro was to be taken — and more.

In a few minutes the Battalion was marching. It was a slow march. Marching men and camions with artillery, munitions, tanks were moving simultaneously. But on

we went, the Battalion steadily pushing towards the river-front.

A brief sleep. Then up and marching before dawn. With the first rays of light the enemy artillery opened up, dropping their shells some distance from us. Soon we reach the waterfront. Word had passed around that the 13th Brigade had already crossed.

Rowboats were on the shores. Company by company groups piled into the boats. Enthusiasm ran high. The enemy had evidently been put to flight by those who crossed before us. The Rio Ebro was ours.

Once across the river, the observation avion paid us visits. One plane at a time came, flying low, looking for us; strafing. The Activists, the anti-avionists had not forgotten their lessons. As soon as the plane would fly low, scores of rifles cracked out and the planes would suddenly highsoar and away.

Our advance continued towards Asco. It was our job to take the



PRESENTATION of Brigade flag by the Unified Socialist Youth to the Mac-Paps
Entrega de una bandera por la Juventud Socialista Unificada al batallón Mac-Pap

A bit later the entire Battalion was in town. Prisoners and material were captured. Guards were placed in town and the remainder of the Battalion went ahead.

All through the hot day and through half the night we marched. We rested on the Gandesa road outside Corbera. In the morning we moved on for a bit, took a further rest and in the afternoon we moved forward to attack.

After a few hundred yards of marching and infiltrating we drew the enemy fire. The comrades moved ahead rapidly infiltrating in a manner showing confidence and good training. From hill to hill the fascists were beaten back. In less than two hours we advanced almost two kilometers.

Then came the «Pimple» — the damned, high fortified fascist hill supplied with a number of machine guns and plenty ammunition from which any advance from all sides could be viewed by the enemy.

Twice the enemy came over the top to attack us and twice they were beaten back. On the other hand our assaults were checked by heavy enemy fire coming from three directions: from the «Pimple», from a valley on our right flank and from Gandesa.

The Mac-Paps joined the British Battalion in two assaults. The «Pimple» didn't bust. Its fire superiority was tremendous.

Later, during the artillery barrages and exchange of rifle fire, while digging fortifications and reorganizing the companies we reflected on what had taken place.

News came to us that the Italian-German offensive in the Levante had been stopped. More, our troops, under the impetus given by our advance, captured villages and hills in counter-attacks. Franco-Hitler-Mussolini had to withdraw troops and materials from other fronts to prevent complete loss of the Eastern zones.

We had achieved our main objective — the Levante gained a respite from the heavy fascist offensive; it gained time in which to dig in more strongly and in which to move certain units into counter-attack. We achieved more — much territory was gained and the River Ebro was in the hands of its rightful owners again.

Our faith in final victory was strengthened; our pride and faith in the soldiers, commanders and commissars of the Mac-Pap Battalion and of the whole army increased many times over. Our faith in ourselves and in our cause becomes unshakable.

Those of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion who have given their lives in this operation are those to whom the major honor must be bestowed for our success. Many of our best have fallen — fallen in a drive against the fascist enemy which has shaken the world.

The Ebro shall never be forgotten. The fine work of the Mac-Pap Battalion will live forever, dovetailing with the movement of the entire Army of the East.

The Mac-Paps are ready to march again, ready to avenge the dead, ready to deal the final death-blow to the fascist invasion of the Spanish Republic.

DAVE GORDON

town. While our artillery was pounding at the pueblo, the fascist artillery tried to impede our forward march. We kept going on. The shells caused a few casualties but could not impede the Battalion. New recruits and veterans alike were determined to go on.

It did not take long before we reached Asco. It looked deserted. Taking no foolish hazards, a few squads were sent to infiltrate into the town from several directions. Barely a shot was fired. The enemy had run. Only a few remained — easily taken prisoners.

In one house one of our Mac-Pap boys was startled when he saw a fascist soldier sitting with a rifle between his feet. Our comrade was as frightened as the fascist, he said later, but he felt that the one who would make the first move would capture the other. The Mac-Pap'er made the first move, arrested the fascist and felt much better after that was done.

SOME MAC-PAP soldiers (top) helping the peasants gather their crops. (Bottom) Mac-Pap comrades being led by a peasant to the vineyards



Algunos soldados del batallón Mac-Pap (arriba) ayudando a los campesinos a recoger la cosecha. (Abajo) Los mismos camaradas dirigidos por un campesino en los viñedos.

HOW THE ENGLISH TRIMMED THE MAC-PAPS "FUTBAL" WHISKERS

(This article was written while the Brigade was in rest.)

It was a great game. The Mac-Paps put up a swell battle and lost gamely. (It isn't too much out of the way to say they took it sort of hard, so why not say it?)

One Sunday morning—on July 10th to be accurate—the Officers, and Commissars of the British Battalion played and beat the Officers and Commissars of the Mackenzie-Papineau at soccer.

That isn't the way to begin the story but what's the difference? It still was a great game and the British comrades had to earn all their points. There was a point in the game when the British had the Mac-Paps by the score of 3-1. The Mac-Paps gained steam and shoved in one for themselves. But the British played like lions and they gained another.

From then onward the game was fast and furious. The Mac-Paps demonstrated that fury to their advantage and succeeded in tying the score. If there was ferocity and fury exhibited before there isn't the word to describe the rapidity of the movement that followed.

Major Smith and Commissar Rogers of the Mac-Paps were encouraging their men on to victory. Frank was doing a swell job in interference and stealing the ball away any number of times and the Major was giving heavy propaganda to the enemy with the idea of demoralizing them. But the British had the same objectives as the Mac-Paps so Major Smith's political work was wasted. After all, Capt. Fletcher and Commissar Bob Cooney were able to hold up their own and their team (Sam Wilde was vacationing with a fever in the hospital) and they

crashed the powerful defense of the Mac-Paps—Lt. Henry Mack—to make their 5th and winning point.

In the last three minutes of the game the Mac-Paps twice made two close heart-breaking misses. They were so damned near the mark that you felt the old soccer should have curved of its own volition and scored for the Mac-Paps. But balls don't do such things, do they? And, as the trite old proverb says—a miss is as good as a game lost, or something to that effect.

The most surprised man in the game was Commissar Larry Cohen who scored what I had thought a brilliant point, which gave the Macs their fourth point. Larry's



MAJOR SMITH, «he encouraged his men to a victory that didn't come off».

OPEN LETTER TO THE YOUTH OF ALL COUNTRIES

Dear Comrade,

We Spanish and English-speaking youth of the 15th. International Brigade, who are playing our part in the fight against fascism in Spain, appeal to you in this decisive war in which the future of the world is at stake, to come to our aid.

The entire people, in the rear as well as at the front, is throwing itself enthusiastically into the work of winning the war. More united and determined than ever before, the Spanish people is confident that it can beat off the fascist invaders.

In this struggle we have lost many of the finest of our comrades, the best representatives of the youth of all countries. They have been sacrificed to the murderous fascist war machine because the Government of democratic countries have denied to the Spanish Republic the right to purchase arms for its self-defense.

We ask the youth of the democratic countries this question. How long are you going to permit your Governments to carry through this infamous betrayal of democracy, to be the accomplices of Hitler and Mussolini in this murder? Can you be satisfied that you are doing all that is possible to change this policy? Here in Spain the youth have responded magnificently by rallying 100,000 young volunteers, largely aged between 16 and 18, to the People's Army. They are coming forward to defend the future of their country and of World Democracy. We are proud to be fighting side by side with such a splendid body of youth.

But is it not a terrible tragedy that the flower of Spanish youth, the hope of the future should have to pass through the fires of war? Those of us who have come to Spain from the democratic countries feel a burning shame because of the irresponsibility of our Governments in permitting this war to be prolonged.

We are further convinced that a speedy victory of the Spanish Republic is necessary to save all the peoples from being plunged into fascist world war.

We therefore appeal to you, comrade, to act now! Let the youth in every country be the spearhead of a mighty People's movement for freedom and solidarity with the Spanish Republic. Sweep away all barriers and overwhelm the reactionary forces that are plotting your destruction.

Act now so as to save further suffering and loss of life in this war in Spain!

Act now so as to save the youth of the whole world from passing through the agony of war! Support us in this struggle and the speedy victory of Peace and Democracy throughout the world is certain!

DAVID GUEST,

(British Battalion. Killed in action during the recent Ebro offensive).

honesty disillusioned me completely. I thought he showed unequalled quickness of thought and remarkable agility when he caught that runaway ball with his knees and gently pushed it for a goal in an imitation knee-bending exercise. He said the ball came along, he happened to be there, it hit his knees, bounced off and went for a goal and was surprised to learn a moment later that he scored for his team. Larry's modest enough but there isn't any point in denying you made a point when you actually did.

I don't think it would be fair not to mention just once more that the British Battalion won fairly and squarely. It's the second game in a row in which they beat the Mac-Paps and they promise to keep beating them, strongly stating that the first several victories of the Mac-Paps were simply accidents. I don't think it's rash to guess that if the MacPaps had a few more Spanish comrades to their team that they can tame the Lions in the next match.

D. G.

GETTING WORRIED!

The Company Commissar was harassed. The boys had been beefing; the grub line was snarled up and sounded like the Chicago stockyards in a thunderstorm.

Up walks Comrade S... Said he to the Company Commissar: «Was there any mail for me today?»

«Comrade S...», said the C.C., «you know damned well that if there had been, I'd have seen that it got to you. You know damned well how anxious I am for the men to get their mail.»

«Well», said Comrade S..., in a forlorn tone of voice, «It's beginning to get serious now.»

The C.C. was harassed. «Serious», he snorted. Whaddye mean, serious? I'm getting sick of you guys beefing about the mail. How long since you've had a letter? How long, eh?»

«Well», said Comrade S..., in a small voice, «it's been nine months now.»

THE "VOLUNTEER" PRESENTS:



LUKE HINMAN; Chief of Scouts,
Lincoln-Washington Battalion



JAMES POLLOCK, JUAN CARRASCO NAVARRO and CHARLES FRAMP;
British Battalion



MATIAS FERRADO; Company Three,
Lincoln-Washington



ANTONIO SEGOVIA; Company Three,
Lincoln-Washington Battalion



LUIS PERAZA, Teniente JERÓNIMO LÓPEZ, PEDRO AGUILA RIO;
British Battalion



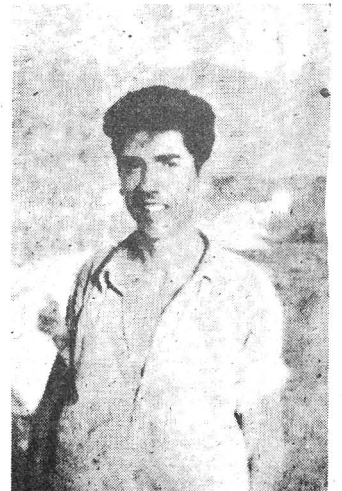
LUSHELL MC DANIELS, Lincoln
Washington



SAM SPILLER; Enlace, Lincoln-Was-
hington Battalion



Cabo NARCISO GONZALEZ, Teniente JACK COOPER, RAFAEL MALTÉS, commissar.
All in Special Estado Mayor Machine-Gun Company



ANTONIO ESCRIBAS; Company Three
Lincoln-Washington

The Comrades of the 15th Brigade Who Have Distinguished Themselves During the Actions on the Ebro Front



GERALD COOK; Company Three,
Lincoln-Washington



ANTONIO SANCHEZ, MELCHOR PAJON, Company One, 59th Battalion



YALE STURT; Plana Mayor,
Lincoln-Washington



TENIENTE HENRY MACK;
Company Two, Mac-Pap Battalion



GROUP IN COMPANY FOUR, MAC-PAP BATTALION
Rear from left to right; Tony Gómez, Julian Di Dent, Norberto Asunción, Franz
Goeginger, Miguel Donate, Renato Blanco, Hans. José Rodríguez. (Front row)
Carlos Arias, Gonzalo Encabo, Vicente Parres, Antonio Orti, Al Stone.



HERMAN «GABBY» KLINE;
Lincoln-Washington



THOMAS PAGE



CABO JESÚS CANO CANDEL, JOHN LOBBEN, CABO JOAQUÍN PLÁZA VIDAL
All from Machine-Gun Company of the British Battalion



EFRAIM GUASH; Adjutant-Commisar,
59th. Battalion



PUBLISHED BY THE WAR COMMISSARIAT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

For correspondence, use the following address: VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

S. R. I. 555-E P. MÉNDEZ VIGO, No. 5 BARCELONA

VOL. II — No. 31 BARCELONA SEPTEMBER 5 — 1938

LT. COOPER'S HAUL

The special Brigade machine gun company came up to reinforce the 58th Battalion on July 28th. Saully Wellman, its commissar, had already been forced out of action by a shrapnel wound; and when, on his very first day with the Lincolns, the commander Capt. José Valusek, was wounded, Lt. Jack Cooper, of Cleveland, formerly of the U. A. W. Fisher Body Local, took over command of the company, which remained with the Lincolns throughout the first stage of the action.

But our story begins before all of this.

It was on July 26 that the machine gun company received information that there were fascists in the mountains, on what had until the day before been the fascist side of the Ebro. The information also stated that the 13th Brigade was battling against them.

Commander Valledor came down and showed Cooper which spot to take up and where to set up his guns, whereupon he went up with his section of men, and sent out

patrols to scout the area, look over the terrain.

«That afternoon», says Lt. Cooper, «I observed some fighting in the hill in the vicinity of the crossroads from Mora to Asco. There were grenades, machine gun fire, and shouting, the words of which I couldn't distinguish. But as they moved up closer, we could tell they were fascists and we could hear what they were shouting — Viva Franco and Arriba España».

From the size of the group, he could tell that at least two companies of the enemy were approaching. Immediately he sent one light gun and a trench mortar to the hill 300 metres behind, instructing them to open up fire and cover the rest of the section in its defending position. But the speed of the enemy's movement approaching the hill forced the entire section to withdraw to the adjacent hill behind. There they came across two of our armored cars, one of whose drivers informed them that a battalion of ours was moving up to help.

«It was the Lincolns approaching», says Cooper, «and we were glad they were going to help us. I informed the drivers about the fascists and advised them not to go ahead, they'd be blasted to hell. As the cars turned to move back a little way down the road, one of them was hit by a grenade and turned over on its side.

«We had no escape, so we remained hidden in the pine scrub — eight of us, at the side of the road. From there I succeeded in sending back two light guns in our possession. I remained with the men, waiting. Escape was impossible.»

It was a matter of minutes, at this point, before all were surrounded and taken prisoners. Among the fascists were four Moors who, according to the young soldiers taken with Cooper, wanted to execute Cooper without delay. They were prevented from doing so by the young Spanish recruits in the fascist group, who vigorously opposed the killing of any prisoner. All were relieved of their arms, and Cooper was stripped of his possessions: pistol, wallet, camera, pen — they left only his handkerchief.

All eight prisoners were then taken to another hill, where all the fascist forces, including their commanding officers were gathered. Lt. Cooper was brought before these officers for questioning and information.

«And I gave them information», says Cooper, «all they wanted, and more. I told them we had Gandesa, and that by tomorrow (July 27th) we'd be in Calaceite. When they asked where our forces were, I answered, «Way ahead», pointing to the west. «How many?» they questioned. Without hesitation I answered, «Five army corps». They were evidently impressed, and pretty worried. As for ourselves, I told them, we're just patrolling the area through which the main bodies of our troops had already passed. There were hundreds of small patrols like ours, some larger, some smaller, cleaning up this conquered section. I told them.

«Although they seemed crestfallen, they were still determined to go ahead, to push onward and break through our lines and rejoin their own forces. All of them had rifles, hand grenades, and there was a light machine gun among their arms.

«During that afternoon and evening, we developed friendly conversations with two of their officers who had friends in New York and Chicago, so they said, and with some of their soldados as we discussed generally the conditions on the fascist side and on our side, and they were surprised to know that our soldados receive as much in wages as their officers, and that, in addition, we didn't have to pay for our own food.

«That night, which we spent with them as prisoners, was very strenuous, as some of our forces attacked the hill we were on; but our fascist captors maintained complete silence, and so our forces, figuring nobody was there, withdrew. Throughout the night



MAKING MAPS
Dibujando mapas

our group was guarded by six Moors.

«The following morning (July 27th) the fascists were in a more or less panicky state. Their observers had reported sighting many of our troops on a number of adjacent hills. When the avion came over, I decided to add to the effect of my previous words of the day before. «Don't worry», I told them about the avion — «they're ours, Loyalist».

«Added to their growing strain and panic were the facts that they had been three days without food, eating only nuts and whatever fruit they could pick off the trees, and they had been out of contact with other of their forces for a similarly long period of time. In addition, all of them were pretty well exhausted.

«Finally, while we waited to see what would happen, their six officers held a conference, at which they decided their game was up, that their safest course of action would be to turn themselves over to us, and follow us. By this time there were 14 of us — myself and thirteen of my men, who had been taken singly and in groups of two at different points not far from where our original eight had been surrounded.

«It was dark most of the time we were with them, and they were pretty well scattered. It was not until we marched them to Brigade headquarters that I discovered there were 208 of them. Among them were the six officers and 19 sergentos».

«I didn't know until that minute», added Lt. Cooper, «that we had taken so many prisoners.»

Cooper asked that one final point be made clear: «My kids», he said, referring to the young Spanish quintas in his company, «could have escaped or made their path easier many times, especially when we were being threatened with death. But they didn't, because they figured that would mean my death. That's loyalty — and that shows the kind of army we have!».

S. F.



PRISONERS being brought in by our men. Our 35th Division alone captured more than 3500 prisoners in the recent Ebro push



Prisioneros capturados por nuestras tropas. Nuestra 35 división ha capturado más de 3500 prisioneros

WAITING

We moved down off the hill in single file, the taste of breakfast still in our mouths — coffee, chocolate, ham and sardines, bread, marmalade and plums. There was a comfortable weight inside us, and there was, too, the inevitable nervousness, the pre-action tension that heightens the senses and makes a man take notice of things he never noticed before... a lizard sticking his head out of a crack in the dry, volcanic rock; a broken shoelace, a streak of dirt on another man's face. There was to be a mass attack on X....; it was to start early in the morning; two divisions were moving through parallel barrancos toward the town.

The barranco was narrow at the top, wide at the bottom. Ahead of us, our 59th Battalion had engaged the enemy; they were out of sight ahead of us, but the machine guns were singing their crisp, metallic song, the rifle bullets snapped over our heads as we waited, flattened on the dry earth, seeking cover below the terraces, behind the olive trees. You could look around and see men flattening visib ly into the ground, disappearing, their rifles cauted against the natural parapets ahead. A runner would appear from below, dash from tree to tree, to reappear later, sweating. The sun rose straight above us, hanging heavy over our heads, beating on our backs and heads. There was no water as we waited for the word to go ahead, wondering how long it would be before the word came, what would happen when it came, how much opposition we would meet at the mouth of the barranco as we emerged. You could hear our Hotchkiss talking from the hill on our left; a heavy Maxim on the right. There was avion overhead, seeking — finding? We waited for it to find us; we watched its impersonal evolutions overhead, bank and turn, soar and glide, looking for something it should find in the course of time. We watched the stretchers coming back.

It is possible to watch the stret-

chers coming back in an entirely impersonal fashion. You note the severity of the wound; you try to catch a glimpse of the face; you think, «There I go, back to the hospital» and you think, «Does it hurt much?». One by one the stretchers came back from the line, weaving between the twisted olive trunks, moving back up the slope of the barranco, the camilleros' backs exposed to the enemy fire. You could not envy them their jobs, their lives dependent on and weighted with the weight and the life of the comrades they were carrying. You watched them, thinking, «There I go», or «How soon will it be?» and «Will it be bad?». You wondered how things were going ahead, and how soon the word would come, and you wondered where our artillery was, and how soon it would be before it opened up, and where was the promised avion. You listened for it.

You woke with astonishment to find that you had been dozing in the sun; the heat and the dust and the thirst, the tension — all had combined to undo your senses and relax your vigilance, and the body snatched at the rest it needed, the rest it had foregone during the hard days of action that had gone before. You woke with a start, wondering how you could have possibly gone to sleep in the face of the fire — you felt a sickening sensation at what you had done, like a man who has come safely through an accident and then suddenly recalls how close he had been to death and feels his guts turn over in his body. Vigilance returns, and with it the heightened sensibility, the tension. Someone is eating a tin of sardines nearby; you can smell the warm olive-oil.

All day, in the stifling heat and the thirst we waited, the sun pounding our backs, the hammering song of the Hotchkiss loud from the left slope of the barranco. «The damned fool!», we thought, «Can't he shut up for a while? He'll ruin the bore, he'll give his position away!». Dusk brought

the order to advance — and it brought other things as well. The unbearable tension snapped; the parched lips were wet with the moist tongue. Over the right slope of the barranco, there came sailing, precisely spaced and beautifully colored in the failing light, tracer bullets like small balls of pink fire. They soared across the valley into the Hotchkiss position, but the gun continued to fire. From behind us the enemy artillery awoke, and the shells came over—

you could count them as they came. And then you couldn't count them; they fell in no regular order, but with an almost conscious knowledge of where we were — to left, to right, ahead, behind, crashing like enormous garbage cans heaved by gigantic men. The broken earth fell on us, the cracked rock spattered against the unbroken stone of the hillsides. We were moving forward, and the deepening night was loud in our ears.

ALVAH C. BESSIE



ON THE GANDESA FRONT

En el frente de Gandesa



TELEPHONE communications dugout

Chabola de comunicaciones



SHOVING OFF

Un empujón



BRITISH BATTALION comrade sighting the new trench mortar

El Batallón 59 al otro lado del Ebro

El Batallón 59 actuó con la misma decisión y entusiasmo que sus hermanos los demás Batallones de la Brigada, colocándose en el mismo paralelo en cuanto a combatividad y esfuerzos.

A pesar de haber tenido serios contratiempos e irreparables pérdidas en la estructura de sus cuadros de mando y Comisarios, supo alcanzar todos los objetivos fijados a su cuidado. Entre las pérdidas más sentidas y más necesitadas, figuran la de su Comandante-Jefe Capitán Marc Millman, la del Comisario de la Compañía de Ametralladoras, camarada Arnold Reid y la del camarada ayudante del Comisario del Batallón, Efraim Guasch, muertos por bala enemiga en el cumplimiento de su deber; pero a pesar de estas enormes pérdidas, consideradas así por la valía de estos camaradas desaparecidos, el Batallón llegó a la meta, cumpliendo con disciplina, abnegación y coraje en todo su conjunto, desde el último de sus soldados hasta el primero de sus Jefes y Comisarios.

A continuación leeréis los pasajes más importantes relatados por los Comisarios de sus diferentes Compañías, que empiezan desde nuestra salida del campamento y terminan en NUESTRO VICTORIOSO AVANCE. Así como un juicio crítico con respecto a las operaciones en que tomaron parte.

PRIMERA COMPAÑÍA

«En esta última operación en que ha participado nuestro Glorioso Ejército Popular, se puede decir que la actuación de todas nuestras Unidades, ha sido brillante. Pero me limitaré exclusiva-

mente a reseñar la actuación de la «primera Compañía» del 59 Batallón de la XV Brigada Internacional en la que soy Comisario.

Nuestra Compañía supo recoger en toda su amplitud las enseñanzas que nos dió la maniobra del paso del río, en la cual se distinguió por su rapidez en los movimientos y comprensión absoluta por parte de Cabos, Sargentos y Jefes de Sección, de su responsabilidad como mandos inferiores.

Llega el momento de iniciar nuestra ofensiva y nuestra Compañía comprende y aplica en el acto las enseñanzas recogidas en la retaguardia. El paso del río se realiza con la misma rapidez y ecuanimidad con que se hizo la maniobra. Todo salió a pedir de boca. Entonces de acuerdo con el plan de operaciones se inicia la marcha para la captura de Ascó, la que se realiza sin dificultad alguna, haciendo la primera Compañía 25 prisioneros. La primera Compañía dió, en la toma de Ascó, un ejemplo de disciplina y obediencia a los mandos, pues después de ordenar el Comandante de la Compañía, Claudio Villanueva, que un pelotón entrara en el pueblo para hacerse cargo de los prisioneros, el resto quedó fuera del pueblo, organizado, bajo la celosa vigilancia de cabos, sargentos y oficiales, evitando de esta manera que los aviones fascistas que bombardeaban el pueblo, nos causaran bajas innecesarias; como sucedió a fuerzas de otra Brigada que se entretenía dentro del pueblo en cuestiones sin importancia e impropias del momento.

Continuamos nuestra marcha a lograr nuestros objetivos, que era ir sobre Gandesa y cooperar



HEADQUARTERS OF THE 59th BATTALION on the Gandesa front. Captain Mark Millman, center, just before he was killed directing his battalion in action

Estado Mayor del batallón 59 en el frente de Gandesa. El capitán Mak Millman, centro, muerto dirigiendo su batallón

con el corte de la carretera al sitio de dicho pueblo.

Al 59 Batallón se le mandó posesionarse de un barranco donde fueron desplegadas sus fuerzas para iniciar el ataque sobre Gandesa. La primera Compañía tenía la misión de enlazar por el flanco derecho con la 23 Brigada y por el flanco izquierdo con la tercera Compañía. La misión fue brillantemente cumplida demostrando nuestra Compañía una gran moral, pues a pesar del fuego intensísimo de artillería y de una gran preparación de morteros sobre el barranco que ocupaban nuestras fuerzas, a pesar de la cantidad de bajas habidas, nuestra Compañía cada vez que se le dió orden de atacar, ATACO.

Aquí me convencí yo, de la alta moral de los soldados y mandos de nuestra Compañía y que han sabido los veteranos recoger las experiencias de otros combates y los reclutas igualar y en algunos casos superar en moral, disciplina y heroísmo a los veteranos.

El Comisario de la Compañía,
M. DEL PESO.

SEGUNDA COMPAÑÍA

«Al cruzar el Ebro con orden de atacar el pueblo de Ascó, desplegados sus hombres, dominan sus alturas, donde la patrulla de exploración sorprende cinco fascistas, les damos el alto cuatro se hacen prisioneros y el otro se mata; se oyen voces: ¡Sanitarios! Acuden y se trata de un herido fascista; colocado en la camilla, se cura y con voz apocada decía: no matarme, soy inocente; a sus palabras contesté: Nosotros, los españoles que luchamos contra Hitler y Mussolini, no matamos al prisionero, ni lo abandonamos cuando está herido, a

pesar de haber sido nuestro enemigo como lo estás viendo.

El último pelotón pasaba desplegado por donde estaban los nueve prisioneros que se hicieron, quienes nos miraban sorprendidos aún, y un soldado nuestro les dijo: «Véis, no somos rusos, sino que somos trabajadores españoles quizá como vosotros, que luchamos contra los invasores y por la independencia de nuestra patria.»

Después de una dura acción, fuimos a una, a hacer un relevo. Por la noche, fuimos atacados con bombas de mano por el enemigo; la cota la defendían hombres nuevos, camaradas que por primera vez manejaban las bombas de mano; fue un momento de peligro, pero de emoción, al menos lo fue para el mando, al verlos con serenidad y destreza lanzar las bombas. A los veinte minutos renace la calma y en el silencio se oyen los ayes lejanos de los heridos fascistas que corrían hacia sus posiciones. Los muchachos me dicen: «Qué, Comisario, ¿hemos estado bien? Sí muchachos! A vigilar, que pronto nos relevarán.

El Comisario de la segunda Compañía,
M. RAMÍREZ

TERCERA COMPAÑÍA

Un activista

— ¡Venga, aprisa!, va gritando el Capitán Castillo.

Hay orden de ataque, tenemos que entrar en el barranco... de la Muerte, según los muchachos lo han bautizado; es necesario tomar la cota desde la cual el enemigo enfila todo el barranco. La Compañía va pasando rápidamente, uno a uno, distanciados. El enemigo se da cuenta de nuestro movimiento y abre fuego de arma



DELEGATES from Barcelona trade unions and People's Front organizations addressing the 59th Battalion during one of the Battalion's fiestas

Delegados de los sindicatos de Barcelona y de organizaciones del Frente Popular dirigiéndose a los camaradas del 59 batallón durante una fiesta del mismo

automática, casi al mismo tiempo que los morteros también entran en acción. Hay algunas bajas. Es tan intenso el fuego, que nos obliga a paralizar la acción. Toda la fuerza tiene que replegarse a una pared, a un ángulo muerto para guarecerse de la metralla. Toda la sección ha pasado 150 metros más adelante que el resto de la fuerza, pero como los demás, está también paralizada. Fuego de ametralladora en el frente, en su retaguardia, los morteros... De pronto un cuerpo avanza arrastrándose por el suelo. Llega hasta nosotros; es Feichman Bolislao, va cargado de cantimploras. Le preguntan dónde va.

— Los muchachos tienen sed — nos contesta —. Vóy a por agua.

Al poco rato estaba de vuelta y volvía a entrar en el barranco de la misma manera que salió.

El bravo muchacho, no encontró peligro para que sus camaradas pudieran beber agua.

El Comisario de la tercera Compañía

MAURI

CUARTA COMPAÑÍA

En esta operación la cuarta Compañía demostró lo que vale la instrucción y el buen trabajo político. Ya que siendo como era una compañía recién formada, y en la que participaban muchos camaradas jóvenes que no tenían la experiencia del combate, se hizo uso más que nada de la instrucción recibida, unida, naturalmente, a la experiencia de los mandos.

Así, pues, nuestra Compañía, que mostró su mayor brillantez en el ataque, donde dió pruebas de valor y entusiasmo, señalando como hechos notorios el del soldado Páez, un camarada joven que murió alentando a sus camaradas con el grito de «Adelante, camaradas», y los sargentos Vicente Pelegay Muro y González, que, al frente de sus hombres alcanzan los objetivos que el mando les señaló, manteniendo siempre el control y disciplina en

su pelotón. Y en general, la mayoría de la Compañía que se comportó como el momento lo exigía.

Los golpes enseñan a los que no quieren seguir los consejos que se les dan, los hombres de nuestra Compañía tomarán buena nota de ello. Allí donde los hombres avanzaban ocultos: uno a uno, el enemigo no lograba hacernos bajas, mientras que los que no seguían estas reglas, bien caro les costaba. Por esto decimos que estas batallas del Ebro nos han legado muchas cosas buenas.

A más de lo que ha representado para la República, tenemos un rico caudal de experiencias que en los próximos combates emplearemos.

El Comisario de la cuarta Compañía,

JOSE REAL

COMPAÑÍA DE AMETRALLADORAS

Era una noche del mes de julio; nuestros soldados dormían tranquilamente, cuando una corneta de este Batallón tocó llamada. Entonces soldados, oficiales, sub-oficiales y Comisarios nos levantamos, cogimos las máquinas y nos pusimos en marcha. La marcha fué larga; el cansancio era inmenso, pero a pesar de ello nuestra moral combativa se mantenía bien alta, dispuestos a continuar hacia adelante si era necesario. Descansamos por el día y esa noche caminamos y caminamos, llegando a las cercanías del río Ebro. Descansamos dos días más, cuando recibimos la orden de pasar el Ebro.

Nuestros soldados, sin poner reparos, todo lo contrario, con la alegría reflejada en sus caras, suben a las barcas, embarcamos todos y así, aun cuando la aviación fascista nos ametrallaba desesperadamente, nosotros continuábamos deslizándonos sobre la corriente, impulsados por los golpes de remo de nuestros barqueros.

Todo el Batallón pasado, se nos asigna tomar los focos que detrás del pueblo de Ascó tenían los fas-



A FORMER COMMANDING POST OF THE 59th

Puesto de mando anterior del 59 batallón

cistas, donde una batetía había estado haciendo fuego durante nuestro desembarco; pues, bien, lo tomamos.

Dominados los montes de Ascó, continuamos camino de Gandesa; sin encontrar resistencia avanzamos hasta cerca de la carretera Gandesa-Villalba. Nuestra infantería ataca y nosotros emplazamos nuestras máquinas donde nuestro Teniente Jefe de la Compañía nos había ordenado y ¡Corramos la carretera!

Después nos relevan. Ahora, nuestro objetivo es el cementerio de Gandesa; nuestros soldados, cabos, sargentos, atentos y obedientes como un solo hombre a nuestro Jefe camarada Diego Ortiz, nada. Es de día, la artillería y morteros extranjeros, invasores al servicio de Franco, nos hacían grandes bajas; se da la orden a la segunda máquina de emplazamiento a la derecha de aquel barranco. Los morteros caían muy espesos, pero aquella máquina amenazada muy seriamente en dos ocasiones, conservó su sitio. Ni la artillería, ni los morteros, ni los antitanques fueron suficientes para desalojar a nuestros valientes soldados, quienes supieron defender cada uno el palmo de terreno a su cuidado.

Se da la misma orden a la tercera máquina, la cual cumple con su misión; la primera, cuarta y quinta máquinas protegiendo a la infantería, también estuvieron en sus puestos, cumpliendo así, todos los combatientes de la Compañía de Ametralladoras acompañados de sus mandos.

Tenemos una fe inquebrantable porque sabemos cuál es nuestro deber y estamos dispuestos antes de ceder un palmo de terreno a hacer todos los sacrificios que sean necesarios.

EL COMISARIO DE LA COMPAÑÍA DE AMETRALLADORAS

MARIANO CAÑEVERAS

Y así termina la jornada en que ha participado el 59 Batallón, cuyos efectivos soldados, cabos,

sargentos, oficiales, jefes y Comisarios, todos, han dado una muestra de coraje, heroísmo y abnegación los unos y valentía, capacidad y control los otros. Jornada en la que sólo han intervenido fusiles, magistralmente usados por nuestro Ejército, y cañones, antitanques, morteros, toda clase de armas automáticas y grandes masas de aviación usados por el enemigo para defenderse y contraatacar.

Todos nuestros combatientes de este Batallón, camaradas españoles, veteranos unos y de reciente ingreso los otros, camaradas andaluces, valencianos, catalanes de todas las regiones, unidos a los camaradas internacionales y en mayor número los camaradas cubanos han hecho una gran labor que ha dado por resultado el afirmar más la unidad de nuestras fuerzas y demostrar capacidad bastante para continuar victoriosos en la segunda fase de nuestra consigna ¡ATACAR!



COMRADES of the 59th firing a trench mortar on the Gandesa front

Camaradas del 59 batallón disparando con un mortero en el frente de Gandesa



The 59th Battalion on parade
El batallón 59 en desfile

LETTERS from HOME

A Nurse Writes About A Returned Volunteer

Dear Comrade C...: I hope that this letter reaches you. I wanted to write you something about Joe. Perhaps you have not heard yet that he was killed last month, in England, in a lorry crash.

I came back here to Chicago three days ago, after a long absence organizing Spanish committees, looking forward to delayed letters from him since I had not had my mail forwarded. But instead of the letters from him, there was one from his family, such a brave one, ending with "Success to our cause", a newspaper clipping and a postcard of the cemetery where his ashes are buried. I was completely stunned. If he had still been in Spain... well, one is always prepared a bit. But not when he was safely back in England.

I have been so busy since I came back. First the speaking tour all over the States until the first of June and then being organizer for new medical branches in the Middle West. The only personal life or pleasure I have had was the mail from him and writing to him and thinking about how he would be proud and happy because of the success I was having in increasing support for Spain. And that is snapped suddenly from me. I shall have to become adjusted and not think a dozen times a day that experiences must be described to Joe, and laughed over or scowled over together. His letters were a great inspirational help, breathing militant confidence and perseverance. I shall miss them.

There is only one way to endure such a loss. More intensified effort for the cause that was his life. New Spanish Aid committees will be the monuments that I shall build him. And after the work, all my life remembering his singleness of purpose, there will be similar wreaths to his memory. He would prefer such tribute to tears and grieving.

You were fond of him too, I know. He was a good comrade. He did not waste his living hours, so though we are sad that another fighter has been lost to the movement, we can be proud that he lived and fought well, and that we knew him.

If you are ever in London and you go to see his parents, try to find time to write me about it. If you should ever go to his grave, say Salud, camarada, for me....

Hasta la vista, C.....

Salud y Victoria.

F. M.

PLANES BROUGHT DOWN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE EBRO OFFENSIVE

It is more than a month since the crossing of the Ebro by the Republican troops. During the offensive the enemy have constantly used their air force, but owing to the efficiency of the Republican gunners and pilots, many enemy planes have been brought down. Below are some statistics of the planes brought down on the Ebro Front during the past month:

BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES

Bombers:
Junker 86, 2; Heinkel 111, 3; Savoia 81, 2. Total: 7.

Light Bombers:
Dornier 17, 1; Fiat B. B. 20, 1; Breda, 4.... Total: 6.

Chasers:
Unidentified plane fell on enemy lines, 1.... Total: 1.

Total: 14

BY INFANTRY FIRE

Bombers:
Junker trimotors, 4..... Total: 4.

Chasers:
Messerschmidt, 1..... Total: 1.

Total: 5

IN AIR BATTLES

Bombers:
Heinkel Bimotors, 7..... Total: 7.

Chasers:
Messerschmidt, 18; Fiat, 47..... Total: 65.

Total: 72

GRAND TOTAL:

Bombers.....	18
Light Bombers.....	6
Chasers.....	66
TOTAL.....	91

Eleven pilots, only two of whom were Spaniards, were captured. For our part, we lost 20 machines (2 bombers, 2 observation planes and 15 chasers). One of these was brought down by anti-aircraft fire, and eighteen in air battles. One chaser, whose pilot was mortally wounded in a battle, crashed on landing at its aerodrome and was destroyed.

Spanish Consul to Philadelphia Greets Americans in the I. B. Before Leaving for U. S. A.

August 26th, 1938.

TO THE AMERICANS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES:

During my recent brief stay in Barcelona, I was on the point of visiting you in order to receive any messages you wished delivered to your relatives and friends in the United States where I am returning to resume my post as Consul for Spain.

For unforeseen reasons I was obliged at the last moment to cancel a visit which would have given me great pleasure and honor.

In America we all follow day by day your splendid actions. The American people realizes that by fighting for the victory of the Spanish Republic you are defending the interests of democracy of your own country. Every antifascist heart is beating with you.

I wish you all the best of luck and salud!

Viva la República!

Viva la 15 Brigada Internacional!

(Signed) JUAN PEINADO

Printed in Spain - Imp. Elzeviriana, E. C. - Torrens Amat, 9 - Barcelona

Pollitt Impressed by Ebro Victor- ies in Visit to Brigade

Harry Pollitt, General Secretary of the Communist Party of Great Britain, paid the British Battalion of the 15th Brigade on Sunday, August 28th., a surprise visit. Harry is always more than welcomed by the comrades of the Brigade, in particular those of the British Battalion. This visit marked the fifth time that Harry has come to Spain since the war has begun. He was accompanied by Peter Kerrigan.

As Harry explained in his talk to the British Battalion, he came to visit the comrades of the Battalion, and those who are in hospitals as a result of wounds suffered in the Ebro drive, so as to be able to report to their families and friends back home and to also report to the coming British Trades Union Congress. He brought with him, as usual, cigars and chocolates.

After having crossed the Ebro over a recently constructed bridge, Harry called on the commanding staff of the 35th Division where he was greeted very warmly. He spoke in detail with Major Merino, 25 year old former university student and commander of the Division, of the recent Ebro operations.

When Pollitt asked Commander Merino as to what were the important factors which led to the recent successes, Merino replied without hesitation: "Organization and audacity on the part of our troops". Merino explained further that our infantry went into action equipped only with rifles, ridiculously few machine guns, but with great enthusiasm for the attack. It charged against a Franco army backed by artillery, cavalry and aviation. The ability of our soldiers overcame the inequality in arms, surprised the enemy and in one day advanced as far as the commanding posts of the fascist division. "If Chamberlain", Merino added to Pollitt, "did not put so many obstacles in our way and permitted us to purchase sufficient arms, we'd lick Franco and his foreign legions in a short time".

After having lunch with the 15th Brigade commanding staff, Harry went immediately to the British Battalion where he talked individually with many of the comrades. In the late afternoon, he gave a clear picture as to what is going on in the international political scene to an attentive Battalion, gathered under the trees in the vineyards, in spite of the constant presence of the enemy aviation overhead.



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

Organ of the international brigades



Vol. II - No. 32

Barcelona, September 17 - 1938

CÓMO SE DEFIENDE LA INDEPENDENCIA DE ESPAÑA

En orden especial del día 28 de agosto el Jefe de la Brigada y el Comisario, dicen lo siguiente:

«Digna de todo elogio, ha sido la destacada actuación de estos últimos días, del Batallón Lincoln, número 58.

Mandos, Comisarios y Soldados, han rivalizado en valor, im-pidiendo con su heroísmo que el enemigo haya podido avanzar un solo paso.

A pesar de la poca protección de las trincheras y del enorme fuego de artillería y mortero, que el enemigo les ha hecho, como desahogo de su impotencia para reducir su tenaz resistencia, han rechazado en todo momento al enemigo infligiéndole gran cantidad de bajas con su certero fuego.

Su moral ha venido aumentando día a día, renovando los laure-

les conseguidos y mostrándose dignos sustitutos de la 11 División, que nos ha precedido en este Sector y que tantos elogios ha conseguido por su actuación.

Así es como se defiende España y se ejecutan las órdenes del Mando. La orden era de resistencia y el Batallón Lincoln comprendiendo su importancia, la ha llevado a cabo de forma magnífica.

No cabe destacar nombres, pues habría que copiar la lista entera del Batallón. La resistencia opuesta al enemigo figurará al lado de las grandes gestas de la Brigada.

A los Mandos, a los Comisarios y a todos los Soldados del Batallón, se les felicita efusivamente, en esta orden especial, debiendo servir de ejemplo su actuación a los demás Batallones.

Asimismo merecen mencionarse los Batallones 59 y 60, que han prestado una valiosa ayuda al Lincoln, con sus fuegos de protección y apoyo, y al 57, que antes de que el Mando diera órdenes de prepararse, se ofreció para su intervención. Su jefe herido, en el momento en que el enemigo atacaba las posiciones del 58, no quiso abandonar su puesto de mando, digno ejemplo de nuestros Jefes.

Nada queda que añadir. Los elogios nunca han sido más merecidos que en este caso. El enemigo habrá comprendido a costa de muchas bajas, que por donde está la XV Brigada, está prohibido el paso para ellos.

No obstante hemos de prepararnos y acentuar la obra de mejoramiento de fortificaciones y de refugios contra la artillería

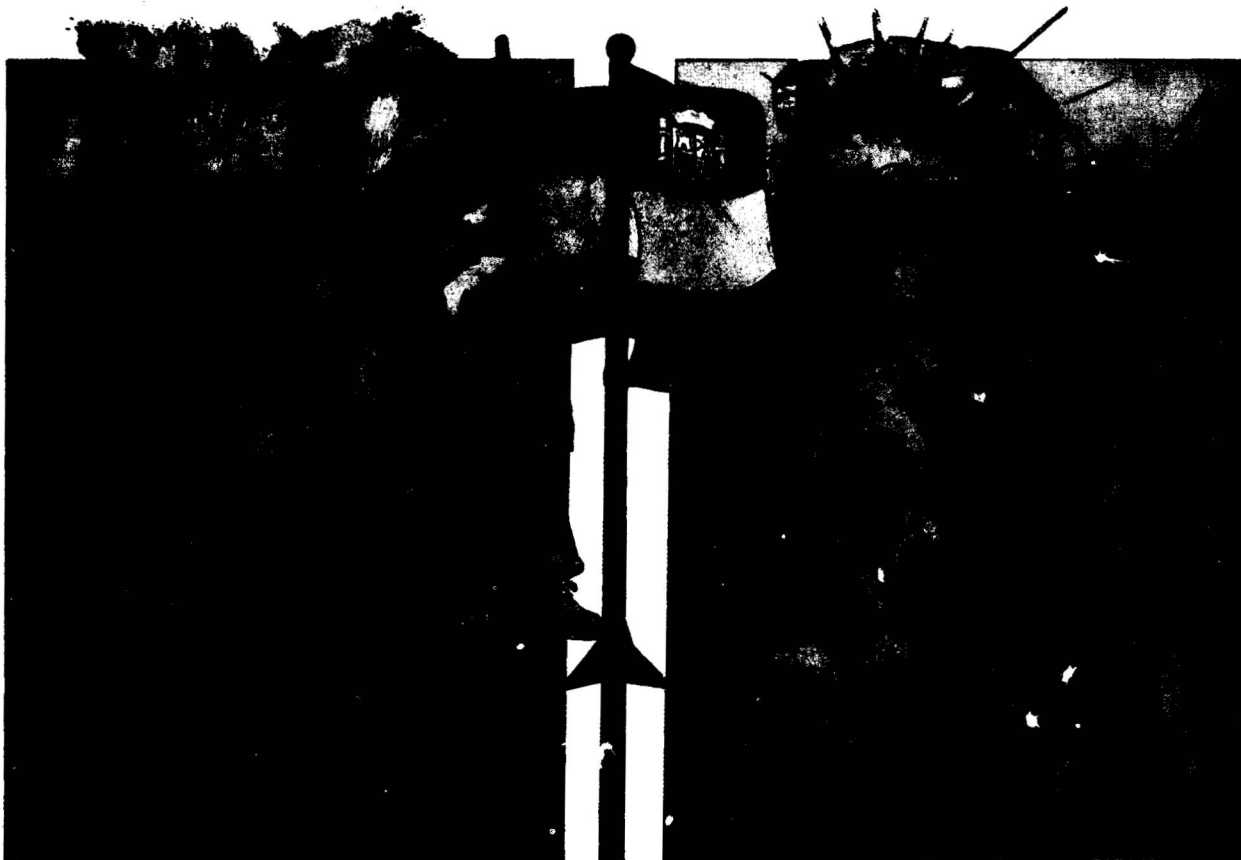
Nuestra consigna de hoy continúa siendo resistir, y la mejor manera de llevarla a cabo son buenas fortificaciones en las que se estrellen los avances enemigos y desde las que a cubierto de sus tiros se les pueda infligir duro castigo.

Los activistas tienen aquí una ocasión de demostrar la importancia de su misión. Consolidar las posiciones, pues con ello se disminuirá al mismo tiempo el número de nuestras bajas.

Escribid a los camaradas heridos del Lincoln, dándoles cuenta de la felicitación y haciéndoles saber que su comportamiento heroico ha sido reconocido por todos.

Mayor,
JOSÉ ANTONIO VALLEDOR
Comisario de Brigada,
JOHN GATES

CADA
ACTIVISTA
UN
SOLDADO
MODELO



CADA
ACTIVISTA
UN
CAMPEÓN
DE
UNIDAD

Dibujo por Antonio Pujol

FASCIST OFFENSIVE CRUMPLES BEFORE HEROIC RESISTANCE OF XV BRIGADE

«Death Sector» is the name given by the fascists to the territory in the immediate vicinity of Corbera. The name is fully justified. The best fascist shock-troops are here being driven to their doom, their ranks decimated, their fate sealed by the unconquerable resistance of the Republican Army. Their concentration of artillery of a hitherto unheard of scale, their hundreds of bombing planes, their heavy tanks and machine guns mounted on motorcycles beat vainly against the iron rock of Republican defense. The mechanized force of the Italian and German invaders is matched here with the superb morale and antifascist en-



CAPTAIN DUNBAR

thusiasm of the defending forces. They have to purchase every inch of the ground at a price that leaves their ranks decimated, at an effort which requires them to squander their best available manpower.

A graphic story of the epic resistance put up by the Republican Army is told below in the excerpts taken from the diary of Captain R. Smrcka, Chief of Information of the XV Brigade. These excerpts deal with last week's fighting and tell the story the XV Brigade has played in this important action. Names of certain units and locations are omitted for obvious military reasons.

September, 6.

We are standing by. Hectic night. The enemy continues its pressure accompanied by tremendous concentration of fire. Counted more than 100 fascist planes in the air. Front has been boiling since dawn.

Finally our orders. We are to move in immediately to prevent a threatened breach. Within twenty minutes the Brigade is on its way. To get there faster we are using camions, eight trucks going back and forth on the shell swept high way picking up the marching troops and depositing them close to the line.

I am leading one of the Batta-

Brigade rushes into breach and stops fascist advance—key position dominating Gandesa-Corbera highway re-occupied under intense artillery and aerial bombardment—tanks forced to retreat in panic — fascist plane brought down by infantry fire — Captains Dunbar and Smrcka wounded by artillery, refuse to be evacuated — fascists suffer enormous casualties and re-name hill «Cota of Widows, Orphans and Sweethearts».

lions into position. On the way back I am caught in an artillery barrage. I am calculating chances. Just a day previous we had a discussion on the probabilities of going through an action without stopping anything and I feel I am about due to get it again — I have been too lucky for too long.

A shell lands close by. The explosion covers me with dust. My runner is wounded but I am all in one piece. Another explosion and a sharp pain cuts through my right thigh. The flesh is cut rather badly and it hurts with a sharp stabbing pain but I am glad. I was worried that I'd be afraid and now I am glad that I am not afraid at all. I dress my wound and have it re-dressed later. They want to evacuate me but I refuse and stay on.

The enemy pressure increases. Shells are bursting all over and the fascist planes are continuously overhead strafing and bombing. There is considerable excitement in the Staff. The troops of another unit, unable to hold out any longer, gave way permitting the fascists to advance. The Lincoln Battalion is rushed into the breach and succeeds in stopping the fascists. A small advance on a narrow sector — this has been the result so far of the much heralded «decisive» Franco offensive on the Ebro.

September, 8.

Our Brigade is in line. I don't share the opinion that this is going to be the last attempt of Franco. I am sure Franco will persist in his efforts disregarding the fact that his plans have miscarried. If we keep on resisting in the same manner as we have done until now, the Ebro will mark the line of our victory. Franco's troops will bleed white here if he continues to gain every little advance at such tremendous cost of men and material.

At 14 hours the enemy starts a new attack following an intense artillery preparation. I go to the lines to lead the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion into position. I hold a meeting with the officers while John Gates, Brigades Commissar, meets with the Commissars. We are under fire and a shell lands close by the Commissar's meeting, wounding one. It's a light wound and the meeting continues. My wound aches from too much walking, but this is not the time to worry about it.

The Mack-Paps go forward in a brilliant attack reoccupying our

previous positions that had been taken by the enemy.

The enemy artillery concentrates on the Mack-Paps but they continue their advance, although the promised flank support fails to materialize. Their advance about one kilometer and reoccupy Hill — one of the most important heights dominating the Gandesa-Corbera highway.

The Brigade is doing an excellent job. The Lincolns, the 59th and the Mack-Paps have all re-occupied the positions designated in a brilliant manner and are holding fast. The British Battalion is in reserve, one company reinforcing the other troops. The fascist attack with tanks, but we hold our ground. Four tanks were turned back by rifle fire by our infantry.

September, 9

It looks like nice weather today.

A 155 shell lands right in front of the Brigade Staff. Three deserters from the fascist lines are brought to me for interrogation and they are rather interesting, different from the usual «we only receive one box of sardines a week» type.

Their first answer to the routine question «How did you get over here» is very interesting. They came over through the «Cotas de las viudas, huérfanos y novias» is their answer. (The hills of the Widows, Orphans and Sweethearts).

This is a new one to us. We have never heard of these hills. They explain. These are the hills where our positions lie. They lost so many men attacking them that the name became natural.

One of the deserters was orderly to the Battalion Commander and knows the fascist general Varon quite well. Both the Battalion Commander and the General were in the habit of discussing things quite openly in his presence.

He, too, repeated the often told story that the fascist officers are telling all men that the Reds kill all their prisoners or feed them to the lions in the Barcelona Zoo. When jokingly asked «Suppose we were to shoot you» he answered with a broad grin:

«That would be the first truth Franco has ever told».

According to their story when their Battalion received its march orders and they found they were going to Gandesa a number of men immediately deserted and their Battalion Commander took suddenly ill.

When they reached Alcañiz, the second Commander of the Battalion took sick also and there were more attempts at desertion. When they arrived near the front, the third Battalion Commander took sick also which left them without a Captain. A Lieutenant took over command of the Battalion, but when he was told that his Battalion was to attack the Hills of the Widows, Orphans and Sweethearts, he refused to obey saying Franco himself couldn't lead his men to attack that position for which he was immediately arrested.

The fellow was very intelligent and gave a detailed account of General Vague's arrest and the demonstration by the officers which led to his reinstatement. He gave an amusing account of Franco's diminishing prestige and the existing sentiment in the rear towards the Italian and German invaders. Instead of «Viva Franco!» and



CAPTAIN SMRCKA with his scouts. — El capitán Smrcka con sus exploradores



SNIPER on the Gandesa front
Cartero tirador en el frente de Gandesa

«Arriba España!» they would shout maliciously:

«Viva Hitler!» or «Viva Mussolini!» with some going so far as shouting «Viva Japón!» and «Viva Ethiopia!». The fascists are very sore about this but they can't do anything to stop it because they always meet with the innocent explanation «They are our allies, aren't they?».

They told about the great discontent existing among the Moors which often results in open insubordination. The officers attribute it to agitators who go around the Moors saying that they will never see Morocco again, that they, too, will die here as all the other Moors did who came here before them and once they are dead the officers will go through their pockets and take all their money away from them.

The Moors are very touchy on this subject since most of them enlisted only for six months or a year to return to their native country afterwards and live a life of ease on the money they earned. While a fascist soldier gets only 50 céntimos a day these Moors get five to ten pesetas which is a large amount of money for them.

September, 10.

Spent all day at Observation Post. Shells landing close by all day long. My leg throbs with pain. I ought to have gone to the Hospital.

The Mack-Paps made another attack which lead them into a salient threatening the enemy's flank.

Eight Heinkels came over and dropped bombs but only five of them returned. Two white points on the horizon slowly develop into parachutes. Little later men from the English Battalion bring a crying fascist aviator to me. He is a Lieutenant, 23 years old and he is crying like a child. He was shot down by rifle fire and each of our Battalions is claiming the honor. His name is Juan Crespi, the son of a very wealthy family in Mallorca, a sport flyer before the rebellion, one of the very few

Spanish flyers on the fascist side. He expects to be tortured and killed on the spot. His tears slowly dry up under the courteous interrogation and he is profuse in his gratitude for the treatment he received.

The Mack-Paps advance kept entire fascist front from advancing, the threat to their flank paralyzed their movement.

A shell landed right in the midst of Brigade Headquarters lightly wounding Captain Malcolm Dunbar, Chief of Staff, and about eight others. It was a 15.5 shell, Dunbar received about 15 fragments in his face, chest leg but refuses to be evacuated and carries on. This is the fourth time he was wounded or is it the sixth? A good officer, Dunbar, he keeps calmly puffing on his cigarette while his wounds are being dressed.

September, 11.

The flying activity again intensifies. Our avions work well despite their numerical inferiority. The routine and long training of the German and Italian flyers is more than made up by the enthusiasm and reckless courage of our young Spanish aviators.

If we had more planes or anti-aircraft guns we could easily stop or paralyze the enemy aircraft.

The enemy aviation is using a new type of explosive. Seems to be some kind of Oxygen compound. From my Observation Post I watched a Dornier 17-K drop some hundred kilogram bombs and the force of the explosion squarely hit me in the face although the bombs dropped a considerable distance away.

Our troops are used to aviation by now. But they keep coming 21-24 bombing planes at a time about 10-12 times a day. Savoia 81, Junkers 52-III, Heinkel 111, each squad capable of dropping 50,000 kilo of explosives. But good morale is still better than all the bombing planes in the world. The fascist bombers have a theoretical bombing capacity of 750,000 kilograms a day, but our morale is good...

EN LACES

RAFAEL

You know, when we got all those new Spanish recruits late in May, we looked at them and a lot of us thought «Hells Bells, look at the kindergarten broke loose», and it looked like we were right. Why, those kids—they didn't shave, some of'em would cry if you tried to transfer them from one squad to another; if you looked at them cross-eyed they'd holler for Mama. Baby-face! There were a lot of baby-faces among them, and the worst baby face I ever saw in Company I of the

that coconut head of his over the parapets, watching for movement from the Fascists' hill. The peepholes in our parapets were too small for him; he couldn't see well enough out of them. So he kept sticking his head and shoulders over the top and banging away with his rifle, which is as long as he is, and on one occasion he sat up on the sandbags to take better aim.

Don't ask me why they didn't pick him off; they've got pretty good snipers over, there too. I wouldn't know. But can you beat it? A young squirt like that? A babyface who ain't even dry behind the ears yet?

SAM SPILLER



Lincolns was this kid Rafael.

He says he's eighteen years old; I say he looks fourteen if he looks a day. He's not dry behind the ears; he never shaved; his spindly legs would go well with a hoop and a stick to roll the hoop; he talks all the time, day and night, you can't shut him up. Well, the made him a runner. Imagine that a little babyface like that, to make a runner out of him! Why hell that's a responsible job; that's a job for a guy with some maturity, who will know his duty and do it, who'll be able to stand up under a lot. You know what I mean? Well, you should know what I mean.

So what? So you live and learn. We of Company I learned a lot on top of that hill 666 in the Sierra de Pándols. And one of the things we learned again was never to judge a guy by what he looks like. That was a hill, boy, that was some hill; that was a hill to make strong men weep and gnash their teeth. And it showed us what young Rafael was made of, too.

It was his first time at the front (after all, he wasn't born with a rifle in his hand), and he could barely control his enthusiasm. He insisted on having a crack at the Fascists. It didn't make any difference what we said to him; we told him to keep his head down, but do you think he did? He didn't. Instead, he keeps popping



LOVELY MARIA VAZQUEZ, Santander girl in Barcelona, defies enemy aviation as she goes to the «Barceloneta» (Barcelona's beach, in the port area) during her hours off from work to take a dip into the blue Mediterranean

La hermosa MARIA VAZQUEZ, una muchacha de Santander en Barcelona, desafía la aviación enemiga y va a la «Barceloneta» (playa de Barcelona) en el área del puerto, para tomar un baño, en las horas de descanso en las azules aguas del Mediterráneo

120 A MINUTE

Men of the Lincoln are not likely soon to forget that hill in the Sierra de Pándols, which for purposes of military information was known as 666. No matter how long they live or how much modern warfare they may see, that hell-hole will remain in their memory, a nightmare come to life. They lost some of their best comrades there and they proved, to the satisfaction of Brigade, Division and possibly to themselves, exactly what sort of stuff they were made of.

Our introduction to the scene should have been a warning. God never made a more desolate stretch of terrain, and man never contributed more to its further desolation. From the main road, at night, we climbed for hours over broken rock; the men sweated and groaned under the weight of their equipment, their guns. As we climbed there was not a man who did not think: 'It's going to be tough getting food, water and munitions up here; it's going to be tough for the wounded'. Rock walls bordered the goat-trails that led to the wind-torn summits. Near the crest we came upon terrain that had been fought over, lost and recaptured by the famous 11th Division. Here they had withstood constant shelling; here the Fascist planes had rained incendiary bombs and, temporarily, driven our men off. It looked like a landscape on the moon — tumbled, crumbling rock, black and slippery; burnt-off shrubbery that caught our trouser-legs and tripped us up. We slipped and

fell, stumbled and cursed; there was a bitter wind and the smell of wood smoke.

Even before dawn it was possible to see that there was no cover here; there were no trees; there were no bushes; there were no natural cavities in the rock; the earth itself was stone — you could not dig in it. And there were no fortifications facing the enemy. The men of the 11th Division had done the best they could; they had scraped shallow trenches into the crest of the hill and they had erected stone parapets topped with a few sandbags. There were the lines we had to hold; and they were held. The men suffered from the sun's heat; from thirst; from nervous exhaustion. Many must have thought that the old saying that there is a limit to what flesh and blood can stand, was scarcely true. For there seemed, for those five days, to be no limit.

The first three days were relatively quiet; a little mortar fire, a little machine-gun, and the attack we made which did not attain its objective. It seems absurd to speak of an attack as being relatively quiet, but the men who went through it will agree that it was vastly preferable to what followed, with noon of the fourth day. At that time the Fascists, having set their guns and mortars, opened up. They opened their guns and the guns remained open for seven and a half hours, from noon to seven-thirty that night, they gave us everything they had, and it was plenty. Artillery and mor-



in the face of this barrage which fell wherever it pleased and which was unopposed, the men stayed put. They cared for their wounded; they stuck with their guns; they lay in their pitifully shallow fortifications and talked and smoked...

tars, big ones. There are those who say they prefer artillery to mortars, because you can't hear the mortars coming; well, you may have your choice; it matters relatively little. Our parapets were pounded; they had the range and they kept the range. As each moment followed the moment before it, they hammered our parapets from left to right and back again; they covered the back side of the hill; they covered the left and right flanks. Munitions and water had to run that gauntlet; stretcher bearers carried wounded men through that rain of fire that seemed to fall wherever it pleased. The Fascist gunners knew just where we were.

Hour after hour the shells and the mortars fell; the anti-tank guns hammered at our parapets.

The sand-bags fell in; the rocks tumbled; the men withdrew from one section of the trenches to another. And the man who says he did not want to run is a liar; but the men did not run. In the face of this barrage which fell wherever it pleased and which was unopposed, the men stayed put. They cared for their wounded; they stuck with their guns; they lay in their pitifully shallow fortifications and talked and smoked, waiting. Waiting for what? For the next shell, the next mortar, the next piece of whining shrapnel. They knew that these positions must be held; they knew the strategic value of these hills; that they dominated our objective; that if they should pass again into enemy hands, the enemy would possess positions from which he could shell our bridge heads across the Ebro and make communication with our rear impossible. And so the positions were held. And what is more, they were held the next day as well, when the enemy opened up again with a slightly less intense but considerably more concentrated and accurate fire. The shells and mortars were not landing at the rate of a hundred and twenty a minute, as they had the day before; they were falling more slowly, but with greater deliberation and more demoralizing effect. The Fascists were calling their shots; they seemed to take a devilish delight in hammering away at the same point on our line, and it hurt. It hurt in much the same way that a sore knee hurts when you clumsily bang it time and time again. But again, as the day before, they got nowhere. The night before, after the barrage lifted, they tried an attack, an attack that was pitiful, that was laughable. A few of them came forward; our men hurled grenades; the machine-guns spoke and the enemy withdrew. And thus they demonstrated again — as though it needed further demonstration — that against our infantry, their infantry is worthless. They demonstrated again how they have made their past



MACHINE-GUN position dominating Gandesa. The town of Gandesa can be faintly seen in the light background in front of the trees. Una AMETRALLADORA en posición de dominar Gandesa. La mencionada ciudad se ve vagamente al fondo, enfrente de los árboles.

gains in this war — that without their superiority of mechanized equipment they are licked.

For we licked them on Hill 666 as surely as though we had taken additional terrain. They hoped to blow us off that hill by sheer weight of flying steel. They had seen it work in the past — there wasn't an inch of that hill and its surrounding heights that was not pocked with shell-holes, that was not littered with broken shrapnel. They figured that if they hammered us hard enough we would withdraw; that through our broken lines their soft and unprotected infantry could then advance. Well, they hammered us; but it was not hard enough. And we did withdraw.

But when we withdrew we left, for our relief, a line of fortifications that was stronger than the

one that we had found; the parapets were rebuilt and strengthened; the sand-bags were replaced and added to; the hill called 666 (for purposes of military information) was still within our lines. And it is likely to remain so. For there seems to be no limit to what flesh and blood can stand: men can lie athirst in the broiling sun for days; men can carry food and water and munitions up precipitous grades for days; they can carry their wounded comrades down to safety; they can lie under a shower of howling steel and wait; wait and hold on. Because they know what they are doing, and why they are doing it.

That's more than our enemy can say.

D. A. N.

LT. GODDARD AND MINUTO

The present campaign has presented several instances where our own men, greatly outnumbered, captured and disarmed, proceeded to turn their political guns on their captors with the result that the captors surrendered to the captives. If it weren't for the element of political alertness revealed by our comrades in these incidents, these narratives would be almost as funny as the old Charlie Chaplin gag. You remember, in the old silent film, 'Shoulder Arms', Charlie went out into No Man's Land and returned shortly after, leading 40 German prisoners. 'How did you do it?' asked the commanding officer. Charlie shrugged his shoulders, and lowered his eyes. 'Simple', he replied modestly — 'I surrounded them'.

A million movie-goers in the United States are still puzzled by this one-man encirclement, and perhaps an additional 100,000 who know their political oats, have several theories of their own. Perhaps the story of Brigade Chief of Operations, Lt. Howard Goddard, and his motorcyclist, Minuto, will throw some light on the puzzle.

It was the day after we had crossed the rio. Lt. Goddard wanted to get to Fatarella to find the Lincoln Battalion. It was along the road to Corbera that his journey would take him. Since his own car was not on hand, he got hold of Motorcyclist Minuto, and away they chugged.

About a kilometer from the crossroads Goddard spotted about a platoon of soldiers, who, from the distance, appeared to be ours. As the motorcycle approached, however, they opened fire against it. Goddard shouted to Minuto, above the motor's noise and the banging of rifles, to go like hell.

But Minuto stopped directly in front of them — 15 of them, including three cabos, half-concealed behind a stone wall off the road.

They hollered 'Manos Arriba!'. But Minuto had stopped because

he wanted to argue with them — he still thought they were our men.

'What the hell's the idea of shooting at us? We're comrades!' he told them in his loudest and most irritated Spanish.

Answer: 'We're not comrades — we're soldiers of Franco'.

And there they were! The motorcycle was pulled up to the side of the road, and Lt. Goddard and Minuto were escorted up the mountainside, relieved of their arms.

'They were all young', says Goddard, 'and they seemed scared, not knowing what to do with us. After some conversation with them we found out that they were part of the garrison at Mora de Ebro. They had been ordered to scatter and go on to Fatarella when our advancing troops swept toward Mora after we crossed the river. It was at Fatarella, I gathered, that the fascists were supposed to make a stand.'

'I explained to them that it was no use their going to Fatarella; the town was already ours. When they heard this they said that didn't matter, that they'd continue to Corbera. When I told them Corbera was also ours, their faces showed that they knew they were in a tough spot.'

'I advised them that there was no sense shooting us — our troops were all over the sector, and they themselves would be captured in the long run.'

'While we argued, back and forth, with their spirits perceptibly drooping, we marched along. Presently we ran up against the spots where the Lincolns were fighting against some Fascists. By that time we had established better relations with the group of fifteen. They were all very curious and very friendly. The cabos finally decided to talk it over with the men. When the conference was over, they all decided to stack up their rifles and make a pile of their hand grenades, which they did. Then they returned my pistol, and turned themselves over to us as prisoners. They felt pretty serene about it all — I had already



LEADING in the fascist prisoners
Conduciendo prisioneros fascistas



THROWING a cable support across the Ebro
ECHANDO un cable de soporte a través del Ebro

explained that prisoners of war are not harmed by our side.

'After surrendering, they were happy for the first time since we had encountered them. They sang songs, and explained that all of them — except one — had relatives on our side, whom they were very anxious to see.'

'When we returned to the spot where we had left our motorcycle, it was gone. The time it took for us to return to Brigade was a time of anguish for Minuto. But when we arrived the cycle was there.'

Postscript: When Lt. Goddard and Minuto showed up with their fifteen prisoners at Brigade headquarters, they were greeted with more than an ordinary welcome. Many rumors had preceded their arrival — one of them to the effect that their dead bodies had been seen!

EFLOR

CARRYING a wounded
comrade to safety
LLEVANDO un camarada
herido a sitio seguro



LOOK PRETTY PLEASE

by Harry Randall, Brigade Chief Photographer

When the photographic section of the XVth International Brigade Commissariat was established, its tasks were seen as threefold: first, to make a photographic record of the XVth Brigade — where we have been, what we have done and who has done it — second, to make pictures for our press. «The Volunteer for Liberty», and third, to make pictures for use abroad, in England, the United States and Canada — to aid in developing support for the Loyalist struggle against fascism, and for the International Volunteers.

The first two of these tasks have been fulfilled, within the limitations imposed by a permanent scarcity of film and photographic paper, and the difficulties of working under war conditions. Running water and a more or less dependable supply of electricity are indispensable. But as we all know, our Brigade is a very

mobile unit, and our laboratory has to be prepared to move — like our soldiers — at a moment's notice. This proves somewhat inconvenient when we have a batch of developed films, which require four to eighteen hours to dry depending on weather conditions. You have to make the best of it.

Slightly irrelevant to strictly photographic matters — but important to the photographers — is the fact that we are frequently located in a town some distance from any other Brigade unit. Where and what to eat then becomes a problem. It has happened that every day one or another of us would have to hitchhike to the intendencia for rations. Which meant that much less time for working in the lab and labwork never seems to be finished. But the generous hospitality of the Spanish people has, on occasions solved this problem for us. They have prepared many

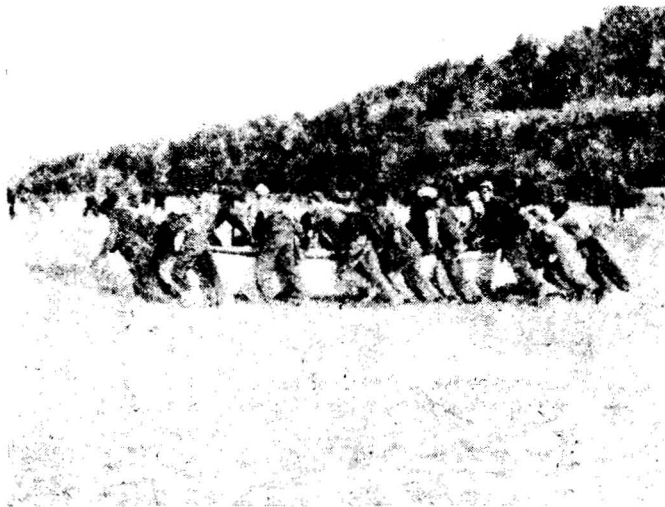
tasty meals with our rations, often adding greens from their own gardens and usually refusing any pay for their work. When the time has come for us to leave for another position, these families have frequently prepared farewell dinners for us, dinners which represented the best of Spanish cooking.

During the past three months our position has been somewhat more settled and our problems have been more easily solved. Our lab is established with the Auto Park garage, and although the comrades who keep the Brigade's camions rolling are a hard-working gang, they have given us their whole-hearted cooperation.

A large selection of our historical pictures are being used, at the moment, in a photographic album which the Commissariat is now preparing. It should go to press within the next three weeks. But it has frequently happened that the pictures used in «The Volunteer» have not been the most suitable. Direct contact

with the paper is hard to establish, and all copy, messages and pictures must travel a slow and roundabout route, which makes it impossible to rush pictures to the press. Contact between the front lines and the laboratory alone is slow enough, so «In at one, out at five they're done» certainly doesn't apply here.

Our greatest handicap, at all times, has been the lack of film and printing paper. At one time these supplies could be purchased in small quantities, but at the present time this material cannot be found in Spain, and repeated attempts to get supplies from abroad have met with complete failure. This shortage has, therefore, made it impossible to make any decent amount of pictures for use abroad. In addition, a great tangle of red tape must be disentangled before it becomes possible to safely transport pictures out of the country. Lack of supplies, again, has prevented us from making copies of photos for our comrades in the Brigade, even when it has been apparent that the pictures requested could be of immense publicity value abroad. Those pictures which we have sold to individuals have, for the most part, been extra copies which were no longer nec-



BRINGING up the boats

TRAYENDO las barcas



EVACUATING THE WOUNDED

EVACUANDO LOS HERIDOS



THE MULE BAIKS

LA MULA SE REVELA



RUSHING the riverbank under fire

PASANDO LA RIBERA bajo el fuego

ded for the purposes for which they were originally made.

Of the two photographers who take pictures for the Brigade, at least one is always with the Brigade itself, and whenever possible both are at the front when we are in action. The finest set of action pictures we have ever had were taken by Tony Drossel when we captured Quinto and Belchite.

But unfortunately, the best part of these negatives were lost by a comrade who «borrowed» them, in order to have copies made in made in Valencia. Ever since this tragic experience, we have guarded our negatives like a treasure trove.

We have a fine set of photographs of the Brigade at Teruel and its surrounding regions. Our best camera, and all the photos taken at Belchite, Albalate and Hjar during the retreat in March, were lost at Alcañiz when the Fascists took that town. During the rest of the retreat Comrade Kantine and I were without film, and were, naturally, cut off from our base of supplies. We found ourselves, accordingly, acting as runners, ammunition carriers, guards, observers—anything that was needed during those chaotic days. Comrades Oleraka and Drossel managed to save our most im-

portant laboratory equipment, and they brought all our files and records through to safety.

In the period of reorganization and training that preceded our crossing of the Ebro, we were busy snapping pictures of training schools, delegations fiestas, activists, meetings, classes, congresses, etc. Then the moment came when we prepared to attack. Ben Kantine took a fine set of pictures of our comrades crossing the river in boats and rafts, of the building of the first footbridge and the first groups of our soldiers to walk across it to the west bank of the Ebro, ours once more. We went ahead with our troops as we advanced, and later made pictures of the ruins of towns bombed by the Fascist planes. And when I caught up to the lines, we made pictures of our comrades in the lines during the fighting—machine-gunners, riflemen, the evacuation of wounded. The Mac-Paps were somewhat neglected during the first phase of the action, but we made up for this neglect during the second phase, so that each Battalion now has a record of its contribution to the heroic Ebro offensive of the Spanish People's Army.

HARRY RANDALL



HARRY POLLITT, General Secretary of the British Communist Party, speaks to the men of the Mac-Pap Battalion during one of his visits to the Front

HARRY POLLITT, Secretario General del Partido Comunista Inglés, en su visita, habla a los hombres del Batallón Mac-Pap



DURING the 35th Division fiesta on July 19
Durante la fiesta del 19 de Julio en la 35 División



AT THE BRIGADE INTENDENCIA
En la Intendencia de la Brigada



ESTADO MAYOR kitchen staff on the job
LOS COCINEROS del ESTADO MAYOR, trabajando



ANTI-TANK GUN HIDE-OUT
UN CAÑÓN ANTITANQUE, ESCONDIDO



BRITISH BATTALION comrades building a shelter hut.
LOS CAMARADAS DEL BATALLÓN INGLÉS construyen abrigos



DISHING out the grub during the Battalion fiesta on July 18
SIRVIENDO la comida al Batallón durante la fiesta del 18 de Julio



BATTALION FOOT-BALL game, July 18 — PARTIDO DE FUTBOL en el Batallón
el 18 de Julio

HILL

by MORRIS L. MILLER 57th Battalion
(Killed by a fascist shell on the Ebro)

The history of the British Battalion in the last action is a record of high morale, of discipline and of doggedness in a series of attacks against fortifications which could have withstood all but the severest blasting by artillery; of a record of attacks made beneath withering machine gun fire, enfilading from left or right, under artillery fire that almost unceasing and beneath the ever-present threat of avion.

The first two days the Battalion lacked the support of Captain Paddy O'Daire's Company One, which was away on a mopping-up expedition. With Company Two in reserve, Companies Four and Two attacked and succeeded in occupying the ridges facing hill 481. It was in this action that the grim list of casualties among the officers of the Battalion began: Maxie Nash, youngest section leader in the Battalion, was killed as he led his men over the top, and Company Commander Angus received a severe wound.

Observers reported that the hill was heavily fortified and for the first time the action assumed a serious aspect. What had previously been regarded as a light action became a tough proposition.

On the second day, Company Three, Commanded by Cipriano, went forward to within 20 meters of the top of the hill and engaged in hand grenade combat with the enemy.

That night with the help of the Listers on the left and a group of the 13th Brigade on the right, the Battalion carried out a night attack. The Listers succeeded in occupying the ridge, but the peak of it remained impregnable and they had to retire.

In the morning the news came through that Vaño Vaño, Commissar of the Third Company had died while heroically leading the Company into action.

A report on the June Activist Congress of the 35th Division, written by Morris L. Miller shortly before the Brigade went into the Ebro operation, will appear in the next issue of 'The Volunteer'. Miller's greatest legacy to the Brigade was the activist movement, of which he was one of the out standing leaders, and in whose formation and functioning he played a major role.

By this time the boys were thoroughly tired. Night and day they had made herculean efforts. To add to their difficulties, water was kilometers away and very rarely could details be spared. Moreover, communication had not yet been established with the Intendencia, though Bob Cooney, Battalion Commissar, had succeeded in getting up a small amount of tinned stuff which had been captured from the fascists.

Still the boys carried on without a murmur and when Paddy O'Daire and the First Company joined them they went forward uncomplainingly.

All the third day, the battle went on. Morris Davis, Commander of Company Four was severely wounded and Harry Dotson was killed.

On the fourth day, Company Two and Company Four combined under the leadership of Catalayud and Johnny Powers and on the fifth day, the last and most severe attack on the hill began.

All day long it went on with the leading men only twenty meters away from the top of the hill and the rest of the men not far behind. The air was thick with machine gun bullets and the fas-



CROSSING THE EBRO. Rapid get-away. — CRUZANDO EL EBRO. Marcha rápida.

: 81

Adjutant-Commissar
(front)

cist shells were landing in our forward positions.

When Battalion Commander Wilde gave the order to withdraw, the last attack had ended. Among the comrades we lost in this attack was our brave comrade, Lewis Clive, who had returned from the hospital the previous day to take command once again of his old company. He was killed while directing the fire of his men.

The Battalion now earned itself the name of «Shock Battalion» of the 15th Brigade. In spite of the fact that the fascists still held the position, the reputation of the Battalion had increased a hundredfold.

Why was this?

First, throughout the action the Battalion had had the benefit of Sam Wilde's experiences as Battalion Commander. Day and night he was at the telephone directing operations, in his usual blunt manner, ordering advance here, withdrawal there, regrouping the companies, reacting quickly to changing circumstances. Never ruffled by the fact that he was receiving half-a-dozen reports at once. He was a model of resource and coolness.

Second, to Bob Cooney's efforts as Commissar of the Battalion, the Battalion owed its high political level. The Activist movement under his guidance had become extremely strong in the Battalion and the results of the unity it had achieved in the Battalion were to be seen in the action. Brazell Thomas, Dave Guest, Joe Harkings, Max Nash, Antonio Monterino and many others had shown by their heroism that they were indeed activists, but it was not so much examples of individual courage that revealed the success of the Activist movement, but to the fact that politically and militarily the whole Battalion had been influenced. Such comrades



MAJOR VALLEDOR with some of his officers. (Standing with paper in hand) Brigade Commissar John Gates is sitting nearest to Valledor with rolled up sleeves. Next to Gates, also sitting, are Company Commander Patty O'Daire and George Fletcher. Sam Wilde, leaning against the tree, appears to be planning revenge against the photographer.

EL MAYOR VALLEDOR con algunos de sus oficiales (de pie con el papel en la mano). El Comisario de Brigada John Gates está sentado cerca de Valledor con las mangas levantadas, al lado de Gates, también sentado, está el Comandante de la Compañía Patty O'Daire y George Fletcher, Sam Wilde, apoyado en el árbol en actitud de planear.

as Taffy Foulkes and Taffy Brichell, non-Activists, who distinguished themselves in the action would be the first to admit this.

Third tribute must be paid to the leaders of the Battalion, Company Commanders, Commissars and section leaders who were outstanding in their courage and resource. They proved themselves—all of them.

The Battalion will always remember Hill 481 and it will always be proud of its achievements there.



CAPTAIN SAM WILDE (standing) and Commissar Bob Cooney, Leaders of the Battalion which earned itself the name of «Shock Battalion of the 15th Brigade». «The Battalion will always remember Hill 481 and it will always be proud of its achievements there».

El Capitán Sam Wilde (sentado) y el Comisario Bob Cooney, jefes del Batallón que ha conquistado el nombre de «Batallón de choque de la XV Brigada». El Batallón recordará lo que sucedió en la cota 481 y se sentirán siempre orgullosos de los acontecimientos que allí tuvieron lugar.



BARBED WIRE — ALAMBRADA



PUBLISHED BY THE WAR COMMISSARIAT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

For correspondence, use the following address: VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

S. R. I. 555-E P. MÉNDEZ VIGO, No. 5 BARCELONA

VOL. II — No. 32 BARCELONA SEPTEMBER 17 — 1938

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Our fat Fascist friend in Burgos has got the jitters, and every time he gets the jitters and those mean Republicans have the jump on him he sends out his Italian and German airplanes, loaded with equal parts of propaganda and projectiles. The projectiles are no joke, but the propaganda is.

«Come over to us», says our f. f. in Burgos. «Have no fear that anything will happen to you. Here in National (sic, very sick) Spain you will enjoy peace and plenty». Well, we would enjoy plenty of something or other, and the fact that friend Franco keeps his pilots busy dumping out reams of paper, means just this: that the war isn't over yet so far as he is concerned. He tells us that it is over so far as we're concerned, but we're under no obligation to believe him, especially now that he's being harassed on his right flank, his left flank, his front and his — his rear.

So what? So it's time to think of your Christmas shopping; for it looks like a long, hard winter. What does the soldier need? (Mark this article when you mail your copy of the «Volunteers» home—and mail many copies). The Republican soldier will need:

Strong shoes	Woolen knitted gloves
Thick Woolen socks	Wool-lined leather gloves
Woolen underwear	Woolen knitted scarves
Flannel shirts (khaki)	Woolen pull-overs
Strong pants (ditto)	Knitted helmets
Windbreakers (same color)	Waterproof ground-sheets

These are articles which are indispensable to the health and comfort of our men here, articles which can be sent in bulk to the International Brigades by our friends back home in England, America and Canada. They *must* be sent through the regularly constituted organizations, The Friends of the Lincoln Brigade and the others. But you can encourage your friends, your unions and any other organizations to which you may belong, to make up bulk shipments of these necessary articles, and let the regular organizations send them on to the Brigade. In this way much confusion will be avoided, and the needs of all can be supplied.

Write now, for it will be winter before two shakes of a Franco's.

G. I.



MACKENZIE — PAPINEAU Battalion Canteen
La CANTINA del Batallón MACKENZIE — PAPINEAU

FIRST BATCH OF 15 BRIGADERS GO ON FOREIGN LEAVE

There was a good deal of joking about the term «French leave» last week when, in pursuance of Government policy, the first group of thirty Fifteenth Brigaders left for foreign leave. Thirty more will temporarily desert our ranks this week, and the weeks thereafter, until all men who have fourteen months in Spain and sixth months' front-line service, have enjoyed a brief vacation abroad.

From the British Battalion there was Captain Paddy O'Daire, leader of the famous Major Attlee Company, a veteran with 20 months' service to the cause of Spanish Democracy. Captain O'Daire served at the Cordoba front, and took over the command after Paddy Daly was killed at Quinto. Here was one of those ironical incidents that war brings into prominence, for Daly and O'Daire faced each other on opposite sides during the troubles in Ireland. O'Daire was a leader in the Irish Free State Army, Daly in the Irish Republican Army. Teniente Ted Edwards of the British is numbered among this first group also; he was cited for his work in the last action.

Among Lincoln-Washington men who are looking forward to the boulevards of the City of Light where, for the moment, no shells are landing and the machine guns do not rattle, were the following:

Teniente Mike Pappas, hard-boiled commander of the Machine-Gun Company, with nineteen months' service in Spain behind him; Political Commissar David (Red) Drummond of the same Company, a fighting seaman and soldier; Teniente Elias Biegelman of the Lincoln Observers, who is proud of a coat he wore in every

action he saw during his 21 months here; Harry Hakam, former adagio dancer and jack-of-all trades, who possesses a shirt he wore into Spain, and is wearing out of Spain; and Teniente Bill Hallowell. Hakam, Harry Fisher (a Brunete boy who has seen almost every action since) and Bill Maher (now, for some reason or other, in the British Battalion), all came to France in the same ship—the *Ile de France*. All will now return, temporarily, to France on the same wheels.

From the 24th Battalion there is Teniente Manuel Valenzuela, and from the Brigade Commissariat, Antonio Pujol, his compatriot. Pujol, leading Mexican artist whose work is known on at least three continents, hopes to spend a week in Mexico before he returns. Also from Brigade is the popular mail-man, Ernest Mahoney, who will enjoy a brief respite from insistent questions: Is there any mail for me?

Joe Gibbons, original Mac-Papper, and Karl Cannon, also of the Mackenzie-Papineau, leave, with this contingent. Cannon is a former C. I. O. organizer from Toledo (Ohio), who was wounded at Fuentes de Ebro and recovered exactly in time to be wounded again at Teruel. He expects to see his wife in Paris.

Brigade Commander Major Valledor and Brigade Commissar John Gats addressed the men, bidding them farewell and wishing them a well-deserved rest. Both stressed the strength of the Government of National Union, which at such a time as this can afford to release, if only for awhile, men who are so indispensable to the proper functioning of our Brigade.

THE VOLUNTEER PRESENTS

The following comrades of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion, who have been cited for conspicuous work in the last action:

CABO FURRIEL, JOHN MALONE: In addition to his work as quarter master, he also acted as a runner, carrying messages through heavy fire and also assisting with the wounded. Wounded himself, he refused to be evacuated, and was wounded a second time.

CABO, GEORGE FUCHUK: Directed his men under fire with calm and assurances, carried in a wounded comrade under fire, and when wounded in the ear himself, refused treatment.

CABO RAYMOND HENDERSON: Directed his men in a perfect manner during the crossing of the Ebro, organizing them immediately after they were across. Began fortification work before anyone else, in positions opposite Hill 481.

CABO THOMAS HANNON: Wounded in a bombardment seven kilometers from Ascó, where many were killed and wounded. Though gravely injured, he did not want to be evacuated before he had a chance to avenge the death of his best friends, who had fallen forever.

SARGENTO BOIVO SUNI: Continued to lead his men after receiving a shrapnel wound in the chest during an enemy attack on our positions. Always a good example, cited for his work during our crossing the Ebro and the march to Gandesa. Stayed at his post directing fire. Holds a long front line record, including reserve at Jarama and front-line service at Brunete, Quinto, Belchite, Fuentes de Ebro, Azuara, Caspe, Calaceite, Gandesa, Ebro, Ebro Crossing and the Sierra de Pandols.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

It happened this way.

Our Battalion was the first of the 15th Brigade to cross the Ebro. We reached the enemy side without much difficulty. Our night attack had caught the fascists by surprise and they fled into the hills towards Gandesa. The city of Gandesa was a key fascist position, and one of our objectives in the offensive. As we pursued the enemy over the mountains every man was ready for action. Comrade Pedro was especially alert, he always kept his rifle clean and ready, for he knew what it meant to fall into the hands of the fascists. His wife and son, his father, mother and sister were in fascist territory. He had not heard from them for over a year and a half. They evidently had given him up for dead, and he feared the worst for them. Now his thoughts were of revenge as he marched on.

We marched all day till dark, meeting very little enemy resistance except from retreating fascist groups, who fled as we fired upon them. Special vigilance was established as we approached Gandesa. Every house and barranco was carefully examined by our advance patrol before the battalion passed. Every peasant was questioned about enemy forces and troop movements. We also wanted information about the quickest routes over the mountains to Gandesa. I went with one of these patrols to investigate and question a peasant family. It was dark, the house had a dim light. I stationed two guards at the door and entered the house with two other soldiers.

The peasants were very friendly. They gave us water and vino to drink. They told us about the enemy troops and the best routes to Gandesa. They also informed us that they were Loyalist sympathizers, and that their son was in the Republican Army. We were sceptical. We had to be cautious because we were in enemy territory.

We decided to search the house as a precaution. I called the two guards outside the door to assist. Some member of the household lit another oil lamp and that was the end of the search. For from all sides there were loud shouts of joy and crying.

«Padre» «Madre!» «¿Dónde estabas?» «¿Cómo estás?» «¿Hijo mío!»

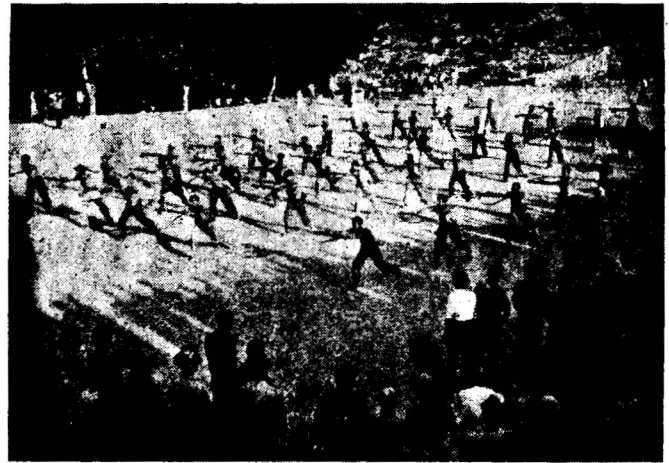
The next thing I saw was Comrade Pedro in the arms of his aged mother. She was trembling and crying. They begged on bended knees that their son could remain with them for the night. But Comrade Pedro knew best. We must go on or the enemy would strike back. I promised that after we reached our next encampment and received new orders — then Comrade Pedro could return for a short visit.

A few hours later that night we encamped near Gandesa. I went to Comrade Pedro and told him he had permission to visit his family for the night. He saluted and off he went, a very happy man. He returned the next day full of stories of how his family had kept moving from place to place to escape fascist persecution. He brought sad news that his wife and son were far in fascist territory.

I saw him the next day with a grim determination on his face as we made our attack on Gandesa. His thoughts were of his family, now free from the fascists, and his wife and son still somewhere in the territory controlled by the foreign invaders. He fell wounded on the second day of our attack on Hill 481. Now he is in a hospital anxious to get back to the Front. For he must fight on till he is reunited with his wife and son — and until the fascist invaders are wiped off the sacred soil of Spain.

Frank Rogers

Comisario de Guerra—Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion. Bon. 60, 15th Int. Brigade.



FIELD demonstration at the 35th Division
UNA demostración en la 35 División



TIME FOR A SMOKE in the trench
HORA DE FUMAR en la trinchera



LEOPOLDO MAESTRE and José Sarsano of the Special Machine-Gun Company
LEOPOLDO MAESTRE y José Sarsano de una Compañía Especial de Ametralladoras



MURRAY NEMEROFF and Al Goldberg of the 15th Brigade Medical Unit read a long letter from home
MURRAY NEMEROFF y Al Goldberg, de la Unidad Médica de la XV Brigada leyendo una carta de casa

INTERVIEW WITH CAPTURED GERMAN AVIATOR

by EDWIN ROLFE

The sinister bi-motored Heinkel 111 soared above the Government lines on the western side of the Ebro, released its load of deadly bombs and changed direction for its return flight as the anti-aircraft opened up on it. Two years of inhuman bombardment from the air, by just such German and Italian planes, have taught the Spanish people much; and not the least of their achievements is the highly increased accuracy of their anti-air fire. That was why the Heinkel 111, although it was several thousand metres above the Catalonian hills, was hit; and that was why its occupants took to their parachutes.

And that is why Erich Neumann, 25 years old, of Berlin, sat on his bed in a well-guarded hospital for enemy prisoners a few days ago, his fractured left arm in a cast, facing a battery of correspondents who fired their questions at him as rapidly as the anti-air battery had fired its shells at his plane when it crashed on August 20th.

Neumann is a pleasant but bewildered looking blond young man, at times slow and uncertain in his speech, at other times surly, irritated, stubborn. What struck me most of all was his astounding

ignorance of the issues at stake in the war.

Why had he come to Spain? His answer was confused. But first of all there was the matter of money—he thought the pay would be considerable; but he was quickly undeceived. Although he said he had volunteered to go to Spain, all his subsequent answers revealed that he knew little, or would say little, about what he'd volunteered for.

Neumann first sailed from Hamburg on November 4, 1936, landing at Vigo a few days after. For a long time he worked as a plane mechanic then as an observer and machine-gunner. After a long stay in Spain with the fascist air forces, he returned to his native country. He reached Spain for the second time on July 6, 1938, a month and a half before his plane was brought down.

«Did you return to Spain this second time by sea?» he was asked.

«No, this time by civil plane» he replied.

«Any civilians on this civil plane?»

«No», he admitted. «There was only the crew of our Heinkel aboard».

«Why did you come to Spain?

Have you anything against the Spanish people?»

«Nothing», he answered. «As men against men, not nothing».

«Then why did you come?»

«Because I was sent here».

«But aren't you a volunteer?»

«Yes—but even a volunteer has to go where he's sent».

«Why come to Spain?» a Swiss correspondent asked. «Germany didn't lose Spain in the great war. This isn't one of the colonies Hitler says must be returned to Germany...»

Neumann was quite confused by now. «The Fatherland», he kept repeating, «Der Vaterland...»

Before then he had informed us that he was not a member of the Nazi party, nor was his father, a Berlin mechanic. It was to protect his parents and family from punishment that he refused to answer many of the questions put to him, he explained. His father was employed in a large factory, he said, adding that unemployment was no problem in Germany.

«Is that because military preparations are in full swing?» he was asked. Neumann was not sure—he wouldn't answer that question.

«And is that why the prospect

of big money' made you come to Spain?»

He shrugged his shoulders, remained silent.

«How do the German and Italian air forces get along with each other?» we asked.

«Our squadron works alone», he replied. «We have our own base».

«But don't you work together? There are invariably German and Italian planes in the air simultaneously, over the same sectors».

«If they are, that's planned somewhere higher up», he said. All he knew was that he'd rarely seen Italians or Spaniards, except for his commander who, he said, is a Spaniard.

«Does this commander of yours speak German?»

«No».

«And you, do you speak Spanish?»

«No, only German».

«Then how are orders transmitted?»

«He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders again, didn't reply. Even though he was a non-commissioned officer, Neumann insisted that all he did was carry out orders. As mechanic he had his work mapped out for him. As machine-gunner and observer, he never looked downward toward the bomb-mutilated earth, the crumbled towns. «My eyes», he said, «are always in the air, on the lookout for opposing air craft». There was no answer, either to the question as to how he felt about bombing open cities. All he did was his job, he insisted; carry out orders and keep looking for opposing planes in the sky. The sight of a hundred horribly-mutilated bodies of children, lined up on the stone floor of a Barcelona morgue after a bombing, had never troubled him, never even entered his mind. All he did was his job.

As we quizzed him I couldn't help thinking of an Italian prisoner I had visited not long ago—an infantryman, 23 years old, a member of one of Mussolini's Divisions in Spain. Unlike Neumann, the young Italian was coarse, heavy of feature, with a rasping voice which even the melodious syllables of his native language could not soften. Neumann was like him in his amazing ignorance of the meaning of the war in Spain, in his unthinking acceptance of the ideology of brutality. I visited the Italian prisoner in the company of a young Italian-American volunteer—a real volunteer, a member of the original Lincoln Battalion. And when we emerged from the prison, my companion clenched his fists and said, bitterly, «If that's what Mussolini's doing to the youth of Italy...» He said no more than that.

Before we left the hospital we asked Neumann how long he thought the war was going to last. «Since the Ebro battles», he answered «I don't know. Before then we thought it would be over soon. But now—well, I think it will be a long, long time...»



THESE SPLENDID antifascist girls, in a town in the rear, prepare the laundry and do the mending for the men of our Division

EN UNA CIUDAD de la retaguardia estas simpáticas muchachas antifascistas lavan y componen la ropa de los hombres de nuestra División



«BE A GOOD SCOUT»

To an American the word scout has a heroic and adventurous connotation. Daniel Boone and Kit Carson, favorite heroes of our boyhood, were scouts during the glamorous days of the great American frontier.

Most of us, as kids, joined the Boy Scouts, in order to emulate, as nearly as possible, the lives of these daring men. And so the term 'scout', among the strange

scouts climb up and down hills and must still remain in advance of the column. And when they are used as sign-posts to mark the way for the moving Battalion, they grin sheepishly and resign themselves to their ignoble jobs.

However, scouting has a more exciting aspect, as the following details will indicate:

During our action to the left of Villalba, the Battalion moved down into a baranco, in order to be in position to follow the —th Battalion when it attacked a low hill near the entrance of the gulley. After dark the attack of the —th began, and we waited, listening to the din of exploding grenades, and to the machine-gun fire. Then the Fascist artillery opened up, and they began to drop shells into our baranco with remarkable rapidity and uncomfortable accuracy. It was a bad half-hour for our comrades, and when the barrage had lifted Captain Wolff ordered the scouts to advance in patrol down the baranco, and to find out where the —th had established its lines.

It was pitch-dark as we picked our way cautiously along, meeting small groups of the —th. We asked them where their lines were located and they shrugged their shoulders or pointed down the baranco. A little further along we came to a line of chavolas. There was a pair of legs sticking out of the first. I kicked the feet, thinking to wake their owner and ask for information. It felt as though I had kicked a sandbag; and there was no answer. The next chavola contained another pair of unresponding legs. A little further along we pulled up sharp and stood

silently staring at a row of bodies leaning against a rock terrace in various grotesque position. We continued without a word, the stench of decaying flesh in our nostrils. We passed no more small whispering groups of the —th Battalion, and since we did not know what lay immediately ahead of us, we split into two groups, one moving to the left, the other continuing straight ahead.

The latter group emerged into a flat, open-space that lay at the entrance to the baranco. Here the ground was littered with the dead,

so we decided to cut to the left and contact our other group. Failing in this, we returned to our prearranged meeting-place, and a little later O'Flaherty appeared with his group. He reported that they had contacted the new line of the —th Brigade, which had just been established to the left of the entrance to the baranco.

The next day Joe Gordon, who had accompanied us on the patrol, reported from the observation-post that we had advanced into Fascist territory in our quest.

LUKE HINMAN

FIGHTING MEN FROM A FIGHTING UNION

The nights were cold enough for picketing, but in the bargain there were the cops and the strike-breakers. Broken heads and even

Among that first group was Max Bowers, Hymie (Bimbo) Brown and Wilbur Wellman, all of whom have been here over eighteen months, and have given a good account of themselves. Since they have been here the Union had continued to grow and progress. The longshoremen and the warehousemen provided the inspiration for the organization of many other unions. The former immediately consolidated the 4,000 members in the Bay area of Frisco—the warehousemen took a little longer to get under way. But they grew from a union of 500 members (in 1934) to over 8,000 (by 1937). And their growth is limited only by the number of warehousemen in the Bay area.

After the retreat from Teruel, Pat Sullivan and several other members of the union left for Spain. Pat turned up missing after the retreat across the Ebro. They tell me he didn't mind the lack of training; he was anxious to get at the Fascists. In May of this year Henry Good (warehouseman) and I (longshore) came over, and we saw our first action across in the victorious recrossing of the Ebro.

Back home the union is still doing its stuff. I'd like to quote a letter: and now we have over 800 participating in various sports activities. We expect to have them all marching in the Labor Day Parade. Imagine, the first time in Frisco's history, a sports section in the Parade. Our own band will lead off, with the girls drill team following, and then all the ballteams in their swell new uniforms. Of course, you know of our basket-ball and baseball games for Spain. And both the Longshoremen and the Warehousemen send \$25 monthly to 'The Friends'...

Both here and at home, the Union tries to go ahead.

Archie Brown
Political Commissar
Co. 1, Battalion 58



military terms of the army, has a familiar and a distinctly American flavor that appeals, I believe, to most of the volunteers. But for those who have not yet learned that modern warfare has very little glamor or heroics, the Lincoln Battalion Scouts can give such assurance.

When Cabo Tom O'Flaherty with his squad precedes the Battalion on our left flank during a night march, and Cabo Leon Herschman on the right flank scouts out the roads and caminos ahead, and they strain eyes and ears for evidences of possible Fascist patrols or forces, they will be able to tell you that scouting is just plain hard work. The Battalion travels on the road—the



ARCHIE BROWN

killings were common. On July 5th a flock of squad-cars rolled up alongside the union's lot and ordered the men to disperse. The men had started to leave, when suddenly the cops fired into them, killing two and wounding fifty others.

Instead of breaking the strike, this unwarranted action by the police further inflamed the workers, and San Francisco saw its first general strike. After ninety days of a bitter struggle, the seafaring unions forced the ship-owners to their knees. That was in 1934. In 1936 and 1937 the performance had to be repeated, and as the strike was over a group of men from the International Longshoremen & Warehousemen's Union sailed for Spain. They felt that in going to Spain they were merely continuing the fight that started on the picket-line—a world-wide fight for decent living conditions and for human justice.



BOXING MATCH in the Lincoln-Washington Battalion
UN MATCH de boxeo en el Batallón Lincoln-Washington

«RADIO»

JOSÉ RAUSELL PLASENCIA

58 Batallón - 1.ª Compañía

Un hijo del pueblo, natural de Fayos (Valencia), ha muerto heroicamente en la cota 666 de la Sierra de Pandols, defendiendo la República.

Era un combatiente de los que más se distinguió en la lucha, por su valentía y serenidad, por lo que sus jefes le concedieron el mando de una sección teniendo solamente el grado de cabo. Demostró en todo momento ser un verdadero antifascista y un buen militar.

En todo momento dió ánimos a sus hombres, con los cuales convivía siempre como un camarada cualquiera, enseñándoles el mejor camino y lugar que tenían que seguir para no ofrecer blanco al enemigo.

Pertenecía al Batallón Lincoln desde la toma de Belchite, actuando, además, como responsable del grupo de fortificaciones en el asalto de Fuentes de Ebro, con lo que demostró ser un buen elemento en este género de trabajo. Actuó en Teruel, Sierra Pedragosa, Quinto, Belchite, Batea, y estuvo cercado en Gadesa, logrando romper el cerco.

Una vez principiaron las operaciones del Paso del Ebro, fué uno de los elementos que más se distinguió.

En la toma de Fatarella, él solo entró, con 18 hombres de su sección al pueblo, haciendo honor a su valentía, marchando siempre al frente de sus hombres.

En la siguiente operación fué herido en la cabeza, negándose a permanecer inactivo y, en todo momento marchó delante de sus hombres, lo que hizo que su sección se distinguiera en todo momento.

Solo, con nueve hombres, supo mantener una buena posición mientras no llegaron refuerzos, siendo siempre el valiente animador de la lucha.

En una de las ocasiones vino al puesto de mando de la compañía con la cara negra y le pregunté qué le había sucedido y su contestación fué ésta: «M'han pegat una tamborinà que si no m'agache em pelen».

Ultimamente actuó en Sierra de Pandols, donde murió heroicamente, no dejando de alentar a los suyos hasta sus últimos momentos.

Con él hemos perdido un buen camarada, un verdadero antifascista; un hijo del pueblo, de oficio albañil, que ha sido uno de los héroes que han escrito su historia con su propia sangre, y han dado la vida para el bien del proletariado, no solamente nacional sino del mundo.

Que descanse en paz nuestro querido compañero «Radio»

Ramón Sans Matinero

En Campaña, 28-VIII-38.



LIGHT MACHINE - GUN POST
UN PUESTO de ametralladoras ligeras

CARTAS DE LA XI DIVISIÓN

Los hombres de la XV Brigada sintieron un estremecimiento de orgullo cuando marchaban, trepaban y arañaban su camino hacia la Sierra de Pandols; porque ellos sabían que el equipo que iban a reemplazar en este infernal terreno era el famoso y de mundial renombre de la XI División del Ejército del Pueblo español, que lleva el nombre del Teniente Coronel Enrique Lister. Los de Lister habían tomado los picos de esta sierra al principio mismo de la campaña del Ebro, habiéndolas conservado desde entonces. Batidos en un pequeño sector de este lado por la insuperable cantidad de artillería, aeroplanos y bombas incendiarias, que quemó enteramente este lado de la montaña, volvieron a tomar este terreno al día siguiente. Continuaron en esta imposible posición por más de veinte días, cuando nosotros fuimos a reemplazarlos. Pero, creéis que cuando fueron reemplazados quisieron acostarse, para tomar el descanso que tenían bien merecido? Bien, marcharon a descansar, pero echados al lado de la montaña, con el oído pegado a él, escuchaban lo que estaba sucediendo. Supieron nuestra resistencia en las colinas que ellos habían tomado, y se sentaron en el suelo y nos escribieron cartas, cartas que acaban de entregarnos. Estaban firmadas por Capitanes, Tenientes, Cabos, Comisarios y Soldados, y son muchas. De este grupo de cartas, las cuales expresan la solidaridad que existe entre nuestras divisiones españolas y las internacionales, hemos seleccionado tres, puesto que es materialmente imposible el publicarlas todas.

Carta 1.ª:

Estimados Camaradas de la XV Brigada, 35 División. — En estos días que estamos pasando y viendo como resiste los duros contraataques enemigos que con tanta artillería y aviación os contraatacan, admiramos vuestro heroísmo, haciendo como hasta ahora nosotros hemos hecho y demostrando al mundo de lo que es capaz el Ejército Popular. — La Sección Especial del 2.º Bon. (Thaelmann), 9.ª Bri-

gada, 11 División, os saludamos y os prometemos luchar como hasta ahora lo hemos hecho para el más pronto triunfo de nuestra causa. — ¡Viva el Ejército Popular! ¡Viva la XV Brigada! ¡Viva la República española! — En Campaña a 24 de agosto de 1938. — Teniente, A. Blanco; D. Político, V. Blasco; Sargento, G. Campos; Soldados D. Valdivia y Alejandro García. (Es copia).

Carta 2.ª:

Hay un membrete que dice: XI División, 9 Brigada, 3 Batallón, 1.ª Compañía. — Queridos Camaradas componentes de la XV Brigada: En estos momentos, cuando el enemigo más furioso que nunca trata de romper el frente el cual vosotros, junto con unidades hermanas, tan bravamente defendéis y por medio de su propaganda trata de sembrar la desmoralización en nuestras filas, nosotros, combatientes de la 11 División, os decimos: No dudéis un momento, duro con ellos, quebrantad sus mejores unidades de choque igual como nosotros

hicimos y estamos dispuestos a repetirles siempre que nuestros mandos nos lo ordenen, hasta obtener la total limpieza de nuestro suelo de extranjeros y traidores a la Patria. — Camaradas componentes de la XV Brigada: por nuestras madres, por nuestras esposas e hijos, por nuestras novias, cumplid la consigna de nuestro Presidente: RESISTIR ES VENCER. — ¡Viva la XV Brigada! ¡Viva la República! — En Campaña, 24 de agosto de 1938. — El Capitán, Julián Sáez; El Comisario, P. Roca; Soldado, J. Alvarez. (Es copia).

Carta 3.ª:

Hay un membrete que dice: 5.º Cuerpo de Ejército, 11 División, Novena Brigada Mixta, Comisariado. — Al Comandante y Comisario de Guerra de la 15 Brigada de la 35 División. Estimados Camaradas: Ante la lucha heroica que en estos días estáis escribiendo en las páginas de la historia de nuestra guerra de independencia, no podemos por menos de enviaros nuestra más entusiasta felicitación a todos: Jefes, Comisarios, Oficiales y Soldados de la mil veces gloriosa XV Brigada, que habéis sabido poner la infranqueable barrera de vuestros pechos llenos de sacrificios por la victoria, hundiendo banderas del Tercio y Falangistas degenerados, que jamás levantarán la cabeza en nuestra Patria. — Os repetimos en nombre de todos los combatientes de la Compañía de Ametralladoras del 3.º Batallón, de la 9.ª Brigada, XI División, nuestra felicitación y saludo y esperamos continuéis victoriosamente nuestra ofensiva del Ebro, haciendo de cada metro de terreno liberado y conquistado, la tumba del fascismo donde se estrellen para siempre. — ¡Viva la Gloriosa 35 División! ¡Viva nuestro glorioso Ejército Popular! ¡Viva nuestro Gobierno de Unión Nacional! — Con saludos antifascistas, el Capitán, B. Torre; El Comisario, Francisco Vázquez; Teniente, Jacinto Gamallo; Sargento, Jaime Guilera; Cabo, Francisco Jarvia; Soldado, Francisco Tomás. (Es copia).



PREPARING the food as well as possible
PREPARANDO lo mejor posible el alimento

JAMS ON THE MAXIM MACHINE-GUN

by Lt. JACK COOPER



MACHINE-GUN PIT on the Gandesa front
Nido de ametralladora en el frente de Gandesa]

The Maxim Machine Gun is one of the finest guns that exist.

It uses a 7.62 bullet, the same as the «7.62 Rifle», Tukerev Light Machine Gun, and Dicterev Automatic rifle. Theoretically the Gun is capable of 600 bullets a minute. It is fed by belts which hold 250 cartridges. This makes it possible to have the gun loaded for a long time. It is simply stripped and assembled. If the gun is not properly cared for there will be many JAMS.

What are some of the Jams which a machinegunner most often experiences?

1. In the trenches at day-break you notice an enemy patrol moving about. As your gun is always ready, you attempt to fire. You squeeze the trigger but the gun does not fire automatically. What's wrong? When the gun was last cleaned, it was also oiled. (During warm or hot weather, heavy oil is used). During the night with the change in weather, the oil becomes even heavier.

The lock has therefore been prevented from moving freely. This retarded action prevents automatic fire. To remedy this jam the lock must be taken out and all oil removed from the parts. After the gun has been shooting for a short time and it has warmed up a little, oil should be applied to the parts of the lock. If the lock moves easily, the recoil spring should be checked. It may be weak. Less than the necessary pressure of 9-11 pounds. Do not use so called easy ways. Gasoline mixed with oil (to thin oil) is no good. No oil at all applied to the parts is also bad.

Such methods do not help but on the contrary only ruin the gun. Oil does not mix well with gas. Therefore when it is applied certain parts are covered with gas and others with oil. Gasoline evaporates quickly and with the morning dew you will find the gun rusty in spots. Leaving the gun completely dry only exposes it to rust.

2. During hot weather when the gun has been set for automatic fire and has been firing a lot you may notice the cocking handle not coming all the way down to the roller (on the right side leaf of the gun). When the cocking handle does not reach the roller, the trigger will not fire. By forcing the cocking handle down, a few shots may be fired but again the gun will jam. In such cases take the oil brush out of the grip handle and apply to the rails inside the mechanism box. (The lock moves on the rails).

3. During hot weather there is an exceptionally great amount of dust in the air. This dust accumulates in and around the gun. Dust mixed with oil forms small particles of foreign matter. These scratch and ruin all the fine parts of the gun, especially the lock and the barrel.

All parts of the gun should be wiped with a clean soft, rag. Special attention should be paid to the barrel and lock.

4. The Maxim is a water-cooled gun. Water or liquid is always necessary in the water jacket. If you should be short of water and are very thirsty always remember that the gun comes first. If you fire the gun without water you may burst, expand or bend the barrel. Machine gun crews should make sure to have water containers and a reserve supply of water before going into action. During the summer it is advisable to have one especially assigned to get water up to the guns.

5. Carelessness in loading the belt and the gun will cause delay in opening fire at the proper time.

a) If the cartridges are not placed straight into the belt they will not enter the feed box straight. This will enable them to move onto the cartridge carrier of the lock.

b) By not pulling the belt straight into the feed box, the cartridge inside the box will be crossed.

In the first case (a) the feed box must be taken out and the cartridge straightened out in the belt. In (b) by pushing the cocking handle forward and firmly pulling the belt with the left hand, the cartridge will be straightened out. This must be done quickly.



MAJOR VALLEDOR examining enemy positions
El Mayor Valledor examinando las posiciones del enemigo

6. Sometimes you will have previously loaded the gun properly and had her thoroughly cleaned. Yet when you squeeze the trigger you do not shoot any



59th BATTALION machine-gunners and some riflemen
Camaradas del grupo de ametralladoras del 59 batallón, y tiradores certeros de fusil



BRITISH BATTALION comrades mounting machine gun during the Battalion fiesta, July 19
Camaradas del batallón 57 montando una ametralladora durante las fiestas del batallón, 19 de Julio

bullets off. You hear a tick in the gun. The two most common reasons for this jam are (1) broken firing pin (2), deep capsule in cartridge.

7. A gun that fires without having squeezed the trigger is a «run-away gun». The cause for this is that the small side of the spring inside the lock is broken. The «run-away» can be stopped by pulling one cartridge out of the belt. As soon as that space is reached, the gun will cease to fire. The lock should be immediately replaced. If there is no spare spring on hand the faulty lock should be sent to the armory immediately. You should have a spare lock with you at all times.

Just before the cold weather arrives an article on «frozen guns», damp and wet belts, will be written for publication in THE VOLUNTEER. The above mentioned jams are the most common.

Harry Dobson

Seven years ago Harry Dobson and I were room-mates in school.

For more than a year we lived together and I soon learned to appreciate his many good qualities.

Always modest and retiring but withal the essence of comradeship, Harry exhibited a shrewd appreciation of all problems facing the British working class. His contributions to discussions were always flavoured by a quiet but none the less pungent humour.

We parted company in 1932 and saw nothing of each other till our reunion in Spain five years later, but in the interval Harry



HARRY DOBSON

was doing big things in the South Wales coal-fields.

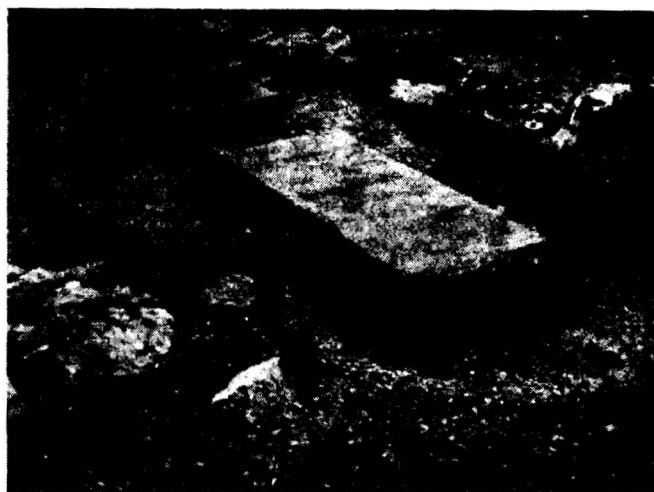
He figured prominently in a number of industrial disputes and twice went to jail for his antifascist activities.

In June 1937 he came to Spain in a ship which was torpedoed, but Harry was picked up. He rapidly made his way to the front of affairs in the British Battalion. He acted as Battalion Commissar during Comrade Tapsell's absence in England during the months of September and October. When Comrade Tapsell returned Harry went for a period to the officer's school.

He returned to the Battalion in February this year and took over as Commissar of the Major Attlee Company. Throughout the Belchite-Caspe action he was a tower of strength, his energy being equalled only by his coolness. At Caspe he was captured by a fascist officer. Neither his calm nor his quick wit deserted him. He was carrying his rations—a tin of «bully» and a hunk of bread—in a sandbag. At the psychological moment he swung the sandbag and bowled his captor over with a hefty blow to the back of the neck. By the time the officer recovered his wits, Harry was well out of sight.

After Caspe he went to work with the Brigade Commissariat but even there he could not keep out of trouble. In the Calaceite-Gandesa action he was with the Lincolns when they were cut off. The group he was with spent three days in fascist territory. The coolness and astuteness which Harry displayed were big factors in enabling this group to escape.

It was only with considerable difficulty that Harry could be persuaded to talk about these inci-



TOMB to the memory of 15 Brigade comrades who fell at Sierra de Pandols
Tumba a la memoria de los camaradas de la 15 Brigada, caídos en las luchas de Sierra de Pandols

THE FIRST 16 MONTHS... THE VOLUNTEER Changes Hands

With this issue, John Tisa, who has been associated with *The Volunteer for Liberty* from its earliest days, first as assistant editor and then as editor, turns his work over to new hands.

The Volunteer for Liberty's first number appeared in Madrid on May 24th, 1937, under the editorship of Ralph Bates, noted English novelist and former I. B. officer.

Two months later, when Comrade Bates joined the staff of the XV Brigade, Edwin Rolfe took over the editorship, and shortly afterwards Comrade Tisa became his assistant. Tisa acted as editor of *The Volunteer* during Rolfe's illness last winter; and when Rolfe left to join the Lincoln-Washington Battalion early in April, Tisa formally became editor of the magazine.

There are many others, both in the Brigade and out, who at different times have contributed their time and efforts to *The Volunteer*. Outstanding among them are Frank Ryan, now in a fascist prison; A. M. Elliott, Alex Donaldson, Morris Mickenberg, Miles Tomalin, Morris L. Miller and the noted American Negro poet and novelist, Langston Hughes. All of these men—with the exception of Morris L. Miller—contributed to the *Volunteer* in Madrid, before

it was moved to Barcelona on January 20th of this year.

During its 16 months of regular publication, *The Volunteer* has appeared sixty times. Despite constant difficulties ranging from shortage of paper, lack of chemicals for making engravings, cessation of electric power (both in Madrid and Barcelona), to difficulties of continuous contact with Brigade, *The Volunteer* feels that its pages have accurately mirrored both the life of the Brigade and the outstanding events in Spain during these past 16 months.

In addition to publishing *The Volunteer*, the editors have also produced such books as the «English-Spanish Grammar», and hundreds of pamphlets, leaflets and postcards for the XV Brigade. They have also taken constant part in the general work, for all of the Brigades, of the central Commissariat of the I. B.

In turning over the editorship to his successor, Comrade Tisa urges the men of the XV Brigade to continue to send stories, poems, anecdotes to *The Volunteer*. These are the raw materials not only of a weekly publication produced during wartime, but also the raw materials from which a definitive history of the XV Brigade will someday be written.

When he did so, it was in a modest impersonal manner.

After the Gandesa action he resumed his activities with the Brigade Commissariat and quickly won the respect of his new associates.

When the Commissariat split up for the Ebro offensive Harry elected to cross the river with the British Battalion.

In one of the many attacks on hill 481, he went over the top with Company four and met his death in a manner worthy of as brave an antifascist as ever lived.

Not the least of fascism's crimes

is that it does to death the finest sons of the people, the men who have the greatest right to live.

But Harry is already revenged. The Ebro offensive in which he played so brave a part has already caused many of his murderers to bite the dust. We can find consolation in the fact that Harry died in the knowledge that his enemies were on the run, that the cause for which he gave his life was advancing to a glorious triumph.

BOB COONEY

Commissar-British Battalion

Major Johnson Bids Farewell to Men Here

Barcelona, September 6, 1938.

Dear Comrades:

On the eve of my departure from Spain, I want to extend my regard to all the English speaking, and Spanish comrades of our Brigade and our services. I also would like to take this opportunity of thanking all these comrades for the many lessons I have learned from them, and for the opportunity I had to work in close collaboration with many of them.

I believe that this is the correct moment to issue a word of warning to all our comrades; first, do not forget that your individual experience has been limited; do your utmost to extend your knowledge of military theory (Society's collective knowledge of the subject) and so better equip yourselves for further tasks. Second, remember that discipline is not only a word used in discussion, it is a thing to be put into practice. The best disciplined soldier is the one



MAJOR JOHNSON

who carries out his orders with the greatest exactness and the least loss of time, using at the same time the greatest flexibility, good judgement and initiative.

In closing I want to give all the comrades a goal: try to follow in the footsteps of *Copernico Garcia*, the best little man that I personally knew in Spain and who will be heard of later in the history of Spain's struggle for democracy and against the foreign invaders. For myself, I can only add that wherever I will next serve in my military capacity, I will always recall the lessons we have learned together; I will always carry out my duty to the working class and aid the struggle for democracy and peace to the best of my ability.

Good luck to you all and remember that we will be watching you with the greatest pride.

Salud y Victoria.

(Signed) Allan Johnson

P. S. Anyone who wants to write to me (and I will reply) should use the following address: C/o Shaum, 517 E. 13th Street, New York City, U. S. A.



PUBLISHED BY THE WAR COMMISSARIAT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

VOL. II • Special Supplement No. 26

Barcelona - September 23, 1938

The Republican Government decided to retire immediately all the non-spanish combatants.

This decision is a proof of the strength of the Republic, a new proof presented to the world of the profoundly national character of the struggle the Republic is waging against the foreign invaders.

This is a demonstration of the desire of the Government to do away with all the pretexts of fascist intervention and with the tolerance and complacency with which certain democratic nations regard our struggle.

It is a demonstration of the strength and capacity attained by the Republican Army which is based on the support of the entire people and which is led by officers who have proven their ability in hundreds of battles.

We greet this decision for all that it signifies and for all the hopes that it offers for the final development of the struggle for national liberation.

Disciplined as always, we'll carry out firmly the decisions of the Government.

We are taking leave with profound emotions from our comrades in the trenches after two years of fighting and living together gloriously.

We are taking leave from the soil of Spain which we have learned to know on all the fronts, which we have loved, which we will always love as if our own country. Our memory is directed towards those thousands of our heroes who sleep on forever in the cemeteries of Madrid and Guadalajara, of Málaga and Córdoba, of Jarama, Pru-

nete, Quinto, Belchite, Fuentes de Ebro, of Teruel and Pozoblanco, of Extremadura and Aragon. Our memory is turned towards our magnificent comrades who fell during the epic offensive and the defense of Ebro.

We are returning to our homes proud of our duty well done and proud of the glory that our acts have brought to our country and our people.

We are leaving the trenches of Spain but this does not terminate our struggle for liberty.

We will continue to fight for Spain in our home countries, for the liberty and independence of all the people who are now so gravely menaced by Hitler and Mussolini.

New and grand battles are awaiting us. We will face them with all our enthusiasm and with all the courage that characterized us in all our battles, with all the military, political and organizational experiences which we have gained through our contact with our Spanish brothers.

Only the unity of all people can close the road to fascism this is the lesson we are taking home from Spain. This is the lesson that we intend to impress on all our brothers at home.

The sooner this lesson will be understood and applied in all countries the more efficiently will we be able to aid our brothers who are continuing the struggle in Spain and thus bring about the speedy and final victory over fascism in Spain and in the entire world.

LUIGI GALLO

VOLUNTEERS TO BE WITHDRAWN

Dr. Negrin announced to the League of Nations that the Government decided to retire immediately all volunteers fighting on the Government side.

In a sensational speech made before the meeting of the League of Nations in the afternoon of September 21, Dr. Negrin, Prime Minister announced the decision just made by the Republican Government to retire all foreign volunteers immediately who are now fighting in Spain.

The text of Dr. Negrin's speech follows in full :

« Mr. President : In the name of the Spanish delegation permit me to make a declaration and formulate a petition to this assembly.

The Spanish Government has followed with profound anxiety the crisis which is threatening the peace at present. The hidden insinuations according to which we are desirous to see a general conflagration as a solution to the fight we are engaged in are so impertinent that they merit nothing but contempt on our part.

We are interested in the maintenance of peace for reasons of principle. The interests of a country must never come into conflict with the universal and humane interests of the community of nations. And we are only interested in de-

fending the legitimate interests of our own country. But we are desirous in avoiding a general conflagration not for the sake of principle alone. We are guided in this by our national egoism also. After more than two years of war we know very well the significance of preventing a world conflict.

It is not necessary for us to provoke catastrophes to solve our problems. It would have been sufficient and it will be sufficient to recognize our rights and re-establish our international rights that have been violated to assure a rapid solution to the Spanish problem.

The elimination of foreign intervention in Spain would assure a policy of national conciliation under the firm and energetic direction of an authoritative government, enabling all Spaniards to forget these years of suffering and cruelties and to re-establish rapidly interior peace.

Then the great tribulation suffered by our country might be considered as a baptism by fire, as a form of ransom that had to be paid for the renovation of Spain and for the rebirth of a national spirit the decline of which, in the past

generations, was in a great measure the cause and origin of the tragedy we are suffering.

The Republic decided to withdraw immediately the foreign Volunteers

And now, Mr. President, I am coming to the concrete point which is the motive of my declaration.

In her desire to contribute to the pacification and «restraint» which we all desire, and in order to eliminate all pretexts and possible doubts about the genuinely national character of the cause for which the Republican Army is fighting, the Spanish Government has decided to withdraw immediately and completely all the non-spanish combatants who are participating in the fight in Spain on the side of the Government; it is to be well understood that this withdrawal is to be applied to all foreigners, without distinction as to their nationality, including all those who have acquired Spanish citizenship after July 5, 1936.

Here is, then, my petition: The Spanish Government has decided to solicit the Assembly of the League of Nations to constitute immediately an International Commission with the mandate of doing all the investigation and verifications necessary to guarantee the League of Nations, their member States, and the world opinion that the decision to retire the foreign volunteers will be carried out in its totality. Furthermore, the Spanish Government pledges itself to concede to this Commission all guarantees, all fa-

cilities and all collaboration that they deem necessary to fulfill their mission.

Tribute to the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Volunteers

It is with a feeling of great sorrow that we regard the idea of separating ourselves from this group of brave and self-sacrificing men who, led by a generous impulse that will never be forgotten by the people of Spain, came to our aid in the most critical moments in our history. I want to proclaim here the heroism and the high moral value of their sacrifice they have voluntarily undertook, not to safeguard petty selfish interests, but solely to serve and defend the purest ideals of justice and liberty. We are absolutely certain that they will readily undertake this new and painful sacrifice which we are asking at present in order to benefit the cause for which they were ready to give their lives.

Spain will not forget those who have fallen on her battlefields nor those who are still fighting on her soil; but I feel safe in saying without equivocation that their own countries will feel proud of them and this is the highest moral recompensation they can receive.

Presents a resolution

I have the honor to submit to the Assembly the following resolution:

«The Assembly, informed of the decision of the Spanish Government to proceed to retire immediately and completely all non-Spanish combatants who

are participating in the Spanish war on the side of the Government, decides to accept the petition of the Spanish Government soliciting the naming of an International Commission with the aim to give the League of Nations and their member States the guaranty that the withdrawal will be executed in its totality as stated in the declaration of the Spanish Government along with the promise that this Commission will be given all guaranties, facilities and collaboration

necessary to the fulfillment of its mission.

« It is decided to accede to the demand of the Spanish Government to recommend to the Council, without loss of time, the formation of such International Commission as requested by the Spanish Government, and to work out in accordance with this, all necessary practical details that will enable the Commission to complete its mission as soon as possible. »

(Thunderous ovation in the Assembly)



Una sola preocupación política en todo el país y en todos los antifascistas:

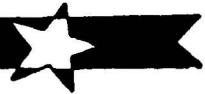
¡Unidad contra el enemigo común!

Ediciones del Comisariado de las Brigadas Internacionales



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

organ of the international brigades



Vol. II - No. 33

Barcelona, October 6 - 1938

WORLD YOUTH CONGRESS GREETES XV BRIGADE

In a letter dated August 26, 1938 published in full below Joseph Cadden, Chairman of the Organizing Committee, describes the electrifying effect our greeting had on the Congress

Dear John Gates and all of the American Boys in Spain :

During the last ten days Vassar College, in the middle of quiet Dutchess County on the Banks of the Hudson has been a madhouse filled with the shrill voices of 600 delegates from fifty-nine different countries who attended the Second World Youth Congress. For the

first time we had lots of Latin-American representation which meant that Spanish was heard as much, if not more than, any other language and you can imagine that these same Latin-Americans did everything they could to make the Congress exciting.

But in the middle of it all Marguerita Robles came up with a book about the 15th Brigade with a neat message on the title page signed by yourself and in the leaves a note of greeting from George Watt and Milton Wolff. She had come with it on the President Roosevelt along with twelve other Spanish delegates among the hundred Europeans and somehow had cleverly forgotten to mention the book until the most critical and exciting moment of the Congress when she produced it and her presentation was made amid an uproar which would have thrilled all of you as much as it thrilled those of us in the hall at the time. There were lots of differences of opinions and many fights but the cheers and salutes which greeted the Spanish delegation and also mention of the International Brigade were unanimous. It was certainly the proudest moment that any Americans at the Congress had. In fact it was the only moment at which American young people could say that the international cooperation we all talked so much about was actually being put into practice by American students.

The Congress as a whole did two things — first of all the World Youth Congress blossomed into a movement since every delegate there represented an organization and went away convinced that his group at home was going to participate in a great international effort to really do something concrete and immediate about the World situation. Secondly the Congress proved to the American public that there was a vital and vocal Youth Movement throughout the world interested in international cooperation for peace and democracy.

The publicity the Congress enjoyed was really remarkable. Three thousand clippings have already been delivered by our clipping service and this is only a day after the Congress closed. Even the smallest town papers carried news of the Vassar Peace Pact which was signed at the end of the Congress and which scored aggression. The pact pledged that Youth at least would do everything in its power to curb aggression both in connection with the wars now in progress and with possible future acts which are already threatened by the aggressor governments.

We have had about 40 radio programs during the last two weeks and all in all we hope we have done at least a bit toward educating the American public. Of course in all of this education and publicity the Spanish delegation played a front-page role even out-shadowing the large Chinese delegation which had come from Hankow.

We are sending you a hundred copies of the Commission reports and the Vassar Peace Pact under separate cover so that all the boys will have a chance to read it. You will also find the description of the Congress in general and the list of the delegates which will give you an idea of its scope.

Thanks to all of you for the book and the message and your heartening greetings have helped to bring home to all of us once more the courageous role you are playing in the front line of the World struggle.

Another thing which the Congress proved to everyone concerned was that the victory of the Spanish and Chinese people is going to be an American victory. The Congress was under constant attack by reactionary Americans who called it « Red » and we saw in these attacks the same type of abortive attempt to kill democracy as you are defeating in Spain.

With best personal wishes as well as the greetings of the Congress as a whole, we are.

Very sincerely yours,
JOSEPH CADDEN



FROM ASTURIAS TO RIO EBRO

Asturias is a long way off from Ebro — both in time and space. The heroic defense of Asturias against the overwhelming forces of the Italian and German invaders supporting Franco is now a record of history, its lessons and experiences are now part of the experiences of the Spanish Republican Army.

The man embodying all these experiences, Major José Antonio Valledor, present Commander of the XV. Internacional Brigade has lived to see the day where he could apply these lessons to the present fighting at Ebro to pay back the Fascists with ven-



Major Valledor

geance for all the horrors and atrocities they have inflicted on his people.

The appointment of Major Valledor marked the beginning of a new and advanced phase in the history of the XV. Internacional Brigade and the Spanish Republican Army as well. With Valledor the military leadership of the Brigade passed into Spanish hands. A record of the achievements of the Brigade under his leadership provides an illuminating story of the new Spanish military leaders emerging out of the struggle—a capable, well trained and experienced military leadership which is a further guarantee of the eventual victory of the Republican Army of Spain.

When Valledor made his first appearance at Brigade Headquarters his presence went almost unnoticed. Stories of his record preceded him—his rise from the ranks in the Army of the North to Commander of a Brigade; his taking to the mountains after the fall of Santander there

Major Valledor, Commander of XV Brigade, saw his chance to apply the lessons he had learnt in North to the defense of Ebro — with disastrous results to the fascists

By SANDOR VOROS

(Former Chief of the Commissariat of the XV International Brigade)

to resist inch by inch for 46 days; his cheating of the firing squad by a lucky ruse; his sensational escape from the concentration camp after five months of forced labor; his crossing into France — all these facts were known about him. It was also known that he has been in the revolutionary movement since his early youth; that he had played an active role in the Asturian Revolt in 1934 and was condemned to death, his sentence later being commuted into imprisonment for life; that the doors of his prison were finally opened for him when the Popular Front Government came into power.

All the above facts plus stories of his indomitable courage were known to us all but it was difficult for anyone to connect these romantic exploits with this young, unassuming modest chap with his shy boyish grin, his polite eagerness to please. Instead of striding brusquely into our midst as expected from a Brigade Commander his approach was very much like of a young cadet just out military school in the presence of seasoned senior officers, and we wondered...

Reminded of this recently when we were saying each other goodbye, Valledor explained with a smile:

« I knew the reputation of the

Brigade and I shared the admiration for its leadership with the rest of the people in Spain. I knew I was dealing with experienced soldiers and I set myself out to learn all I could from them to give them the Command they deserved. »



The new Chief and the old; Valledor and Lt. Col. Copic saying Goodbye

Valledor went to work and he worked hard. He went about his task methodically without any

fireworks or outburst of temperament and slowly changes began to take place. These changes were imperceptible at first but they soon made their effect felt. He held conferences regularly with his Staff placing more and more responsibility on the different departments. Organizational changes were made that resulted in greater efficiency.

Discipline was tightened up. There were regular meetings with the commanding officers of the Battalions and a close personal contact established with them. In less time than it takes to tell he became part of the Brigade as if he had been with it since the beginning.

He was sensitive to every problem no matter how little or big. His approach did not limit itself to the purely military but was combined with political understanding. He was quick to recognize ability in others and would discuss problems of strategy and tactics with an open mind to derive the most benefit from them.

Valledor took advantage of the new recruits to put the Brigade through an intensive period of training and manouvers. When some of the new recruits proved themselves superior in marksmanship to the seasoned veterans Valledor cleverly exploited the pride of the veterans to improve their marksmanship also. The training period was short but intense and the results more than gratifying. The Brigade and its Commander entered the Ebro offensive confident of their strength, fully convinced of victory.

(To be concluded in our next issue).



Major Valledor addresses the Brigade on parade

LETTERS FROM THE LISTERS

Men of the XVth Brigade felt a thrill of pride when they marched, climbed and grunted their way into the Sierra de Pandols; for they knew that the outfit they were to relieve in that hellish terrain was the world-famous 11th Division of the Spanish People's Army, that bears the name of Teniente-Coronel Enrique Lister. The Listers had taken these saw-toothed peaks at the very beginning of the Ebro campaign, and had held them ever since. Beaten off one small sector of the front by insuperable quantities of artillery, air bombs and incendiary bombs that burned the entire mountain-side, they retook the territory the very next day. (They had held these impossible positions for over 20 days when we relieved them. And you would think that once they were relieved, they would lie down and take a well justified rest.

Well they got the rest, but they kept their ear to the ground and they knew what was going on. They learned of our resistance in the hills they had taken and held, and they sat down and wrote letters to us — letters which have just come through. They are signed by captains, lieutenants, cabos, commissars, rank-and-file soldiers, and there are many of them. From this group of letters, which express the solidarity that exists between our Spanish and International divisions, we select two or three, as it is manifestly impossible to print them all:

Esteemed Comrades of the XVth Brigade, 35th Division:

During these days when you are resisting the severest enemy counterattacks, which are aided by so much aviation and artillery, you yourselves counterattack! We admire the heroism you have displayed up to the present moment, showing the entire world, what the People's Army of Spain is able to do.

The Special Section of the 2nd

Battalion (Thaelmann), 9th Brigade, 11th Division, salutes you and promises that we shall continue to fight as we have up to now, so that we may achieve an early victory for our cause.



Sierra Pandols

*Long Live the People's Army!
Long Live the XVth Brigade!
Long Live the Spanish Republic!*

Teniente, A. Blanco; Delegado Político, V. Blasco; Sargento, G. Campos; Soldado, D. Valdivia; Soldado, A. García.

From the 9th Brigade, 3rd Battalion, 1st Company of the same Division. Dear Comrades of the XVth Brigade:

In these days when the enemy displays greater fury than ever, and is trying to break the front which you together with your brother units are so bravely defending, and by means of his propaganda is trying to sow demoralization in our ranks, we combat-

tants of the 11th Division say to you:

Have no doubts; fight unflinchingly; smash their best shock brigades just as we did, and as we are always prepared to do at

Comisario, P. Roca; Capitán, Julián Sáez; Soldado, J. Alvaiz.

Here is another:

Esteemed Comrades!

In the face of the heroic struggle which you are writing on the pages of the history of our war for independence, we cannot do less than send our most enthusiastic congratulations to all of you, leaders, commissars, officers and soldiers of the thousand-times glorious 15th Brigade. You have known how to erect an impenetrable barrier of hearts filled with sacrifice for victory. You are trampling own the banners of the Tercio (Foreign Legion) degenerate Phalangists, so that never again will they be able to raise their heads in our country.

We repeat our congratulations again, in the name of all the fighters of the Machine Gun Company of the 3rd Battalion of the 9th Brigade, 11th Division; we salute you and hope to continue our victorious Ebro offensive, making of each meter of liberated and reconquered soil a barrier against which Fascism will smash itself — a barrier that will become its tomb.

Long Live the Glorious 35th Division!

Long Live Our Glorious People's Army!

Long Live our Government of National Union!

With anti-fascist greetings.

Capitán, B. Torres; Comisario, Francisco Vázquez; Teniente, Jacinto Gamallo; Sargento, Jaime Guilera; Cabo, Francisco Tardía; Soldado, Francisco Tomás.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TOUGHER



Trench mortar in action

Time: Midnight, August 1, 1938.
Place: Near the summit of Hill 481, Gandesa.

Present: Lewis Clive, Lawrence Pryme, young McGuire and the Author.

Our attack has more or less petered out in fact it had been called off — and the fighting was quieting down.

Said Pryme: «Got any more bombs, Bill?»

«No» — I replied and then I remembered that there were still two in my ammunition bag which I carried slung over my left side. Pryme took one and climbed the ridge from which the fascists were slinging their grenades.

Clive said: «Pryme, you are simply asking to be shot».

Pryme took no notice but coolly and deliberately let go with his bomb. Mine went in the direction of a machine gun on the right

which had suddenly come to life. McGuire and I had a pot at a figure on the sky line and then settled down to await developments which came rapidly in the shape of a handgrenade. I was wounded along my left side and my ammunition bag was simply blown away.

My wounds have kept me in the hospital well over a month already. But what if those two bombs had been in my bag? My most severe wound was on my left thigh, just where that bag had rested.

Young McGuire helped me down the hill for about fifty yards and seeing I could get along fairly well he said:

«I am going back up.»

And he did.

WILLIAM WARD

2. Company, English B'on

Three poems of Spain by Bill Harrington



IN AN OLIVE GROVE

I wandered thro' the tortured grove
Where 'midst the ruined trees we drove
The fiends of war to final death;
That they might give to you and me
Heritage of a world set free.
And there beneath a twisted limb,
Beneath whose scars life crossed the brim;
There beside a riven stem
Alone which marks the grave of men
Who gave their lives to see unfurled
The standard of Man in a better world
There I sat and the vision rose,
A glorious galaxy of those
Whose youth and hopes were sacrifice
To dreams they had of a paradise
To brave ideals of a virtuous earth
Their years were shed to bring the birth
Of a boundless joy that will amply repay
The everything that they gave away.

ARAGON BALLAD

Francisco Franco, fascist chief,
Of him is the story told,
His «justice» fills the Aragon hills,
His curse is manifold:
He's taken toll of the North and South
The gore it reacheth far;
and they tell the tale of his «charity»
In the ring at Badajoz.

Francisco Franco, fascist chief,
Of the North and South is told:
That the North and South shall open their mouth
To a People's flag unrolled:
When the big guns speak to an Aragon peak
And his foreign confreres flee —
Ye have heard the song «How long? How long?»
How long to your victory?



SIANDANTE

FAREWELL

The barren soil grows rich
With Life's red blood,
And fertile peace shall hide
This black terrain;
Youth and joy shall thunder
As in flood,
To drown the dust of war,
The weeds of pain.
And as the sun comes up,
And reddened skies
Reflect the glory of
The sacrificed:
A thousand voices shall
In echo rise,
To greet this new-born land
In vict'ry's tryst.



THE INIMITABLE

There is not a man of us who did not like and appreciate Teniente Johnny Cookson, Adjutant of the Transmission Company of the 15th Brigade, for he combined the rare qualities of a man of science, a good organizer and a sincere, simple and lovable person.

Nineteen months ago he was plunged into the early chaos of the original «Genie» Company. The first question he asked me on his arrival was about the possibility of using radio in the Brigade, and his enthusiasm and energy were unabated to the very last day. He struggled hard to raise the technical level of our Company, to create order out of chaos.

The second time I met him, at Brunete, he was maintaining the communications of the Washington Battalion. He was tired but untiring despite the many miles of wire burned by enemy incendiary bombs. After a stay on the southern front he was back with us again at Batea and at the most critical times he kept both his head and his high spirits. Left at Batea with the Lincolns, he managed to pick up most of the wire and practically all the telephones and with six other comrades he made his way back to our forces through the enemy lines. On one occasion they met a fascist column marching along the road; it was too late to escape, so they simply marched with them. When challenged they used the magical password «Transmisiones» — and it worked. Two days later Cookson arrived with his little group, practically unshod, his clothes torn, dirty, unshaven, hungry and tired—but still carrying a telephone and a coil of wire!

He took interest in all the phases of our work, and there were few men who wore out as many pairs of alpargatas as he did on the hills of this Spanish earth, finding the best and shortest way to lay his lines. In his inimitable Spanish, and with the help of a black board, he could instruct our Spanish comrades

in the science of transmissions better than any of our linguists.

It was almost impossible to refrain from pulling Johnny's leg about his Spanish, but he never got upset about the kidding. On the contrary, he turned his unconscious humor into supposedly conscious humor. Such little tricks of his made his lectures and his conversation not only instructive and interesting, but also extremely amusing. He thought much more rapidly than he could speak, and whenever he wanted to explain something in a hurry he would skip words, interchange syllables and utilize peculiar expressions we christened «Cooksonian».

On one occasion he told me that three linesmen were «adamant» to go out on the line. Naturally, I said, «Well, let them go». «No», he said, «they are rather adamant». I inquired who was stopping them, to which he replied, «Nobody». Then it dawned on me that he might mean reluctant, which I suggested to him rather timidly. «Yes», he said, «of course they are reluctant: can't you understand?»

For Johnny was a great lad for arguing. He would argue about scientific, political or ethical subjects; about wireless, telephony or any subject under the sun, displaying a deep and wide knowledge and a subtle sense of humor.

In the Ebro operation he worked day and night, and it was impossible to make him rest during action. Only when we were sent into a reserve position would he fall asleep under a tree, completely oblivious to the outside world. Even the arrival of the grub would not wake him.

He was altogether unassuming and never seemed to bother about his personal comfort. To see Johnny with torn alpargatas, without blanket or mess kit was the usual thing. And he never grumbled.

Nor did he lose his scientific interest in the world about him. In the midst of a heavy shelling you could hear him count the number of seconds that elapsed between the flash and the detonation of a shell, in order to calculate the distance of the explosion. In his spare time he wrote letters to his family, friends and associates, urging them to work for Spain and against fascism. At rest he permitted himself the luxury of studying the quantum theory.

Johnny was a promising young scientist and had done some valuable original work in crystallography. He had a secure job at home, he had work that he enjoyed. Yet he considered it his duty to come here to fight. He gave all his enthusiasm, his energy, his knowledge and finally his life to that cause.



John Cookson (center, sitting) lecturing to the Transmission men

"A MAN MAY AS WELL DIE YOUNG FOR A PURPOSE..."

The letter reproduced below was received by Comrade Cookson a day or two before his death.

Green Bay, Wisconsin, Aug. 20, 38.

My Dear John,

Once more we come together by mail—we must be thankful for having that privilege...

An investigation into CP activities is now in progress in Washington. Two soldiers who deserted from the Loyalist forces make claims that any man asking to be sent home is shot, that 1700 American boys die virtually prisoners, etc., etc. If so, why do so many return?

Keep up your good work. It may be in vain but there is no question if I were your age, I would also be with you.

I read this AM of the bombing of Barcelona Aug. 19th. 150 people reported killed.

My health is bad, my heart is playing out. If am not here anymore when you return, always remember I am glad you went over. A man may as well die young having died for a purpose than live a whole life without one.

Write me as often as you can,

Love
Daddy



Ready for a counterattack

We respect and admire Johnny for his knowledge, his splendid work; and we love him for his great, kind heart, which found expression in so many inimitable ways. Another anti-fascist hero

is dead; but he will live in our hearts until we also die.

James Ruskin
Chief of Transmissions
XVth. Brigade



WITH THE BRITISH BATTALION

All was not exactly quiet on the British Battalion's sector during the last action of Hill 565... This despite the fact that the Battalion was theoretically in reserve, in accordance with the accepted reserve policy of the Division, the Army Corps and the Army... Two companies were detailed to work with the Lincolns and the 59th... These were the 4th and last companies, respectively... They saw plenty of action on these two sectors of our front, and they brought stories back to the men in reserve.

But they got a story in return... Here is a semi-semi-official version... It seems that Sergeant McGuire, adjutant of Company 2, was in charge of an antiavion squad... Said Sergeant McGuire had a light Czech machinegun in his squad, and shortly after a shell landed in the Brigade Estado Mayor (really, this is entirely irrelevant to the story), six or seven, or it might even have been nine Heinkel 52 light bombers came over the lines and set about their dirty work.

Sergeant McGuire fired six bursts from his light automatic Czech, and at the last burst he suddenly



Major Attlee Co. on parade a few days after the Ebro offensive

went wild. He started to yell that he had hit the bloody thing, that his last burst had done the trick... Sure enough, and to the amaze-

ment of all (probably including Sergeant McGuire), the bloody thing came down.

Chapter Two... It seems that the

59th also had an antiavion squad, and they too were firing at the plane... certain it is that they laid claim to the credit for knocking down the Heinkel 52 light bomber... No reports have yet come in from the Lincolns or the Mac Paps, but it is a reasonable assumption that they will also lay claim to the plane.

Well, the pay-off (as those quaint Americans phrase it) is just this: that the *Brigade* has received the credit for wiping one German Heinkel 52 light bomber from the Catalan skies, and *nada más*... So it is suggested that the antiavion squads had better get busy, and work up a little competition. If we knock down 4 planes, the tension will be easier around *Brigade*... both literally and figuratively.

The "Volunteer's" correspondent in the British Battalion is ill as we go to press; which may account for the fact that this column is somewhat the slim side... So here is a slogan "Blame it on Bates"... But there is no reason why the British comrades can't sit down and do a little writing on their own; we want it! they want to read it.

COMMISSAR ALAN GILCHRIST

From school teacher to soldier—that's the briefest biography of Alan William Gilchrist, best known in the XVth. Brigade as Commissar of the anti-tank battery.

At Gandesa, in our Ebro offensive, Gilchrist was Commissar of the Major Attlee Company of the British Battalion when he was wounded leading a last desperate rush on the famous hill 481.

With only 21 men he infiltrated toward the fascist fort that had resisted three days of pounding. Half-way, he dropped for a moment for cover behind a tree and a rock. A machine-gun bullet zipped through a crevice between wood and stone and ploughed into his right lung. Both his stamina and his courage are revealed by the fact that after only six weeks in the hospital Gilchrist returned to the Brigade—at his own insistence.

He looks more like a military man than a schoolmaster—25, blond, confident, with a stature that would have made him a first class fighter in the days when soldiers wore iron uniforms.

Why Gilchrist is fighting in Spain is explained by his background. The son of an English commercial agent, he had occasion in his youth to observe the workings of British imperialism in Argentina and in the Canary Islands. During war years at school in England he heard German guns booming across the Channel and was bombed by German raiding planes.

"But really", he expostulates, "they never killed anything in our district but a few sheep."

After four years at the University of London he answered an ad for an "internationally minded lecturer" to teach English at the American University of Beirut, Syria.

"Strangely enough", he recalls, "my left views helped. I spent a year teaching Syrians, Turks, Americans and other odd nationalities. They were quite leftish and I am glad to say they were slightly more leftish before I finished."

"It's a French mandate, and

talk about dissatisfaction! Half my students were slung in jail and had their heads shaved like convicts. Fortunately they were released and since everyone wears a fez in the classroom, it didn't matter."

Zilchrist came back fourth class on a French ship carrying mostly troops. "All the French soldiers sang the International before going to bed", he relates. "It was great."

Followed a year of teaching the beauties of English literature in an English private school. "Teaching's the worst job on earth", he declares. "Anybody

who's ever taught in a private school will know why I came to Spain."

In May, 37, he exchanged chalk-dust for gun-powder.

"I came to Spain on the last boat to arrive with volunteers. The only one after that was the City of Barcelona—which only came part way."

At Madrigueras he was made an observer in the newly formed anti-tank battery, with Dunbar as Commander and Slater as Commissar. "I didn't know anything about artillery and neither did the other observer. We taught-ourselves to draw maps and use instruments."

He served at Jarama, Brunete and through Aragon, was made Commissar at Teruel, caught malaria at Seguros and returned in time for vigorous service in the rearguard-actions at Calaceite and Gandesa.

The reasons for the British Battalion's good showing in the Ebro fighting he lists as "some damn good new recruits and some damn good vets who made up the activist group and were the nucleus of all our work. Added to that was the teamwork of Commissar Cooney and Captain Wild and the general disposition to take the training period seriously."

As to the future, Gilchrist says it really hadn't occurred to him to think about it seriously. But of one thing he's sure, he positively will not go back to school teaching.

"I shall endeavor", he muses, "to become a professional politician. Who knows? I might find myself in China."



Rear-view of Commissar Gilchrist (third from left) at the crossing of Ebro

"LEFTY" OF THE ANTI-TANKS

We wish to pay our respects to our comrade, Ben Glaser, who died from shrapnel wounds received when helping to hold back a fascist attack in front of Corbera. Ben was hit the evening of September tenth, and died the same night.

A founder of the old Anti-Tank Battery, he first went into action at Jarama in June of last year, and was with it through the Brunete and Quinto-Belchite offensives. When that famous last stand was made by a handful of Spanish and International comrades outside Gandesa, Ben took part in it and the subsequent retreat across the mountains.

He will probably be remembered best in the Brigade for his readings from clifford odets "Waiting for Lefty". It is right that this should be, because his



PROUD OF HIS BROTHER

Comrade Glaser's Brother writes to the Volunteer as follows:

Dear Comrades,
I have just heard via London of the passing of my brother whilst in action on the Ebro front.

I am — and I am sure the rest of our family, 14 in all, are proud to have had among us one to have given his life to a great and worthy cause!

Would you please be good enough to let me have what details are available of how our brother met his fate.

With all sincere wishes for success of Republican Spain.

Yours fraternally

Charles R. Glaser
9 Spring Road
Hempston, Bedford

September, 20, 1938.



The old anti-tankers

life was bound up with the theater, especially the workers theater. A member of the Unity Theater Group, he played in this and other Unity productions. With his love for the theater went the realization that its future was identical with the fight against war and fascism; that culture in any form, and fascism, were incompatible. He desired to see established a Brigade theater group, and was working toward this end when he was killed. The realization of this aim would be the best tribute we in the Brigade could pay our "Lefty".

— Comrades of the Number 1 Anti-Tank Battery, XVth Brigade.



THEY WANTED TO FLY

Scratch a XVth Brigader and you are likely as not to find a pilot. For the roster of men who are technically qualified to fly an airplane, and who are still acting as volunteer infantrymen in this Brigade of the Spanish Republican Army, is astonishing. This becomes even more of an apparent paradox when you consider that the average pilot's scorn for an infantry soldier is boundless. What! gravel in the mud, the dirt, the filth, when you can soar aloft on glittering wings? What! lie on your face under artillery and machine-gun fire, when you can look down on the struggle from a respectable altitude, engage in knightly combat with your winged peers and, if necessary, get shot down out of nice clean air? Nonsense! For everyone knows that even in the People's Armies of Spain and the Soviet Union, the aviators are the cream of the crop, the aristocrats of the military service, the boys whose natty uniforms catch all the girls off balance, who live in handsome barracks far back of the lines and take to the air for a couple hours a day in a romantic conveyance that can outfly the birds.

Small matter that modern air-fighting is a far cry from the "knightly combat" of the World War, when enemy pilots used to pay courtesy-calls and drop wreaths on each other's airports. Small matter that air-fighting today is a combination of high-class truck-driving and grueling physical work. The illusion persists, the romance has not lost its flavor—and you can prove it by getting anyone who has ever flown an airplane to talk about it. His face lights up, his eyes take on a faraway look, and he will talk your arm off.

Well, we have men in the Brigade who can fly; they could staff a good sized squadron and leave plenty for reserve. We have men who could fly before they came to Spain; who knew before they came that they would have no opportunity to fly, and who still came to Spain—to gravel in the dirt, to dodge rifle and machine-gun fire. True, they would have preferred to fly—they would prefer it still; for there is endless satisfaction in the work you love to do. Yet they knew that for good and sufficient reason, the Spanish Government was no longer employing International fliers. It had plenty of youth of its own; youth anxious and capable of learning (and how they have learned!). It wanted to build a Spanish air-corps, and it has built one that for fighting ability has got the Fascists doing tailspins out of the Spanish skies with startling consistency.

To list all the would-be aces in our outfit would take a page. Some have died as infantrymen; some have been invalided home. There was Captain Dart, for instance (what a splendid name for a pilot), former U. S. Army Air Corps Reserve. The Captain at one time was hoping to organize an all-American squadron for the Government, but the Government changed its mind.

In the Lincolns alone, you may count among the men with a yen for wings comrades like Luke Hinman, chief scout, who says he gave up flying some years ago when he got married. Not because his wife objected; she had started to learn herself—but the pair of them went broke. There is Pat Roosevelt, who was wounded in the early part of the Ebro offensive. He is a commercial pilot of many years' experience. There is Bill Reed, also

of the scouts, who spent a number of years in the U. S. Marine Corp's air-squadrons. There is Jerry Ferroggiaro, who has barnstormed around a number of countries. Ed Fliegler, Lincoln mailman has a couple hundred hours to his credit. Why even the Brigade's correspondent for the "Volunteer", Alvah Bessie, refuses to stop talking about his 25 hour's solo-time. And if you want to be plenty bored, speak to your comrade, Mac-Papper, British, 24th—it's just as likely as not that some time, some place, he learned to tell a power-drive from a tail-skid.

Aviation, by and large, is still in the hands of those elements who would not hesitate to make such use of it as we in Spain have witnessed daily—the bombing of open cities; the murder of the innocent. But it is a safe bet that when the time comes for the working people of the world to take to the air on their own wings, their squadrons of peace will be led by just such men—men who could lay aside a dream that has immense power over men, and enlist as foot-soldiers in a cause for which they felt they had to fight.

G. L.



THE BRIGADE COMMAND IN

Deep in a natural cave at the head of a baranco is the command-post of our Brigade. Here, at one time, peasants had utilized the natural shelter; filled its mouth with masonry and constructed a home. The cavern is partitioned into many large rooms, and each room is crowded with men. From each room there rises a hum of sound, the droning of conversation in a low tone, the rattle of typewriters, the buzzing of the central, the separate voice of one or another of the jefes on the telephone. For this cavern in the rocks in the central, the nerve-center of our Brigade; from it there runs a net-work, a spider-web of wires, down the mountain-side, over the barancos, to the separate command-posts of our four Battalions, deployed in front of the enemy lines—the Mac-Paps, the Lincolns, the British and the 59th. Over the wires, strung precariously from hill to hill, goes the information that coordinates our activities, that binds us together and permits us to function as an integral corps. And at the center of this web of wire, in the ion as an intefral corps. And at the man who holds all the wires in his hands, whose will and intelligence is felt at the extremities of the lines. He is a small man, as stature goes; he does not offer the stereotyped picture of the military man. But you would not need to read a record of his achievements as a commander since this war began, to feel that he knows what he is doing and that his adjutants have confidence in him. This small, "unimpressive" man is Major José Antonio Valledor. Commander of the 15th International Brigade...

MIDNIGHT:

...Candlelight has a way of distorting shadows; they wave and flutter over the stone ceiling, augmenting the atmosphere of unreality. You cannot overcome this sense of unreality, of walking and climbing through the quiet Spanish country-side, mounting the

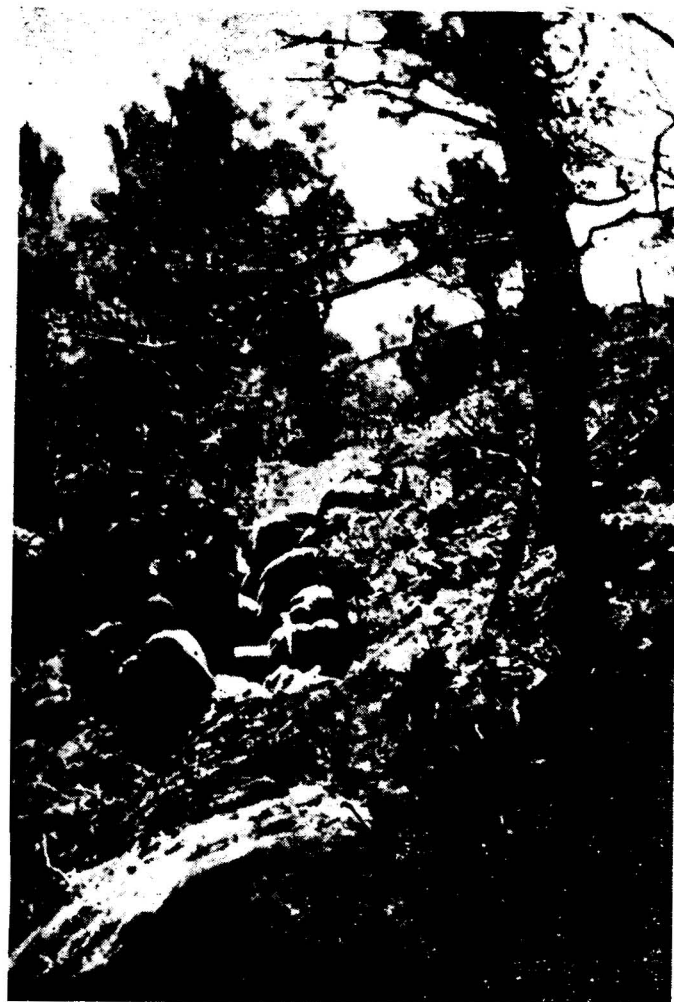
terraces, skirting the olive trees, and then, entering a cave to find activity that should only rightly have its place (or so it seems) in some large meeting hall in some large city...

"Pongame con el cincuenta y ocho..." says the voice. Then, "Wolff... four hundred zapadores are coming up there; use them as you see fit. Hello. Oiga, oiga! Central, yo estaba hablando con el Cincuenta y ocho..."

...In the distance there is a machine-gun speaking; it has a sharp, authoritative voice in the silence of the night. There is a moon behind mottled clouds, moving in and out of them, and the night is alternately bright and then, suddenly, the light fades out of the sky. The huge black hill that the enemy is holding is afire, a creeping line of flame, like a glow worm, crawls across its face... Inside again, Valledor is standing near the doorway; he wears a short leather jacket that hangs open; his hands are in its pockets; he wears no hat. In the course of the night, that seems interminable, that is filled with mechanical and human voices. You notice that he is never alone—he is always talking to the soldiers, to his officers; he always has time to talk to his men, and there is no difference in his demeanor, whether he is talking to the Divisional Commander or to a soldier posted as a guard by the door. He is always cheerful; he gives the appearance of possessing a boundless fund of good humor; he laughs frequently, talking in a manner that is entirely characteristic of the man—short, staccato sentences...

"Digame", says the voice. "¿Quién? ¿el capitán Dunbar? Un momento."

The enemy is putting pressure on our lines to the south of X... In the past few days we have seen their black vultures in droves; we have heard the avion signal from the observers on the hill, and we



Positions on the mountain-side

have lain quiet in the shadow of the olives, the olives that will remain forever in our memories of Spain, and watched them soar overhead, bank and turn. Then we have heard the whistling, seen the "eggs" falling, felt the earth tremble under us with indignation as the roar swelled, rolled and died away. "Where are our planes?", we think. And then they come. And then one day, after many days in reserve, the word came. It came at one o'clock that afternoon: "Prepare to move when the order is given." And then, two hours later, "Form on the highway and proceed toward the cross roads; there will be trucks to pick you up." The short, swift ride over the highway that was under fire of the enemy artillery... the swift march to get under cover... we were needed again to reinforce the lines, to resist, to prepare to attack.

"Where is Valledor?" says a voice, but he is not there. The Lincolns are effecting a shift of

their lines, and he has gone off to be on the spot, to aid and criticize, to see that the new positions utilize the best aspects of the broken terrain. The soldier has a worm's eye view; he rarely gets to see his Brigade Commander. But the Commander is there;



Preparing for the action—a meeting of all Commissars in the Brigade



Shell-burst

ACTION AT THE EBRO FRONT

this particular Commander is as likely as not to turn up, unobtrusively, beside a sentry at night, in the puesto de mando of a Battalion, within the sector of a company under fire. That too is characteristic of the man, just as it is a fact that this is a different sort of army. Our commanders are not likely to be found kilometers behind the lines, drinking champagne, strutting in polished cavalry boots. Do you remember Merri-man? Do you remember Doran? TWO A. M.:

...There are men stretched in their blankets against the rock walls of the cavern transmissions men, guards, runners resting temporarily from their endless rounds of the battalions; they lie in grotesque postures, like the dead, the heavy sleep of exhaustion upon them for the moment. But the hum of the central never ceases; the 59th is reporting on fortification work, the British, in reserve positions, are getting ready to move into the lines... "Digame", says the voice,



Central at Headquarters

lines before he turns in for an hour's sleep...

There is something in the night air; there is tension to be felt in both the silence and the still persistent hum of conversation; in the sound of feet coming and going. It had been felt the day before when the enemy artillery was active, when the shells dropped in the doryard of the command-post, when the walls of the cavern trembled under the load of air-bombs, when the fascist observation plane was wheeling overhead like a broadwinged vulture. Now it is felt again in the silence of this night, a silence broken only occasionally by a heavy gun in the near distance, by the rattle of our tanks moving on the main road below, the authoritative voice of the distant machine gun.

Valledor and Dunbar, chief of staff, examine maps on which the hills are numbered. Goddard speaks in his slow, precise voice. Brigade scouts and observers are listening. "That point is under observation in the daytime," one says. The



Dugouts



Dugouts

"aquí las quince. De parte de quién?" "Damn it all", says another voice, "Goddard was there to show them where to place that anti-tank. Get busy on it." "Póngame", says the voice, "con el Batallón Sesenta... Oiga, oiga". The candles flicker in the draft through the open doorway, where the guard stands, wrapped in a blanket; there is a hum of conversation from a point on the dirt floor where Valledor and Gates are talking...

...they are huddled close together; Gates' voice low, indistinct, Valledor's sharp, accented. These two, years apart, continents distant in culture and training, are here together in a cave in the hills of Spain, talking together in a manner characteristic of old friends who have never parted since they met, years before. Gates gets up to go; he is visiting the



Mac-Pap Battalion Headquarters

heads draw closer together over the map, the voices are lower, and just because the voices are lower, the tension seems to mount... The central buzzes continuously, and Valledor bends over the phone at his side; he consults the map.

Outside the moon is uncovered and there are mules moving up the baranco; the patient, tireless beasts are bringing up endless cases of munitions. They pass over the crest of the hill on their way to the Battalions.

...You think of the men, sleeping now under the moon, men who will be in battle when the sun stands in the moon's place again; men who will suffer the agony and the beauty of combat. For there is strength and beauty in our fight. Otherwise war would be a limitless horror, a ceaseless waste of life and energy.

A. C. B.

AARON LOPOFF

During the days when we used to joke about withdrawal of the volunteers and wonder when the car was coming down the road with the tellers from the Non-Intervention Committee, Aaron used to say, "I hope they don't get here before we have another action. I want to see another action before they send us home. He was not joking; unexpressed was his desire to lead his company—better still, to test himself in the post of responsibility that had been entrusted to him. This sense of responsibility could be felt by those who were close to him in those days, and in the days that followed when we crossed the Ebro and entered the action that cost him his life. You knew he felt this responsibility and that it would be a matter of pride with him to live up to it. You would not have need written—"Talk to cabos and sargentos;" "Co-ordinate work of sections"—you would have found these words, under the heading "Personal": "What about myself? How can my own work be improved?"

He would not have agreed that his work could not have been improved; he would never have admitted that the Command of the Lincoln considered him one of its most experienced and responsible leaders; he would have given you an embarrassed look and most likely walked away. For his modesty, as a man and a company commander, was as genuine as the necessity he felt to prove himself to himself; to test himself in still more action. "When you have a lot of other guys to worry about", he used to say, "you can't be afraid for yourself". And he was worried about those other guys; he was worried about them to a considerable extent—this too was a measure of the man's anti-fascist understanding. He wanted to spare his comrades as much as they could possibly be spared.

But he did not spare himself; he gave himself. At Hill 481 he led his men into the attack; at 666 he was in the trenches with them, snatching up a rifle with boyish exuberance, saying, "I haven't had chance to fire a rifle in a dog's age. Later that night he led his company in the attack, falling in front of the enemy's barbed wire. As he was being carried out he said, "Did they take the hill? Is the company all right?" We told him that they took the hill; that the company was doing fine and he said, "That's good."

The record is clean and consistent. He left home when he was in his early teens and hoboed all around the States. He used to describe those days with gusto, saying, "Those were the happiest days of my life." He worked his way part-way through college and, for a time, played with the idea of being an aeronautical engineer. "Then I sort of got bored," he would say. He made a living by writing fiction stories for the magazines. In Spain he joined the Brigade at Fuentes del Ebro and was in every action from that time until his death. At Batea the dark days of April, he was Adjutant to Blakie

Mahpralian, taking command of Batea that" ...a man dashed up on a big white horse—it was a white horse—and said, "Congratulations, Loppy, you're a Teniente now." For a few days, while the Battalion was reassembling and Captain Wolff whereabouts were still unknown, he was Commander of the Lincoln. In May, when our new Spanish recruits came up, he was placed in command of Company 2. At Sierra de Pandols he met his death.

The death of one man merits little commentary when thousands of men, women and children are dying daily under circumstances which do not even permit them the opportunity to fight for their lives, as Aaron fought for his. And in a sense his death is a part of their deaths, just as his life was a part of theirs. But if it were possible for a man to survive his death and overhear others speak of him, we know what Aaron would have said if he had heard us say, "Too bad



Lopoff (ateleft) with one of his men

Lopoff's gone." He would have said, "Do you want my shoulder to weep on?" For it was part of his youthful sensitivity to conceal his genuine emotion under mask of indifference. But the mask rarely fit

him, and he would drop it at moments; such moments, for example, as when he spoke of Blackie Mahpralian. Then he used to say, "I came to love that guy."

A C. B.

LINCOLN NOTES

The boys are thinking of inaugurating a contest—in a purely facetious spirit—for articles on the subject: "Which was worse, Hill 666 in the Sierra Pandols, or Hill 565?" "Artillery?" says Teniente Dick Rusciano, Commander of Company One. "This was just as bad as 666, only the hill was smaller." Dick seemed to feel that because the hill was smaller, the fire must have been more concentrated... Which is something like the ancient joke about the guy who went to war in a silk hat and got a bullet through it. "Think of what would have happened to me", he said, "if I'd been wearing a cap!"... Sam Spiller, boyish enlance who is doing a man-sized job, went into the action minus a front tooth, emerged from it minus four more. "Aw", says Sam, "they were broken anyhow, so I pulled'em out".

The Commander of Company 4 (Manny Lanser) was worried about his flanks, and sent identical notes to the Company Commanders on his right and left. "Watch my

flank", they said in effect, "I've seen movement over there". He was worried about the possibility of his Company being attacked. From Don Thayer and Sid Levine, Commanders of the 3rd and Special Machine Gun Companies, he received identical replies: "Don't worry about us", they said, "We can take care of anything that comes along"... Then there was the Company Commander who called up Captain Wolff and asked that handkerchiefs be sent up via the zapadores, who were coming up with barbed wire and sandbags. "I mes along"... Then there was the if I don't get'em" he said. "I got sinus trouble."

Antonio Pérez, former adjutant commissar of the Battalion, and now Commissar of Co 4, is disappointed... So is José Moltó Ybarra... It seems they organized an anti-tank group that waited night and day for the fascists to send their tanks up the baranco. The tanks were there all right, but at no time did they dare to come clo-

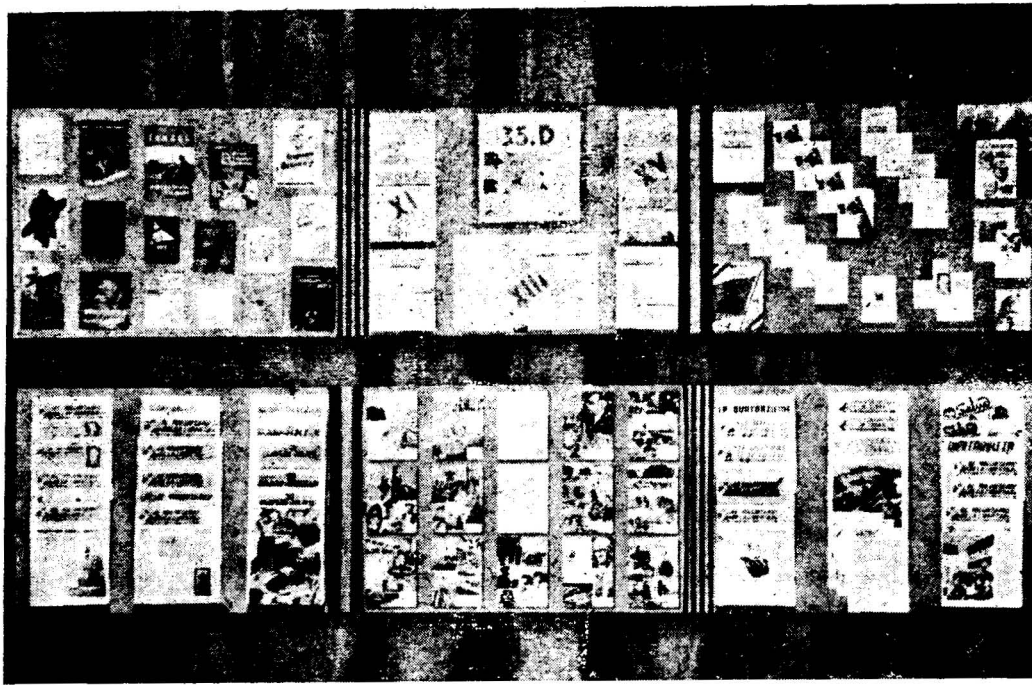
ser than a couple hundred meters... which was too far for the boys to won't be able to hold this position Don Thayer is credited with another *ben mot*; just before the Mac-Paps attacked one night, he was asked what support he could give a flanking company in the event of a fascist counter attack. "Well", he is reliably reported to have said, "I can give you my heartfelt sympathy".

The Plana Mayor of the Battalion throw their grenades... The same ion is wondering how Luke Himmman, chief scout who is always in the thick of the action, can manage to keep so clean, well cambed, shaved and calm... And Battalion Commander Wolff is elated over the fact that he is known even on the fascist side. Seems the last night in their positions at 565 the fascists who, it is reported, sounded drunk to the last man, called over and said, "We know who you are; you're the Lincolns; we know your Commandante Lobo".

The excitement over the last action has not yet dimmed the fame of Cook Charlie Dempsey's great exploit with the ammo truck... Just after we crossed the Ebro the Battalion kitchen was moved in upon by another outfit, who parked several ammo trucks and a good many drums of gasoline among the garbanzo bins. Came the enemy avion, and eggs were added to the omelet, setting the gas tanks and one ammo truck afire. Charlie couldn't find the truck's chauffeur, so he drove it some distance off himself, and then organized his kitchen gang to put the fire out...

Battalion Headquarters finally managed to get Angel Hernández Gallego away from Company One... Angel enjoys the distinction of being the smallest soldier in the Battalion, but they didn't want him to provide contrast with El Lobo. Angel is a damned good barber.





Wall Papers of the 35 Division at an exhibit in Barcelona

MAC-PAP NOTES

Teniente Gunnar Ebb, acting Battalion Commander, refuses to be photographed, or his picture would be printed in this issue... They tell how when the first aid post ran out of iodine, coffee was used instead which they appreciate in work of their kitchen, which was invariably on time with the grub no matter how often the Battalion moved nor how much the enemy was shelling the road... A fluid known here as "champagne" (for lack of a better name), was also supplied.

The Fascists must have been filled with champagne, or something, that last night of the last action; they yelled at the Lincolns; they yelled at the 50th; they yelled at the Mac Paps... Saying, "We are Requetes and Spaniards... you are foreigners, Americans. We know who you are, you're the 15th International Brigade; we know you won't run..." Again, they shouted, "Come over to us; you will have peace, bread and prosperity." To which the boys replied, "We not only have peace, bread and prosperity- we have Paris leaves as well!"

Apropos of which, it seems that all the men (without exception) who ferreted out the information that they would be on the next list of those to visit the City of Light, came through the action unscathed.

The Mac Paps will remember:

Teniente George Carbonel, Commander of Company 4, who died in the attack which regained a hill that we had lost... A student of medicine in Madrid when the war

broke out, George enlisted immediately in the Mangada Column and fought in the Guadarama Mountain sector... On leave in Puerto Rico, he returned to Spain with his two brothers, Pablo and Victor... Pablo was killed in the defense of Teruel; Victor was wounded in the same action.

Also, Teniente Jim Hill of Oklahoma, section leader in Company One cited twice previously. Killed while making contact with another Brigade, a job that was not his to do personally, but which he felt it necessary to supervise... Also, Cabo Ben Barsky, teacher, union-organizer, music lover, killed by a fascist bullet while on duty in the observation post.

They want credit for: Teniente

Pedro Roca, baker from Almeria, a volunteer who joined the original Thaelmann Column and has been fighting ever since, Pedro joined the Makensie Papineau Battalion in August of last year, and has been in every action since. Badly wounded during a night counter-attack by the fascists.

Also, Sargento Amedée Grenier, French-Canadian volunteer who took over Company 3 when its commander, Pedro Roca was wounded, and led it into the attack. His leg badly bruised by flying rock, Amedée refused to be evacuated... Also, Sargento Andrew Malyneaux, section leader who was largely instrumental in keeping his Company 4 intact when both commander and commissar were wounded.



Gunnar Ebb

When Major E. Cecil-Smith, Commander of the Mac-Paps, was wounded at Hill 565, Teniente Gunnar Ebb, Finnish commander of Company 5 of the Battalion, became what the Spanish Army calls an "accidental" commander of the Battalion. But there is nothing accidental about Comrade Ebb; everything about the man—though he speaks no word of English and little enough Spanish—points to determination, integrity and purposefulness. His record at home in Finland, as well as here in Spain, would raise hair on a billiard-ball. Oiga!

A mason by trade, Ebb had just completed four years in a Finnish prison for political activity, when he came to Spain 17 months ago. That bare fact speaks for the firmness of his working-class convictions, his anti-fascist determination. The responsables here knew their man; his first job was in a special battalion. At Brunete when the boys were taking everything the fascists could manage to throw at them, Ebb was behind the fascist lines blowing up tanks, bridges and troop and ammunition convoys! Let your imagination work on the job and see if that hair doesn't begin to sprout.



In the lines

Joining the Mac-Paps at Teruel, he has seen every action since. At Caspe, when Makela, commander of the machine-gun company, was killed, Ebb took over. He was cited after the Batea action for his part in organizing the Battalion's resistance during the retreat. When asked exactly why he had been cited what he had done, he said, with a wry smile, "Well, the Brigade's forces were low at the time and weren't many men to cite." Emerging on the banks of the Ebro at a point about 12 kilometers from Tortosa, he found a boat and rowed across, just in time to be fired at by the pursuing enemy.

The man's modesty and shyness are the talk of the Battalion; Legendary too, in the short time he has had command, is the spirit of enthusiasm his personality and presence raises in the men. They regard him as a leader and they are eager to follow him.



PUBLISHED BY THE WAR COMMISSARIAT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

For correspondence, use the following address: VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

S. R. I. 555-E P. MÉNDEZ VIGO, No. 5 BARCELONA

VOL. II — No. 33 BARCELONA OCTOBER 6 — 1938

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR TIME

In conformity with the decision of the Government, the withdrawal of the Volunteers will take place as soon as the necessary arrangements can be effected. There are a million and one details to be looked after. With all intention of speeding up this process it will take weeks before the Six to Seven Thousand Volunteers can be evacuated.

Our fight against fascism does not end with our departure. Fascism has to be fought wherever it raises its ugly head. The people in our home countries will look to us to take a leading part in this struggle and we have to prepare ourselves to live up to their expectations.

We will make our greatest contribution by bringing to them the lessons of our experiences gained in the epic struggle of the Spanish people against the foreign invaders. To do this we must acquaint ourselves thoroughly with the history of the Spanish Republic and all the problems connected with this.

Let us utilize our remaining time here to fill in the gaps in our knowledge of Spain, to clarify through study and discussions all those problems that in their complexity tend to confuse all those who fail in basic understanding.

Spain had more than her share of the slanders and deliberate distortions of truth with which the fascist and reactionary press regal everything that is progressive in mankind. It is our duty to equip ourselves to bring the truth to the people and thereby mobilize them for maximum support for Spain.

WITH THE 59TH

Men of the 59th will long remember Hill 565. Every action is different, and it is the various aspects of the action, peculiar to that action alone, that remain in the men's minds... At 666 it was the bleak and hideous terrain, burnt over and desolated; it was the eight-hour barrage of fascist artillery... At 565 the men again suffered the strain and exhaustion of hours of heavy shelling, of aviation bombs and strafing, of heavy machinegun fire. And they will remember the heavy doses of artillery, mortars, air bombs, machinegun fire... Men of the 59th will remember the way they mowed the fascists down when they came over in frontal attacks... they will remember the attack on the tank... and the speech that Commisar Gil Cabezas made that last night in the trenches before we were relieved.

That tank charge... it was a pleasure for the men to immobilize the monster; it was the keenest pleasure that night when, led by Captain Alejandro Castillo, they went out with machinegun and hand-bombs, and literally tore the tank to pieces... With Castilla were Sergeant Francisco Blasco Gijón, Sergeant Salvador Rogel and Cabo Taish-

man Bolislav... An there was one tank less.

They will remember Captain Gerónimo Lopez Matio, commander of Company 2, who was occupying a position on Hill 287 with Company 1. When the fascists took Hill



356, he was coolly directing the placement of his automatic guns to provide crossfire; he was directing his men, fearlessly encouraging them to repulse the fascist attack. A shell bereft the 59th of a loyal and able man—one who had been in the fight since the beginning of the war and risen from the ranks.

They will remember how the fascists yelled that last night, saying they knew who we were; that we were "foreigners, internacionales, the XVth Brigade." They praised our fighting spirit and they attempt-

ed to cast slurs upon it. They sounded drunk. They said we didn't have the spirit to take the Alcázar de Toledo, and they said we'd better put on our bathing suits, as we'd have to swim the Ebro pretty soon, they said we were no Spaniards.

Commisar Gil Cabezas told them off; he told them what we were fighting for; how they would find themselves the slaves of international fascism if they continued to fight, as dupes, for the German and Italian High Commands. He told them what Germany and Italy wanted in the Spain they were pretending to save from the Republic; oil, steel, food, mineral wealth. He spoke of the persecution of working men in the fascist zone, and of the "dignity" and "valor", demonstrator by one of their pilots who had fallen into our hands; how he had wept to find himself a prisoner... That he had not wept because he lost his plane, nor for fear of what might be done to him; but he wept when he discovered that the price of the crimes he and his kind were daily committing behind our lines would not be visited upon him... He asked the fascists if he sounded like a Russian to them, and he told them that we had the men and the material to wipe fascism from the soil of Spain.

For fully half an hour Commisar Cabezas spoke to them; and they did not interrupt him; and they did not answer.



"WE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT..."

Hill 666 means several things to us of the Lincolns — eight hours of unadulterated hell, for one thing. As a result of our defense of that position, our Battalion was honored by a special citation. And there we lost one of our oldest, most beloved, and most competent leaders — Joe Bianca of the Machine Gun Company. He died as he had lived, fighting in the heat of the class struggle.

From the day he went to sea in 1924 (at the age of 19), Joe's life was inextricably bound up with the maritime industry. He learned very early the nature of exploitation, and as was characteristic of Joe, he carried his ideas to their logical conclusion: agitating his fellow-workers in the spirit of progressive trade-unionism. The work he undertook, in collaboration with other pioneer workers of the marine trades like 'Red' Drummond, Harry Hynes, Al Kauf-Kaufman and Tommy Ray, helped to lay the basis for the powerful National Maritime Union that we know today.

From 1926 to 1929 Joe traveled from port to port, from ship to ship, educating and organizing his brother workers. With these other seamen, he organized International Seamen's Clubs, as organs to spread the message of militant industrial unionism. And as a result of his experience he decided that the struggle for immediate demands on the economic field was not sufficient to attain permanent security for the working-class. He decided that what was necessary was a complete reorganization of society, under an organization that knew what it wanted and would go out and get it. Acting on this decision Joe became a member of the Communist Party in 1927, and it was not long before he was one of its strongest proletarian pillars and one of its best builders.

When the International Seamen's Clubs outlived their usefulness the Marine Workers League was formed, as a transitional step toward full-fledged unionism, and

by now the work of Joe and his comrades was bearing fruit. Illusions of permanent prosperity had been swiftly dissipated by the crash of 1929. In 1931 the Marine Workers' League transformed itself into the Marine Workers Industrial Union, and so was elected to its National Bureau. Working with Roy Hudson and other seamen leaders, he resumed his travels from port to port, organizing the workers into the new militant organization. There were no funds to support even the top officers of the new outfit, and Joe had to wonder constantly where his next meal and flop were coming from. There were times when he didn't have the price of a cup of coffee, and had to sleep on the floor of the union hall.

Joe's influence for progressive action was being felt, and in 1932 he was sent as M. W. I. U. delegate to the congress of the International of Seamen and Harbor Workers in Hamburg. And when the M. W. I. U. merged with the International Seamen's Union, Joe took a leading part in fighting Scharren-

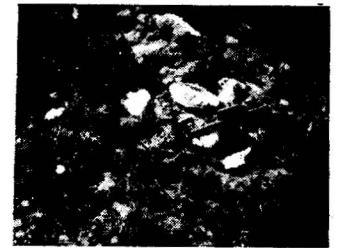
berg, the reactionary stooge of the ship-owners. Then came the west-coast tanker strike of 1935, and the west coast strike of 1937, where Joe's fighting qualities found outlet in the struggle against the owners and the forces under Harry Lundenberg, Trotskyite tool in the Sailor's Union of the Pacific.

From America's west coast to the shores of Spain was just a hop, skip and a jump for Joe. He arrived here in June of 1937, and found himself a leading spirit in the «Seamen's Section» of the Machine Gun Company. On August 7th he joined the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, together with other replacements, and from that moment until the moment of his death he was an acknowledged leader of the men. It was during this year of ceaseless action that we all learned to love and respect this hard and fearless man, whose most outstanding characteristic was his sound common sense. Through Quinto and Belchite, on to Fuentes de Ebro and the Levante Joe was always there, giving advice, helping out, sending no one to any place he would not go himself.

The «Big Retreat» started and

Joe devoted every moment to the section he commanded. Miraculously escaping death a dozen times, he led his men — men who obeyed every command and trusted their tried and experienced leader. From Caspe he was sent to rest in Valls, and the Bateayandesa action took place while he was on leave. But he rushed back to the front and contacted the Battalion on the east coast of the Ebro, immediately launching into the work of reorganization. He was Mike Pappas' right-hand man, and greatly through his efforts our Company was in fighting trim when marching orders came. In the days of action that followed the crossing of the Ebro he played the role that was always expected of him — he was here, there and every where, placing the guns, directing the fire.

Then the unexpected happened; something happened that we were beginning to believe was impossible. Never have I seen men so shocked as our men were when they were told that Joe was dead. We had come to believe Joe would



The grave of Joe Bianca at Sierra Pandols

never get it. We couldn't believe it for awhile, but when the fact had to be accepted there was one thought in the minds of all the men:

«There died a swell guy; one of the best this Brigade has ever seen.»

George Kaye
Machine-Gun Co. 58 Battalion



Battalion Headquarters



Fortified mountain top

"CHOFERS" as seen by one of them

Among the unsung heroes of the Ebro action are the Brigade chauffeurs who bring the men food, munitions and material. Because they work unostentatiously and efficiently, they have become accepted in a matter of fact way, as a cog in the war-machine. And this, they know, is to their credit. For if they were to break down, the effect would be almost catastrophic for the Brigade and the men who compose it.

The Chofers Work Fast:

One afternoon the order came for swift transportation of our boys to the front. Within ten minutes the first truck pulled out, loaded, and inside of an hour the entire Brigade had been transferred. Jack Lane, Tom Lloyd, Len Beurlton, Tony Rizzo, Dave Davidson, Antrim Frank and Simon Leinoff, all drove through artillery fire repeatedly and brought the Brigade up.

The Chofers Work Hard:

From the third to the eighth day after the Brigade had crossed the Ebro, six camions serviced us. The others could not get across. On the fourth day Juan Gilabert had his truck blown up almost in his face, just as he had helped carry out the last of the wounded he had driven to Ascó. On the fifth day Tony Rizzo's drive shaft jammed and "froze". Bill Allander, Antonio Munera, Jack Lane and George Garrow carried on during five days and nights of shell-fire, bombing and strafing, with no more than two or three hours sleep in twenty-four. Munitions and food to the front, wounded to the rear, over and over again.

The Chofers Work Understandingly:

Every chauffeur knew his value to the Brigade, and how necessary he was to the men. Shells or no shells, bombs or no bombs, the food went up and the men got their bullets or grenades. During our Sierra Pandols action our water wagon remained at the front eighteen out of every

twenty-four hours under the most trying conditions. "Our main difficulty", explained Henry Plotnick, the ayudante on the tank, who became twenty one in Spain, "was to keep the whole Army of the Ebro from drinking our water".

Working night and day also were mechanics Joe Zowadowski and John Pansik, and their helpers, Sargento Francisco Bernabeau and Ramon Palanca. Hauling wrecks from the front, patching trucks, trouble shooting, kept all four busier than at any time before in their lives. Freddy Pearson's water tank was shrapneled; an hour and a half later it rolled out to bring water to the kitchen, eleven bright, soldered spots on the tank. (Three empty bully-beef cans were used to stop up the holes). Bombs and shells blew up five trucks and killed one chauffeur, Johnny Koshak. Of the five camions, four are now rolling again and the motor of the fifth has since replaced one that was worn out. From the Fascists we took three trucks and a camionetta which placed our Transport a little ahead of where we started.

Working equally as fast and hard, the boys in the garage, mainly Spanish, turned broken down blown up wrecks into good stable camions. "Bring us back the frame, a few bolts and the motor", said Sargento Emanuel Arkus, Chief Mechanic, "and we'll make a truck out of it".

Dick Hanlen's truck was smashed by two bombs that landed nearby, but within three days it returned, in time to take a load across the river. The same with the Lincoln-Washington's kitchen-truck, the 59th's truck and a captured fascist camion. Body-jobs, repaired by Cabo Vicente Banuls and Emilio Martínez, were done on a mass-production scale, each body returning stronger than it had started out.

Lathe work—and there was plenty of it—helped make parts out of pipes and fittings. Smiling Cabo Antonio Torrent lived by his machine all day long, producing precision work. A former blacksmith's helper before the war, he is now an expert lathe-operator.

Pedro Riera, Vicente Soler, Salvador Serra, Juan Albero, Francisco Villar and Francisco Molina, mechanics' ayudantes, spent many a sleepless night. The Ebro action gave them plenty of work, and a shortage of mechanics compelled them to do independent repairs.

This action proved that the Brigade Transport could "take it on the chin", and still have enough camions to serve the Brigade.

EASEY GOLDSTEIN, Sargento

From the Brigade's Photo-Album



"Keep 'em rolling"



The water-tank supplies the kitchen



Just a friendly game



From the Brigade's Photo-Album

Lt. Lionel Edwards—
a Canadian Officer

Firing away



Taking it easy



First Aid

Lt. Lionel Frank Edwards was the first officer of the XV. Brigade wounded in the Ebro offensive.

As the Mac-Pap Battalion advanced on Ascó, «Eddie», in command of the last Company, realized that a group of his men were working forward along a ridge that was under artillery observation. He ran back to warn them.

A battery of fascist 75 's was combing the barrancas in a futile effort to stem the swift approach of the Mac-Paps and the 59th. Just as Edwards reached the exposed ridge a shell burst almost in his face. Six men were hit.

Lt. Edwards tells about it ; «A burst of flame hit me and then I was lying down yelling for First Aid. I never did lose consciousness.

«Syvanen, one of my section leaders came tearing through a cloud of smoke and sulphur and tied an emergency dressing on my shoulder where it was bleeding worst. Then hustled him up to catch up with his section and waited for the stretcherbearers to pick me up.

In a Barcelona hospital a Spanish doctor cut three chunks of shrapnel out of Eddie's shoulder, set the broken bone and told him he'd be alright—in three months.

No matter where you met Edwards you would know him for a Westerner. Blue eyes, medium height, square face, and a drawl. And a shrewdness and steadiness that come from his years of logging, goldmining, and freight-hopping in Western Canada.

He was born in a log cabin in the Pine Lake district of Alberta. His father ran a creamery and young Eddie learned to milk cows at a tender age. «But I forgot as soon as I could» he assures you.

«So I ordered a retreat. The four of us ran the barrage back to our next line half a kilometer behind and sat down to count the bullet holes in our clothes.»

Edwards was still a section-leader then, serving the year and half apprenticeship that fitted him to command a company. He has been with the Mac-Paps since they were organized and previous to that, he had a spell at Albacete and Pozo Rubio.

He is especially proud of reports that drift in to the hospital of the good work done by his company in the Ebro battle. But he deprecates his own part in training the company.

«It's militarily obvious», he says, «You go out and train for a while and you come back stronger».

«The main way to build a uni-

fied company that will follow orders is to push the most competent comrades to the front. That way you build up a corps of assistants. We did that with the activists and the results? Well, I am proud of them.»

His horizon broadened when his father joined the Canadian army during the World War and Lionel Frank was shipped off to relatives in England for a few years. Then back to two years at the University of Alberta—until the economic contradictions of the present system brought his education to a close.

After that, he worked in a bank, and later became credit manager of an oil company. «That was the best job I ever had» he reminisces ruefully. «But in 1929 there was a stock crash in New York and I went out on my ass».

Then came the lumber camp and gold mining period in Alberta and British Columbia, and then Spain.

«Why did I come? its hard to answer that one. Mostly because I admired the first members of the International Brigades and wanted to follow their example.»

He intends to go on following it, too. «Whenever I get back to Canada», he states, «I'll buy all the military manuals I can find and start for China. That is, unless the Chinese have already won the war by then.

«I ought to come in handy because I am a tough man to kill. The boys used to say I had a horseshoe around my neck. That was after Teruel where I was in command of that advanced post on the Mac-Paps right flank. We started with 30 men and four machine-guns. The fascists blasted hell out of us with heavy artillery and in between barrages sent their troops over to attack. But their men were too scared to get anywhere. We could see them sneaking up with their officers threatening them with revolvers. We'd let them get in to short range and murder them.

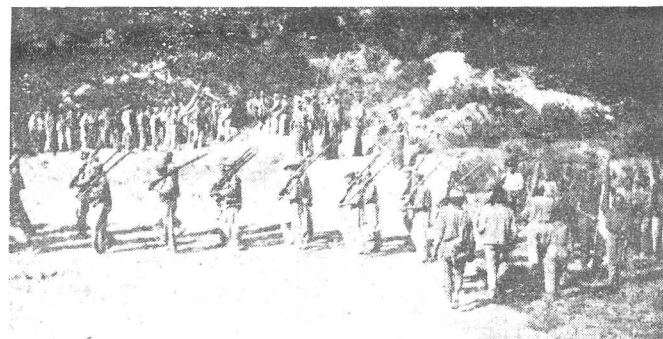
«But after two days steady artillery fire all our machine guns had been blown up by direct hits and there were just four of us still holding the position. All the rest were dead or wounded. You can call them heroic, I guess...»



From the Brigade's Photo Album



The armory



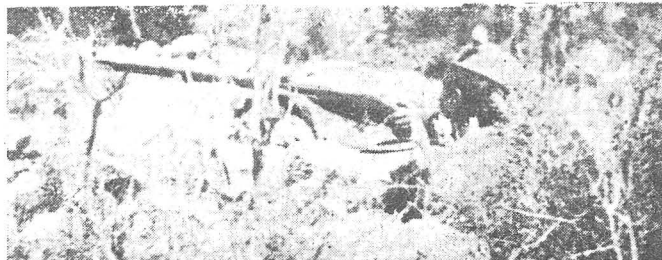
On parade



Trade union delegates addressing fiesta



During a lull in fighting



Well camouflaged



Lincolns lining up for grub



The VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

Organ of the international brigades



Vol. II - No. 35

Barcelona, November 7 - 1938



COMMANDER BIDS FAREWELL TO INTERNATIONALS

It is difficult for me to put into words all I want to say about our International brothers with whom we have fought side by side for so many months.

Our people is well aware of the value of your help. When the threat of open invasion hung over our country, when the skies were filled with avions raining death and destruction on town and countryside, the International comrades showed us the way by their personal example how to resist the invasion of Hitler and Mussolini.

Your countries may well be proud to have sons such as you. Sons who put their lives in jeopardy a thousand times, who shed their blood on the soil of our beloved Fatherland in order to help a people who, not wishing to be exterminated, had thrown all its sons into the struggle: a people who preferred to die fighting rather than live enslaved.

As Chief of the XV. Brigade I can never forget the battles I have won for Spain with your help. Who can speak of the battles of Ebro without remembering immediately the 15. International Division? Who can speak of the XV. Brigade without recalling the heroic struggles of Pandols, Fatarella, Sierra de la Torre, etc?

I assure you that the heroic history of the war of independence we are now waging can never be written without speaking of the outstandingly glorious and thousand times heroic role of the International Brigades.

I am absolutely sure that you are leaving proud of having

fulfilled up to the last moment the sacred duty of defending our independence and the liberties of the free people of the entire world. I am sure that your desire for Spanish independence will not diminish when you hand over your arms to our Spanish soldiers. In this solemn moment of your departure when, for the last time, we fraternize together in close proximity to the trenches. I wish to affirm my belief that your fighting impulse, your spirit of rebellion against tyranny will not diminish with your departure or with your physical separation from the war that was forced upon us. I know well that in your distant countries you will continue to unfurl the thousand times glorious banner of Liberty before the open and hidden dictatorships, as well as before the scheming of the pseudo-democracies just as you have defended it with your own blood in the Spanish trenches.

Brother Internationals!

Before leaving for your countries accept once more the warm embrace of your Spanish comrades. Leave satisfied and proud of the sacrifices you have made for the Independence of our Fatherland and for Liberty and Democracy the world over. And you may rest assured that we, who remain fighting for universal justice on the Republican fronts are ready to come to the aid of your people if at any time they should be threatened by despotism or servitude.

Major José Antonio Valledor
Commander XV. Brigade

THE DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS

By ANDRÉ MARTY

organizer of the International Brigades

The declaration made by Dr. Negrín on the retirement of the volunteers is of extreme political importance for the unification of all Spaniards whether in Government or Rebel territory against the foreign invaders. Those Spaniards in the rebel zone who were misinformed about the composition of the IB now cannot fail to understand the real national character of the struggle waged by the Republic. At the same time it is also an eloquent testimony of the real power of the Republican Army.

History fails to provide an other example of a head of an army in time of war who, like Dr. Negrín, had announced to officers, commissars and soldiers of proved loyalty and undisputed courage:

«You may leave!»

This simple fact demonstrates that the Republic possesses an army that is capable of defending her and this should be so considered by her friends abroad.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF THE IB

The volunteers of the IB have come from all classes, all political parties and trade unions, organizations of the world. Workers and farmers, petty artisans and tradesmen, professionals and intellectuals fought side by side in Spain, united by their desire to combat fascism. Here fought Ralph Fox, the celebrated English author who died at his post as Company Commissar at Andujar; here fought Lukács, the great Hungarian author who died fighting as a Brigade Commander at Huesca; here died the famous French surgeon, Dubois also at his post and thousands of others.

You could find in the ranks of the IB former officers of every army in the world. But the great majority of the IB was formed of men of the working class of all countries of old and young antifascist fighters. Here fought the German veteran Hans Beimler after his escape from a concentration camp shoulder to shoulder with the young French worker, Bruyères, and both of them died at their posts, comrades-in-arms against the common foe, fascism. Germans and Frenchmen, who twenty years ago had fought against each other at Verdun have here fought together as brothers for the first time in history—united by the same ideals, for freedom and democracy, threatened the world over by fascism.

UNITED IN HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE

Many thousands of them left their lives here — we still do not know their exact numbers. Thousands of them, the bravest, the deepest thinkers, the most warm-hearted and self-sacrificing sons the working-class and humanity at large has ever produced.

And the way these men died! Let me cite an example.

«Tell the comrades of my organization», said a volunteer in mortal agony, «I died worthy of a militant... proud to die fighting for the independence of Spain because my country already has its independence!»

These men had left all their worldly goods behind to offer their lives in the service of the Spanish people. They were motivated by an ideal, by their passion for justice, by a devotion to liberty and democracy. This is the great secret of the strength of the International Brigades and this explains their unbreakable unity, their military efficiency in battle. Unity of thought and feeling against fascism. We have seen other examples of this fact which to some seem like a miracle — we have seen Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, a



whole people united under the banner of Republican Spain unconditionally, without expecting anything; without asking for anything. All united! A young English lad, Mackenzie, the son of a British Admiral, was fighting here and was wounded on the side of an English seaman, taking orders of that very same seaman who was one of the organizers of the mutiny of the British Navy at Invergordon. In the IB the unity is the secret of their strength and the basis of this unity is the hatred of fascism. The IB was formed of men who came to Spain to fight against fascism, accepting unquestionably the orders of the Spanish Government.

LEAVING WITH SAD HEART

The volunteers have played a historic role in the fight against fascism. Aside of their military contribution which was unquestionably important, their presence here had an undisputed moral effect — it expressed the international solidarity and the conscience of the world that is on the side of the Spanish people. Their presence here was tangible proof that the Spanish people were not left alone, were not forsaken by the world.

The volunteers are leaving with profound emotion. They all realize the correctness of the decision taken by the government. They are parting with regret from their friends and comrades, from the Spanish people whom they have learned to love, respect and admire. Politically mature, they understand the political necessity of this decision and they are carrying it out with the same precision as they would a military order. They are only waiting for definite instructions and detailed information to proceed with the evacuation.

The volunteers of the International Brigades will withdraw from Spain without placing the slightest obstacles in the way of the Republican Government, for the volunteers are only interested in one thing — the triumph of the Republic, the triumph of the Spanish people.

BIDDING THE INTERNATIONAL GOOD-BYE

The ceremonies connected with the withdrawal of the volunteers revealed in a dramatic form the deep bonds of affection existing between the Spanish people and the Internationals. Countless number of letters by individuals, organizations, combatants and civilians keep pouring in, all expressing the same thought and sentiment, appreciation and gratitude, the same high respect for these men of ideals and principle who came here to sacrifice their lives, if need be, to aid the Spanish people.

The endless chain of fiestas on Company, Battalion, Brigade, Division and Army Corps scale; the fiestas in the villages, towns, provinces with all their gayety and exuberance carried the same *leit-motif* — the mutual feeling of genuine regret at parting, the knowledge that time will never erase the love the Internationals and Spanish people carry for each other in their heart.

It would be physically impossible to give a lengthy description to every one of these fiestas. We

limit ourselves to the description which we publish below:

A farewell festival in honor of the International Volunteers of the 35th Division was celebrated on Sunday, October 17 — precise day of the second anniversary of the birth of the International Brigades in Albacete — with an unprecedented spirit of genuine comradeship and enthusiasm between Spaniards and Internationals.

During the morning hours a colorful parade of Internationals of the Division took place, reviewed by officials of the Inter-Brigades and officers of the Army of the Ebro. The stolid Germans of the 11th, the indomitable Poles of the 13th, the plucky U. S., British, Cuban and Canuck lads of the 15th, marched down from around the mountain bends, presenting to the reviewers, Reus and Barcelona civilian delegations, a brilliant and inspiring scene of antifascist solidarity: order, discipline, a cadence that carried with it two years of hardening experiences, from Madrid to Cordoba, Guadalajara to



At the reviewing stand — from left to right top row, Luigi Gallo, André Marty and Divisional Commander Merino



At the British Battalion fiesta

Teruel, Aragon and Ebro.

When the parade was over, a dinner was held in a courtyard where present among others, were André Marty, founder and Luigi Gallo, Commissar-Inspector of the International Brigades, Lt. - Col. Hans, until recently Commander of the 45th Division and Ludwig Renn, famous exiled German author.

Honor cards for valiant service to the Spanish cause were presented by José María Sastre, Commissar of the 35th Division, first to André Marty, then to Comrade Gallo and to other chiefs of the different units, among whom figured John Gates, former Commissar of the 15th Brigade, Majors Milton Wolff, Cecil Smith and Sam Wild.

«The Spanish comrades have been thanking us for our contribution toward Spanish democracy», said Comrade Gallo, in his brief talk after dinner, «but I want to take this opportunity, in the name of all Internationals, in the name, in particular, of the men who came from countries under fascist terror, of our German, Polish and my own Italian countrymen who are daily struggling against their fascist oppressors in these lands, to thank the Spanish people for their courageous and unvacillating stand they have taken from the start of the war and continue to take in the face of treachery of the democracies. I want to thank this brave people for giving us the chance to fight shoulder to shoulder with them against our common fascist enemy of civilization».

Comrade Marty outlined the role of the true volunteers, ridiculing the Moorish, German and Italian mercenaries whom the traitor Franco brought over from other lands to strangle democracy

in Spain. «With a mad dog, we cannot fool», he said, «we must annihilate it. Fascism is a mad dog and we shall kill it».

Among his closing words were: «The true volunteers leave their rifles and depart from Spain to carry on the battle against fascism in their own lands. The battle-front for them will now be in Varsovia, Paris, London, New York, wherever the volunteer returns, his voice will be raised in defense of the Spanish people and against fascism. They leave their rifles as a weapon and take up the instrument of propaganda for the Republic of Spain.»

Mateo Merino, commander of the 35th Division was hailed with a storm of applause for his recent ascension from Major to Lieutenant-Colonel by the Spanish Government.

Dancing took place in the late afternoon and evening. The Division band provided American, Spanish and Catalan dance music.

Criest to hear from Lt. - Col. Taguëña and Commissar Fulsimaña, chiefs of the 15th Army Corps (in which the 35th Division is incorporated), who were present at the dance, were echoed throughout the crowded hall. Comrade Fulsimaña spoke first, bidding farewell to the International Volunteers and asserted that the People's Army will know how to carry on the splendid tradition of the International Brigades on all fronts. He added that the greatest tribute to the memory of the outgoing volunteers will be paid by smashing fascism on Spanish soil.

Lt. - Col. Taguëña laid emphasis on the new powers of the Peoples Army and told how the Internationals helped in the creation of this Army.

JOHN TISA

The History of the Mac-



In the front lines at Sierra Pandols

The Canadian Mac-Paps, one of the hardest fighting units in the International Brigades, have blazed a trail of important military achievements since Oct. 13th, 1937 — the day they received the best and longest training any battalion had received up to that time. The Mac-Paps were called into their first action on October 13th at Fuentes de Ebro. Every man was ready, every man was eager and when the order came to go over the top the Battalion gave a good account of itself. The only criticism that may be advanced is that the boys were a bit too daring and too reckless — a characteristic they share in common with all the Republican troops. From the days of the first Fuentes battles the name of the Mac-Paps has become known throughout Spain. In those early days the Mac-Paps were led by Capt. Bob

Thompson and Commissar Joe Dallet. Capt. Thompson has since returned to the United States suffering from sickness and his early wound and Commissar Dallet fell in the Fuentes battle at the head of his troops.

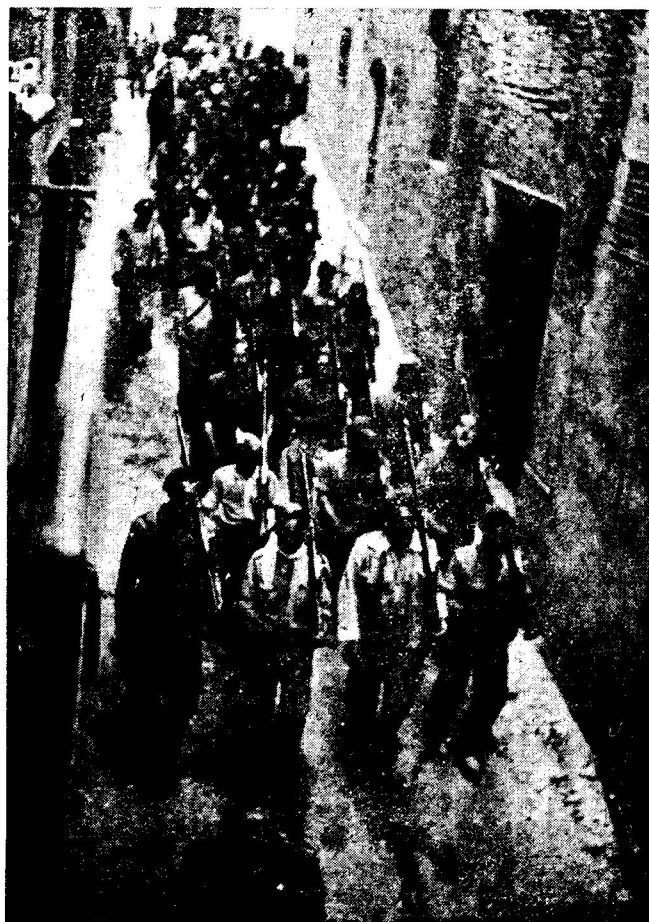
It should be explained that the presence of Americans and Spaniards in the Canadian Battalion is due to the policy of « mixed brigades » followed by the Republican Army — a good way to promote international solidarity and to increase fighting efficiency.

The comradeship between Canadians, Americans and Spaniards who fight fascism shoulder to shoulder can serve as an example to the people back home to unite, against the spreading fascism in Canada. Undoubtedly the volunteers who are returning from the Spanish struggle will contribute much to the anti-fascist movement in Canada.

It was while the Battalion was at rest in an old Spanish castle at Tazuela de Torres that the outstanding Canadian Volunteer — Captain E. Cecil Smith joined the Mac-Paps. Sol Wellman was then Battalion Commissar, taking over the post formerly held by Joe Dallet. Smith's former military knowledge and Canadian background fitted him eminently for the post of Commander to which position he was soon promoted. Since then his name has been identified with every action of the Mackenzie-Papineau Bat-

Company Three of the Mac-Paps made its legendary stand here. Under the leadership of Lieut. Lionel Edwards of Edmonton this company held its trenches while the enemy artillery was literally blasting the top off the hill. The German artillery expected anyone to remain alive in that sector after that terrific barrage and confidently advised an attack.

Our boys, who clung to their battered trenches despite the terrific shelling permitted the enemy to advance within rifle and ma-



Mac-Paps marching to anniversary festa



Major Smith and Frank Rogers, the Commander and Commissar of Mac-Paps

talion. It was soon after Captain Smith joined the Battalion that the Mac-Paps performed that outstanding feat in the defense of Teruel during the cold days of January.

Without a doubt Teruel was the outstanding battle of the year for the Mac-Paps. The entire XV. International Brigade composed of American, Canadian, English and Spanish Battalion was called upon to defend the newly-won Republican victory at Teruel. During the heaviest artillery barrage of the war, a barrage unequalled until then in intensity and accuracy, the Mac-Paps held a vital sector of the front.

Machine-gun range and then opened devastating fire on them, driving the fascists back with enormous losses. The enemy was completely routed. Recalling the Teruel days the boys in the Battalion still refer to that position as « Suicide Hill » or « Edwards' Hill ».

The heroism of the Canadians at Teruel won the praise not only of our own Army Command but of the war correspondents and Military Observers from Britain and the United States as well. The Battalion received a special citation of bravery from the Army and Captain E. Cecil Smith was promoted to the rank of Major for his brilliant leadership in the ac-

Kenzie-Papineu Battalion



At Fuentes de Ebro

tion. The Mac-Paps were next herad from in the later part of February when plans were being discussed for a «golpe de mano», a surprise attack far behind the enemy lines. For this dangerous mission the Mac-Paps and the Lincoln-Washingtons were chosen — the Mac ap's leading the way



At the anniversary fiesta

through a break in the enemy lines — moving quietly but qswiftly during the night. They reached their objectives none too early and at the first crack of the dawn they pounced on the enemy fortifications on a high hill. Taken completely by surprise the enemy put up very little resistance and in a few minutes it was all over. «The fascists were caught with their pants off» is how the men describe the action. Much credit for the successful action must be given to the heroic lads who volunteered to crawl up the Seguro de los Baños hill and cut the barbed wire in advance of the attack.

When the fascists started their large scale spring offensive early March the Mac-Paps were put into the lines at Azuara. It was the «big push» of the fascists but only another fight for the Mac-Paps as they went into the lines. The enemy attacked with overwhelming forces and the pressure was so great that orders for retreat were given. But the lines of communications were broken and the order failed to reach the Battalion. Practically surrounded,

the answer to all appeals to retire was:

«We have no orders except to hold the lines» — signed Majorm Smith.

When the order to retreat was finally communicated the Mac-Paps had to fight their way out of the enemy encirclement. was trek from Azuara to Lecera. a long and arduous one. The fascists pushed ahead with fast moving whippet tanks and the ired troops received the order to hold the enemy advance at all costs to give time to the reorganization of our forces. The Mac-Paps had to make a stand against the advancing tanks. Tanks are calculated to cause panic and fear but the Mac-Paps, with only rifles and machine-guns — and with concentrated fire — stopped them at Lecera.

The enemy continued its overwhelming pressure reinforced by heavy artillery and hundreds of bombing and strafing planes and the order came to retreat to Caspe. These were tragic days, no rest, no sleep, no food for days.

At Caspe the Mac-Paps were ordered to counter-attack the enemy positions on Cemetery Hill. Led by the heroic Captain Nill Mafela, and with only limited arms they drove the enemy from the hill. Advancing with strong forces the enemy reoccupied the hill and after a brief rest the Mac-Paps made another counter-attack despite the terrific odds. Captai Makela received a mortal wound in this action but his name will live on forever as a symbol of Canadian heroism in Spain.

During the March offensive the fascists had to pay dearly for every inch of progress. The next battle was at Gandesa where the Mac-Paps and the British held off six tank-attacks. This stand enabled our forces to prepare the Ebro river defense which petinantly syopped the fascist offen-



In the front lines near Gandesa

sive. One cannot speak of the fight at Gandesa without paying tribute to Lieut. Sol Rose, who later became Battalion Adjutant. His courage and antifascist convictions inspired everyone to get into the battle.

Those March days were tragic days for the Battalion. Everyone's faith in victory was tested. The Government issued the solgan; «Resistance is victory!» Many doubted. Others could not understand. But today this slogan is understood by all and it a living reality.

Our successful Ebro River crising offensive was a revenge for our fallen comrades. The important role played by the Mac-Paps in these Ebro battles is being told elsewhere. The Republican Army is on a forward march on all the fronts. And when the history of this war is finally written, the hard fighting Mac-Paps will be given a prominent place in the victory of Republican Spain.

FRANK ROGERS

Comm. Mackenzie-Papineau Bon.



Sol Rose, Battalion ajudant, killed in action near Gandesa



Mac-Paps posing with their flag in front of Canadian ambulance

FROM ASTURIAS TO RIO EBRO



B. H. Q. at Sierra Pandols

II

The Brigade crossed the Ebro as if on maneuver. Squad after squad rushed the riverbank, embarked in boats, rowed across, clambered quickly up the mountains on the other side of the river. The intense period of training and maneuvers has born fruit. The «beefers» who had resented the «silly night maneuvers» where they were ordered to approach a dried out riverbed silently, take a short sprint in small groups, crouch down and row with imaginary oars, jump and run fast for the nearest cover now realized the wisdom underlying «this play-acting».

The crossing took on the appearance of a beach party. The Ebro river which for months had presented an insurmountable barrier to the fascist advance, yielded easily to the audacious attack of the Republican Army. Men and Command were equally jubilant. Valledor stood on the exposed beach with his Staff unmindful of the fascist 75's, supervising the operation and as the crossing proceeded in quick order he kept on exclaiming jubilantly:

«Look at them. Just like on maneuvers!».

The Battalions that crossed rapidly reformed their lines on the other side and advanced cross-country over the mountains towards their objectives.

The Brigade made rapid progress. The fascists, completely underestimating the offensive capacity of the reorganized Republican Army, concentrated most of their troops at the Levante for a drive on Valencia, leaving the Ebro sector denuded. Their remaining troops, comparatively few in numbers, were taken by surprise and offered but sporadic resistance. The Lincoln-Washington and the 59th Battalions moved towards Fatarella wiping out all resistance on the way while the Mac-Paps after a brief fight took Ascó with defending garrison, batteries and all. The

Attacks and counterattacks. — "Just like in Asturias!". — Major Valledor exults as the Brigade proceeds to administer defeat after defeat to the fascists

By SANDOR VOROS

(Former Chief of the Commissariat of the XV International Brigade)

British Battalion advanced on the left flank protecting the rear of the 13th Brigade and clearing the mountains of the few bands who were putting up a desperate resistance.

The end of the day's fighting found the 35. Division a few kilometres south of Gandesa, fully 24 hours ahead of its schedule. Corbera was ours, taken by the 13.

reached the fascists they reacted with fury. In a few hours Italian and German planes literally darkened the skies looking for the advancing troops and bombing everything within sight. The Fascists were rushing up troops, artillery and tanks, depending on their airforce in the meantime to paralyze the advance by destroying bridges, bombing communication lines, and

resumed their march. The planes strafed and bombed but the trained troops did not panic and consequently suffered few casualties. Subjectively, these bombings had an adverse effect to that they intended to create. After being bombed and machine-gunned repeatedly by dozens of planes with hardly any casualties the men gained in confidence and even the new recruits discovered to their own satisfaction that aerial bombing in the field is far less effective than the imagination may make it appear.

The troops halted at night, tired but jubilant. They have marched all night and all day without food or water; they have crossed the river and penetrated far into fascist territory; they have fought and routed the enemy capturing prisoners and valuable war material; they have been bombed and strafed over and over again and proved they can take it; the new recruits, mostly Catalan youth, acquitted themselves creditably under their first fire — they had all reasons to be jubilant. They were full of fight and impatient to go on. They had confidence in their leadership — Major Valledor and his Staff was always on the spot, advancing with the vanguard and giving personal direction to the operations.

By next day the fascist resistance stiffened materially. They managed to bring up heavy reinforcements at the cost of discontinuing their Levante offensive — the main objective of the Republican Army in crossing the Ebro. They had artillery and tanks while the Republican troops were still limited to machine guns and rifles alone since the bridges over the Ebro were destroyed by bombing as fast as they were being put up due to lack of anti-aircraft defenses.

To meet the stiffened resistance the Division assigned the British and Mac-Pap Battalions to the 13 Brigade in whose sector they were operating. This left Valledor temporarily in command of only two Battalions, the Lincoln-Washingtons and the 59th. No Commander ever likes to part with any part of his troops even temporarily but Valledor did not show a trace of resentment. Victory over the enemy was his only consideration, personal ambition or vanity never entered his make-up.

His concern for these troops manifested itself in another way. Although the British and Mac-Paps were outside of his command and responsibility for them rested with the 13th Brigade, Valledor would visit them in broad daylight disregarding the artillery barrage and assist them with badly needed supplies.

When, after two weeks of intense fighting, of attacks and counter-attacks, the troops were relieved for a few days of rest and the Brigade was reunited Valledor was as happy as if at a family reunion. He dipped into his private stock



Crossing of the Ebro

Brigade which formed the spearhead of the attack.

The advance was not all smooth sailing. While many of the enemy forces were clearly demoralised and offered but feeble resistance, some of their troops held on desperately on the mountain tops and had to be dislodged by assault and handgrenades. And then, the fascist aviation!

Their observation plane appeared early in the morning. One flight over the river was enough. After dropping its load of bombs it scurried back with the report—sped on its way by volleys of rifle and machine-gun fire from the ground.

The first encounter with the plane demonstrated the effectiveness of the anti-air training. Instead of ceasing all activity while the plane was overhead the men opened fire on it, forcing it up to such high altitude that its bombs fell wide from the mark despite the dense concentration of troops on the riverbank.

As soon as news of the offensive

forcing the advancing troops to lie down and take to cover.

The planes followed the same tactics that had proved so effective during their Aragon offensive. They came in threes, in sixes, in dozens and at times in groups as many as 50-60 heavy bombers with their complement of innumerable chasers,—Fiats, Heinkels, Dorniers and Messerschmidts of all types, and armaments. They would circle overhead slowly, going around and around with an overpowering roar of the motors to strike terror into the heart of all living; to serve notice that they see everything and nothing alive can escape their observation; to panic the infantry with a terrific doom of inevitable destruction.

Impressive as the circus was it did not work this time. Disregarding the planes the troops continued their rapid forward march taking to cover only when the planes were heading straight towards them. Immediately the planes passed overhead the troops

and dished out cigarettes to everybody within reach; he solicitously inquired about the health of everyone; he was open with praise and eager to discuss details; he shook hands, patted shoulders and peremptorily ordered the writer who had been with the British during the offensive to have his two weeks growth of beard shaved off immediately. He knew about everything and was ready to listen to everybody, exhibiting an intimacy with his men that normally would take long months to acquire.

Going back to the lines at Sierra Pandols, the Brigade had the task of holding back the fierce fascist counter-attacks that had as their objective, as widely announced in the world press, to drive the Republican Army back to the other side of the Ebro. The fascists attacked with an intense concentration of artillery and avion bombardment without a let up for days, squandering men and material recklessly but the Brigade held fast.

When the Brigade moved in there were hardly any fortifications. For the most part the men had to find whatever little cover there was behind rocks and crevices, in shell craters and in shallow trenches hardly a foot or two deep. The rocky mountain tops lent themselves little to fortification work but Valledor came from Asturias where he had learnt how to face such obstacles. Under his orders fortification work was carried on ceaselessly with notable results. The first days flying rock caused almost as many casualties as shrapnel but as fortification work increased the number of casualties sharply declined. Valledor worked with untiring energy, visiting positions, ordering improvements. On one of these tours a shell landed



In battle — Sierra Caballs

right in the midst of his party mortally wounding captain Schmidt, Chief of the Engineers, who was walking on his side. Valledor was deeply moved by the loss of this capable comrade but continued with his tour.

When the Brigade left Sierra Pandols it turned over to the relieving troops a network of fortifications that was able to withstand the heaviest bombardment; fortifications that had enabled the Brigade to repulse attack after attack, forcing the enemy to retire in disorder and leave the fields strewn with the bodies of some of their best shock-troops. The Division Order citing the Brigade for exemplary work was well deserved by men and Commander alike.

After a few days rest the Brigade was again called into action under conditions that would try any but the stoutest hearts. After a concentration of artillery fire and aerial bombardment that surpassed world war intensity and which literally blasted the top off the mountains where our defending

forces were located, the fascist succeeded in forcing a breach which, unless countered immediately, might have resulted very seriously. The Brigade was given the urgent task to bridge the gap immediately and hold up at all costs the fascist infantry which was advancing with tanks behind the terrific barrage.

When the call came the Brigade was in reserve, in an other part of the front, quite a few miles away from the threatened sector. It was broad daylight with planes continuously overhead, a time where any movement of troops was bound to evoke immediate response from the artillery and planes.

Speed was all important. The troops had to get there in time or it might be too late. Valledor did not hesitate.

The Battalions were immediately assembled and rushed to the threatened sector. To speed up the movement Valledor, with an audacious move, ordered the troops to be transported by the brigade trucks over the shell-swept highway which

was under open artillery observation. His calculations proved to be correct. The artillery and aviation was so preoccupied with the sector under immediate attack that the highways were overlooked and the transport of troops was accomplished without casualties. By the time the artillery recovered from its surprise and began paying serious attention the troops were moving into counterattack over the fields. In less than two and half hours from the time of the order the Brigade was exchanging shots with the enemy, stopping their advance.

In the ensuing operations Valledor got into his full stride. This was the type of warfare he was accustomed to in the Asturias—defensive warfare, defense by manoeuvre and counter-attack, holding on to every inch of the ground, never overlooking a favorable position either for defense or as a starting point from where to launch an offensive.

The Battalions responded splendidly. Time after time they turned back attacks by tanks with machine-gun fire and hand-grenades. At one time the fascists attacked with 27 tanks, sending 10 tanks against the Lincoln-Washington alone.—the attack was repulsed. One company of the 59th Battalion, composed entirely of Spaniards, turned back six tanks by rifle fire putting one entirely out of commission.

Sticking to their post even under the most intense barrage, they mowed down the attacking fascist infantry and counter-attacked with unflinching courage whenever they received the order. The Mac-Paps made six attacks in a single day. They faced the best shock-troops of Franco, the Navarees, Tercios, and Moors and inflicted terrific casualties on them.

During one of these attacks they brought down a fascist plane by rifle fire—a feat that caused boundless enthusiasm and, incidentally, gave rise to considerable rivalry since each Battalion claimed the honor for its own.

One of the outstanding feats of this action was taking a commanding height from the fascists by a brilliant manoeuvre in which the British and the 59th Battalions played the prominent roles.

«The Brigade has worked as one unit throughout», commented Valledor afterwards, «and has again demonstrated that it could be depended on under any and all conditions. Tanks are not phantastic monsters and our men learned how to make them turn back fast. The Brigade knows how to carry out orders with audacity, speed and accuracy. And the basis of all this is the excellent spirit of friendship and co-operation between our Spanish and International comrades».

The battle of Ebro is far from being over. The Internationals had been withdrawn. But every single one of them feels secure that the XV Brigade, under the able leadership of this Asturian, will keep on adding many more glorious chapters to the history of the Republican Army.



Valledor visiting the British Battalion near Gandesa

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS

The first British volunteers arrived in Spain in October 1936. They came singly at first, then in small groups. By December they were coming in hundreds and early in January they were able to form a complete Battalion, becoming the foundation Battalion of the XV. Brigade.

When the Battalion went into action in February at Jarama it was fortunate to have within its ranks a company which had already gone through the baptism of fire. The first English speaking company — now the Major Attlee Company — composed of British and Irish volunteers did valiant work during December and January on the Cordoba and Madrid fronts. It joined the British Battalion on the eve its departure in February.

From that day to this, the British Battalion, now the oldest Battalion in the XV. Brigade has taken part in every action in which the Brigade has fought. Its history is one of sacrifice, heroism and endurance that could only be found in a Battalion of



British Battalion on march

peculiarities of the type of fighting in Spain. Lack of arms and pressure of time has robbed them of the opportunity for adequate training. The Jarama campaign was a baptism of such a fierce and sudden character, fought under

in every one of them the British volunteers have brought honour to their country. Who can mention Teruel without remembering the British Battalion which for nearly a month held and improved its positions in face of the most cruel

had gone and disaster seemed inevitable.

At Caspe, surrounded by machine guns and tanks, the Battalion again fought its way out. When Sam Wild, Battalion Commander, and a number of others were captured they used their fists in good old British style and got away. Three times the Battalion was driven back by withering artillery and machine gun fire. Three times it went forward again at tremendous cost until ordered to withdraw by the Brigade.

At Gaudesa, reduced to 70 men — with the other Battalions to 200 — it held the road all day on that vital 2nd of April. It repulsed six attacks by tanks and did not budge an inch in face of the continuous artillery fire. By its stand that day the Battalion gave the main army time to cross the Ebro and blow up the bridges thus bringing to an end the fascist advance.

Now the Battalion has fought its last action as an International Battalion. In the first Ebro offensive the Battalion has fought in the glorious traditions of Jarama. The epic of Hill 481 is too fresh in the memory, the thoughts of



At the Battalion fiesta

high morale and a deep political conviction.

The enemy knows the stuff of which our Battalion is made. Against it both here and in Britain a stream of lies and misrepresentations have been directed by Franco and his friends. How many times have they announced the wiping out of the Battalion? Yet in subsequent battles, could they still speak, many Moors, Italians and Phalangists could have testified sadly to the contrary.

From every one of its actions the Battalion has been able to draw some lesson. In every succeeding battle it has gone in more highly trained, able to deliver more powerful blows to the enemy. Today it is at the height of its glory and is the pride of the British Labour Movement.

Looking back at some of the feats of the Battalion one marvels at the endurance, the heroism and capacity for sacrifice that has been displayed.

At Jarama the volunteers had practically no knowledge of the

the worst possible conditions, that even if no other action had been fought, the record of the Battalion would still be an epic.

In subsequent actions the high traditions of Jarama were well maintained. There is not sufficient space available for me to detail the various campaigns but

artillery barrage which the war had up to then produced?

In the tragic days of March and April, 1938, when the defeatists and pessimists were at their loudest, the Battalion fought to the last ditch for every position.

At Belchite it fought its way out of the town when its flanks



Part of the staff — British Battalion



At the Battalion fiesta

comrades who fell too painful to allow of an adequate description. It is a story that will thrill generations to come — the story of action that won for the British Battalion the title « Shock Battalion of the XV. Brigade ».

And those who return — they return with the pride of men who have made history. They have saved the honour of their country. They have proved to the brave people of Spain that the real Britain is their friend and has nothing in common with Chamberlain.

They go home to launch such a campaign as will rouse the entire country and drive this Government of Chamberlain into the oblivion it deserves.

We have confidence in you. You will go forward with the aid which the Internationals will mobilize in the democratic countries to complete victory and independence for Spain.

Bob Cooney

Commissar, British (57th) B'on.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN SPAIN

Of all the International volunteers the Americans were the last ones to appear on the scene in Spain. The first volunteers were mostly from the neighboring countries, mainly from France. Only when the struggle had shown indications of becoming a prolonged one did the Americans come to Spain in considerable numbers.

Aside from a few individuals, the first organized group of American volunteers arrived in Spain on January 5, 1937. In a few weeks enough of them had arrived to form a Battalion of their own, the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. They went into action for the first time in the middle part of February at Jarama and though the majority had only two or three weeks previous military training and the rest none at all, they gave a good account of themselves right from the start. Only when the Jarama front became a stationary one did they have a chance to start training in earnest — right in the front lines.

While the Lincolns were holding the lines at Jarama, new volunteers kept arriving every month. Soon there was enough of them to form a second Battalion, the George Washington. When the XV. Brigade entered the Brunete offensive on July 6, 1937, it was able to draw on two American Battalions, the Lincoln and the Washington. Both Battalions did exceedingly well in the offensive, so much so that they received special mention and from then on the Americans were counted as on par with the best International troops. Quite an accomplishment. Quite an accomplishment for the other International troops were composed, for the most part, of seasoned men, many of them with years of previous military service and world war experience.

During the Brunete offensive the two American Battalions were merged into one, taking on the name of Lincoln-Washington Battalion.

The Lincoln-Washington Battalion participated in every engagement fought by the XV. Brigade. Quinto, Belchite, Fuentes de Ebro, Teruel, Seguros de los Baños, the defense of Aragon and the Ebro offensive are forever linked with the name of the XV. Brigade and the Lincoln-Washington Battalion.

The fighting ability displayed by the Lincoln Washington Battalion was to a large extent, responsible for the gradual changing of public opinion in the United States towards Loyalist Spain. Even the most reactionary American newspapers couldn't help but feature the feat of arms performed by their valiant countrymen in Spain.

It would take volumes to relate in detail all the individual acts of bravery performed by the American volunteers of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion and in the other units where they served. For the participation of the American volunteers did not limit itself to this battalion alone. The two English speaking Batteries, the John Brown and the Second Battery both had a large contingent of American volunteers. Americans had also played an important part in transportation and in the organization of the First Regiment of Train. And last, but not least, there were the American doctors and nurses sent by the Medical Bureau, who came to well earned fame by their own right.

The American volunteers represented a cross section of contemporary America. Sons of rich and poor, farmhands and factory workers, students and teachers, college professors, seamen, clerks and white collar workers, artists, writers, painters, newspapermen — there is hardly any calling in life that lacked representation. Descendants of the early American pioneers' men from every state of the Union, Negro and White, native born and Americans of foreign extraction fought shoulder to shoulder with their Spanish brothers united by a principle, by the common

love of freedom, democracy and peace.

Fighting with the Americans from their first action on was an important group of Central and South Americans — volunteers from Cuba, Mexico, Argentina — the bravest of the brave.

The chapter of the International Brigades has closed. Their historic mission finished, the volunteers are leaving for home. But the lessons they have learned here will never be forgotten. As the American volunteers have stated in their farewell message over the radio:

« Fighting shoulder to shoulder with our heroic Spanish comrades we have learned more in these months from our personal experiences than we could have learned from book in fifty years at home.

« We have learned how to rip off the demagogic mask of fascism to expose its full savage barbarity that lies beneath it. We have seen « Christianity defended » by Moors, and the massacre of hundreds of thousand Catholics in the name of « Christianity ». We have seen Catholic priests hanged, shot, murdered by the fascist hordes because they chose to remain faithful to faith. We have seen a country invaded, her innocent people, men, women, and children butchered her towns, villages razed to the ground. And we know that the same fate awaits our own country, our own people unless fas-

cism is checked, and checked in time.

« We are departing with a lesson that we learned from you in Spain. This lesson was sealed in blood, in the blood of hundreds of our best friends and comrades, the bravest sons America has produced. But this lesson, bought at the highest price, may well be the salvation of not only America, but of all humanity — if acted upon in time.

« This lesson is the strength that lies in unity; the strength of a people united in a government of a genuine People's Front — in the interest of the people themselves.

« We have learned that fascism can never conquer a country whose people are united; that fascism can be brought to its knees by a people who rise against it; that fascism can be smashed by a people who value their freedom above everything else.

« We are departing full of confidence in the ability of the heroic Spanish People's Army to bring this war to victory.

« And we are leaving with a promise — a pledge, solemn and grave — that we will not rest a single minute until the « arms embargo » is lifted to permit Spain to obtain the arms she needs — and that we will dedicate our lives to help to smash fascism forever so that freedom, peace, and democracy prevail.

TO ENGLAND

from the English dead

We, who were English once had eyes and saw
The savage greed of those who made this war
Tear up firm earth, like a hog loose in flowers
So many lives as young and strong as ours,
You, England, stood apart from Spain's affair,
You said you were secure in sea and cliff
While others sank in filthy war, as if
You kept some old virginity in there.
While the black armies marched and the dead fell,
You toldeo your English people all was well,
And shutting eyes to war was finding peace.
You told them once, all slavery must cease.
Dishonourable England! We in Spain
Who died, died proudly, but not in your name;
Our friends will keep the love we felt for you
Among your moist green landscapes and smoot hills,
Talk of it over honest window sills
And teach our children we were not untrue.
Not for those others, more like alien men
Who, quick to please our slayers, let them pass,
Not for them
We English lie beneath the Spanish grass.

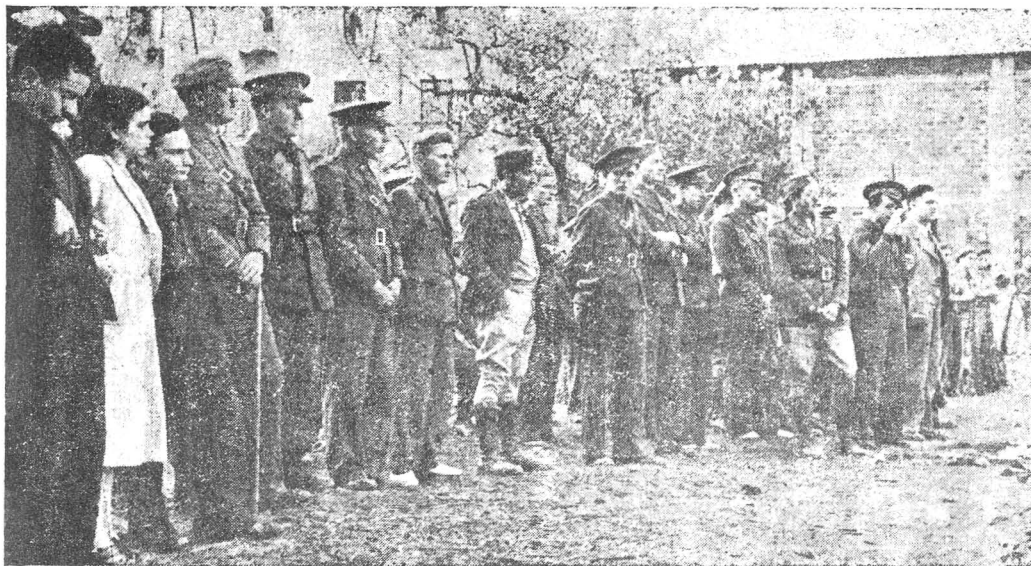
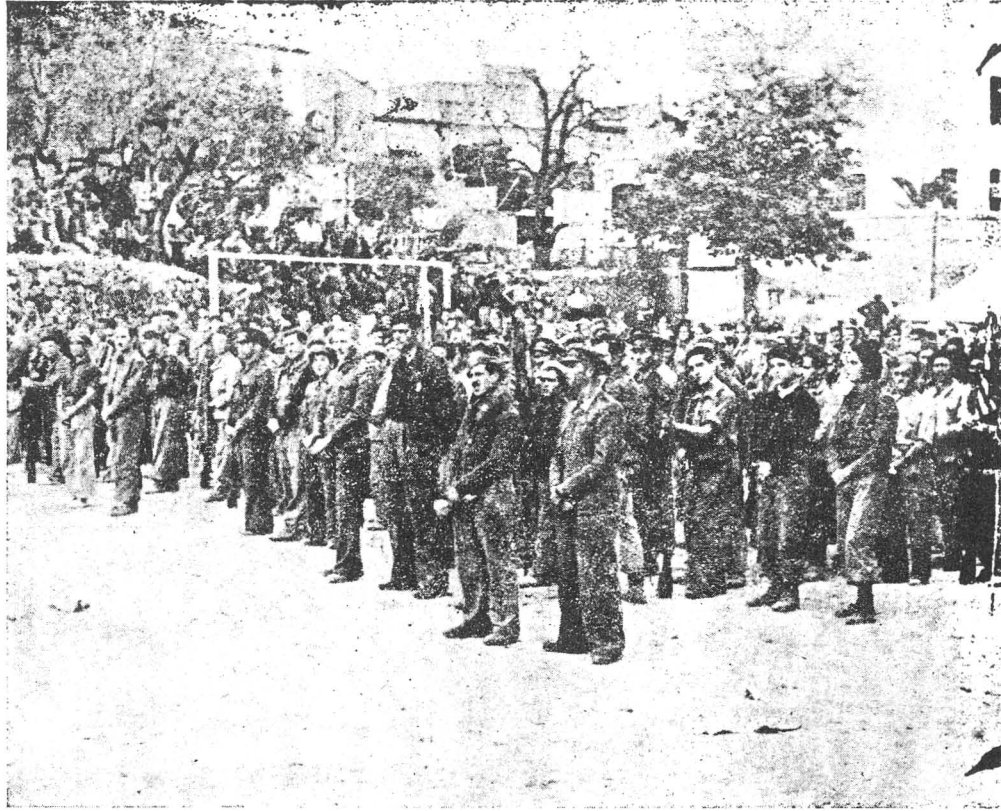
THE GUNNER

The gunner on his crest
Watched the battalions waiting to assault
And saw his friend, relaxed there as if dead
Among the rest.
He'll go at the first shout, the gunner said,
Meantime the waiting makes his mind still
As a watch when it's wound up sometimes will
Until you shake it.
He'll go — I know that fellow well enough,
I shouldn't wonder if the going's tough.
Oh God, the gunner said, I hope he'll make it!
There's that damned fascist rather going again.
Give me another five, Chief, or they'll start
Before we've got it. Give me another five —
I want to see that man come out alive.

Miles Tomalin



Some Officers of the Lincoln-Washington



THE LAST BR

The withdrawal of
from the X'

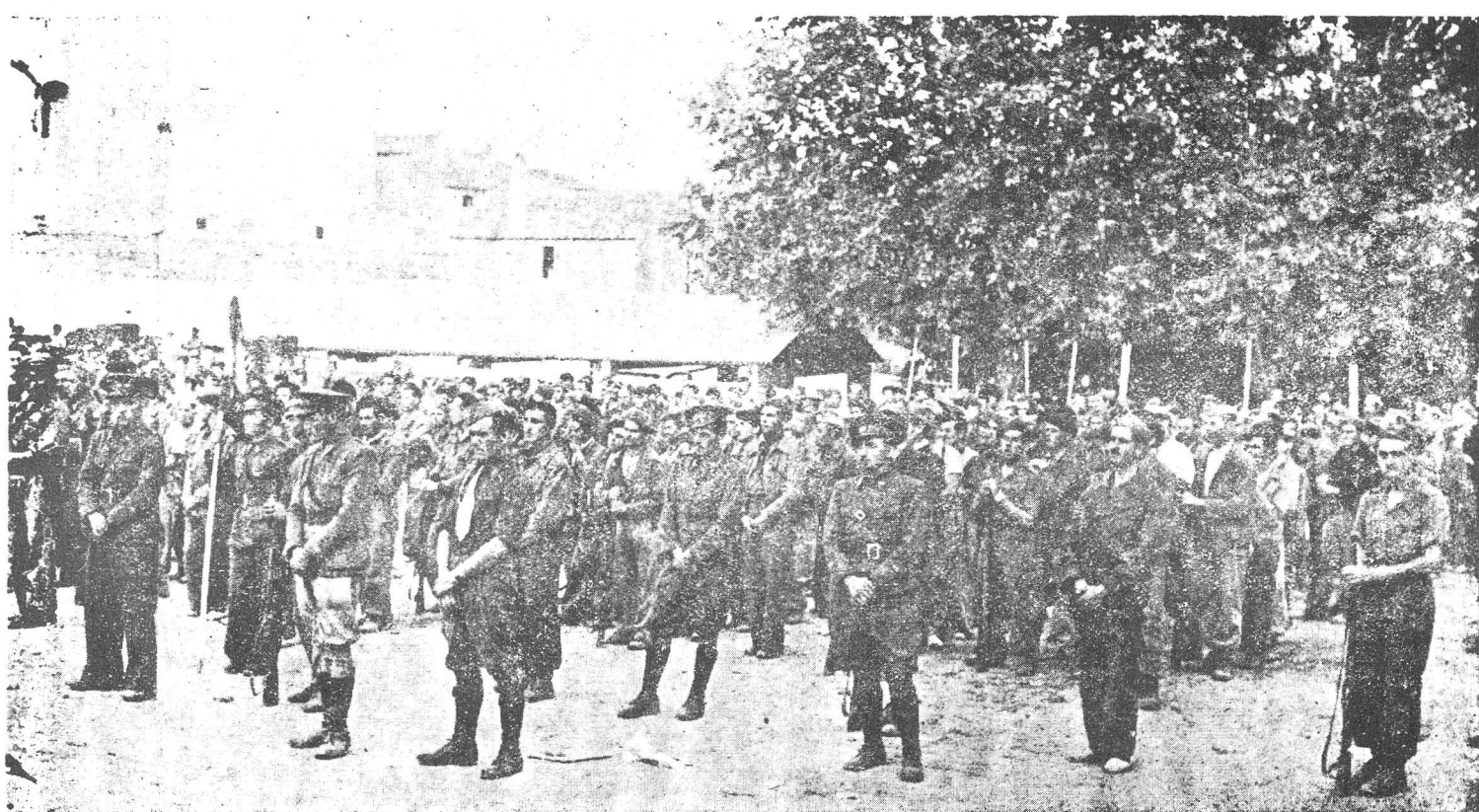
Top center — The Brigade at
farewell parade.

Top left — John Gates, departing
Commissar delivering
his last address to the
troop.

Center left — Officers and some
of the trade union delegates
at the reviewing stand.

Bottom left — Departing
Internationals of the Lincoln-
Washington Battalion.





GADE PARADE

the Internationals
/ Brigade

Center, right — The farewell banquet.

Bottom center — Major Malcolm Dunbar, Chief of Staff.

Bottom, right — Departing Internationals of the British Battalion.





PUBLISHED BY THE WAR COMMISSARIAT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

For correspondence, use the following address: VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

S. R. I. 555-E P. MÉNDEZ VIGO, No. 5 BARCELONA

VOL. II - No. 35 BARCELONA NOVEMBER 7 - 1938

The "Fighting Canucks"

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a short history of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion — a year of fighting and outstanding military achievements that made the «fighting Canucks» known all over Spain. At this time it is well to recall that the record of the Canadian volunteers antedates by far the formation of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion.

The Canadians have been fighting in Spain ever since Jarama, going into action at the same time as the volunteers from United States. The original Lincoln Battalion had a whole section of Canadians at the time it received its baptism of fire in the bitter days of February, 1937.

At Brunete the George Washington Battalion (later merged with the Lincolns) had entered into battle with an entire company of Canadians under the command of Lieut. Yardos from Toronto and it was here that the term «fighting Canucks» originated — bestowed upon the Canadians by their comrades-in-arms as a tribute to their fearless and courageous action.

Neither was the contribution of the Canadians limited to the XV. Brigade alone. Canadians of foreign extraction made up an important contingent of the Dombrowsky, Rakosi and Dimitrov Battalions. The artillery and anti-aircraft, the transport and Sanitary Service have all had their fair quota of Canadians.

Wherever they served they were noted for their devotion, their unswerving loyalty to the antifascist cause — capable, courageous, able and dependable — the hard-hitting «fighting Canucks» the Canadian people can well be proud of.

THE LAST ISSUE

With the present issue the *Volunteer for Liberty* suspends publication. We announce this fact with regret mingled with pleasure — regret over the passing of the magazine that has been so closely tied up with our life here; and the pleasure that arises out of the knowledge that the *Volunteer for Liberty* along with the International volunteers have fulfilled the role assigned to them by History.

The *Volunteer for Liberty* has been a magazine for soldiers by soldiers. It was first published by the Commissariat of War of the International Brigades along with similar publications in French, German, Italian, Czech and Polish on May 24th, 1937, to bring to the volunteers in their own language, an account of the development of the struggle in which they were engaged. All the editors, beginning with Ralph Bates, and followed by Edwin Rolfe, John Tisa, and the present editors have been members of the International Brigades with a record of front service and military experience as were most of our contributors. Our aim was to mirror the shifting scenes of the Spanish struggle and to organize the experiences of its reader-participants in order to equip them better for the battle against fascism.

The role played by the International volunteers is treated fully by Comrade André Marty elsewhere in this issue and it needs no repetition here. It is sufficient to state that the *Volunteer for Liberty* shares the fully confidence of all English



Sorry, Carney, but it just hasn't worked out that way

Going through his pockets your editor found an old clipping which he has long treasured and which was a constant source of enjoyment to him, especially during the Ebro battles.

The clipping is from the *New York Times*, April 17, 1938, and is a product of the masterly collaboration between our old friends Carney and the Generalissimo. We reproduce it in full, if for no other purpose than to emphasize the military lesson it contains, to wit: It takes two to make a bargain.

INSURGENTS' PLANS OUTLINED

By WILLIAM P. CARNEY

Special cable to The New York Times

VINAROZ, Spain, April 16 — While the Nationalists (Insurgents) consolidated their positions in this sector today their military situation was summarized by one of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's staff officers here.

He said all land communications — namely, telephone, telegraph, railroad and highway connections — between Catalonia and the rest of republican Spain had been severed. The Government's best troops, summoned hastily from Madrid and other fronts to the Catalan front, have been isolated, he declared, and he asserted that the republicans' inability to manoeuvre would make possible the continued destruction of their army bit by bit.

The Maestrazgo region, which is the key to Valencia's defenses, has been lost, it was said, and the republican forces in the Teruel sector are now in a critical position. Thus Sagunto, with its metal works, is threatened, because it is on the direct road from Teruel. Moreover the expected capture of Tortosa will give General Franco control of the Ebro Valley from Saragossa to the sea.

General Franco's troops now occupy a Mediterranean front twelve and a half miles long. The staff officer predicted that this seacoast front would be lengthened almost fifty miles within three days. He declared that all the republican forces in the Tortosa sector were being gradually surrounded and that they would be obliged to flee toward Barcelona before next Tuesday. Madrid, he said, will have to be abandoned soon for lack of food and munitions. The Alicante, Cartagena and Murcia zones will capitulate rapidly when serious operations begin there, he added.

Within a fortnight, the officer declared, General Franco's fleet will have two new Mediterranean bases — Tortosa and Valencia — besides Vinaroz, and soon thereafter, he said, Tarragona will be captured.



Sam Romer of the Mac-Paps, one of the exchanged 14 American prisoners

speaking volunteers in the ability of the heroic Spanish People's Army to measure up to all tasks that it is called upon to face.

In saying farewell to our readers, our comrades-in-arms, we express the hope that the strong bond of comradeship that has grown up between the Internationals from the various countries on the other, will become even stronger as the years pass by, as our fight for liberty, democracy, and peace shifts to other fronts in other lands. The *Volunteer for Liberty* was one of the expressions of this common bond a comradeship baptized by fire and cemented by countless heroic sacrifices. We hope that the *Volunteer for Liberty* will be reborn, and perpetuated in England, in the United States, and Canada as the organ of the veterans of the Spanish struggle, as the expression of our future fight against fascism and war — as a lasting tribute to our heroic dead.

On with the fight, Volunteers of Liberty!

Hasta la victoria final!

SANDOR VOROS, editor.

CAN WE EVER FORGET...

After two years of lying in trenches, bomb-holes under the most difficult conditions, we have had ample time to draw certain conclusions that are flesh of our flesh and paid for by the tremendous sacrifices we have made.

When we came to Spain fascism was something abstract for most of us — something to which we were opposed in principle and because of our democratic traditions. Here in Spain we have learned what Fascism is in reality. We have learned it from contact with other volunteers from Fascist countries. We have learned it from refugees and evaders from the Fascist army. And we have seen it with our own eyes, in Madrid, Barcelona, Híjar, Gandesa and in hundreds of other towns and cities that Fascism is utter savagery, barbarism and destruction. We have learned that Fascism is totalitarian warfare, the slaughtering of hundreds of thousands or millions of innocent men, women, children; the physical extermination of whole nations in order to ensure and perpetuate the rule of a handful of monopoly capitalists and the landed nobility.

We have heard evaders tell us of the terror and atrocities perpetuated on the population by Franco and the Italian and Nazi invaders, of looting, wholesale rape and assassination. We have heard the peasants in the vicinity of Corbera tell us after their liberation how the Fascists in cold blood murdered our Comrades, the Internationals, who had been taken prisoners and shown the spot where many of our unfortunate comrades were buried. Young Spanish recruits, pressed into the Franco army and captured by us told us of the brutality existing in that army and their terror of the Moors who were given free hand to rob, rape and murder without authority daring to oppose them.

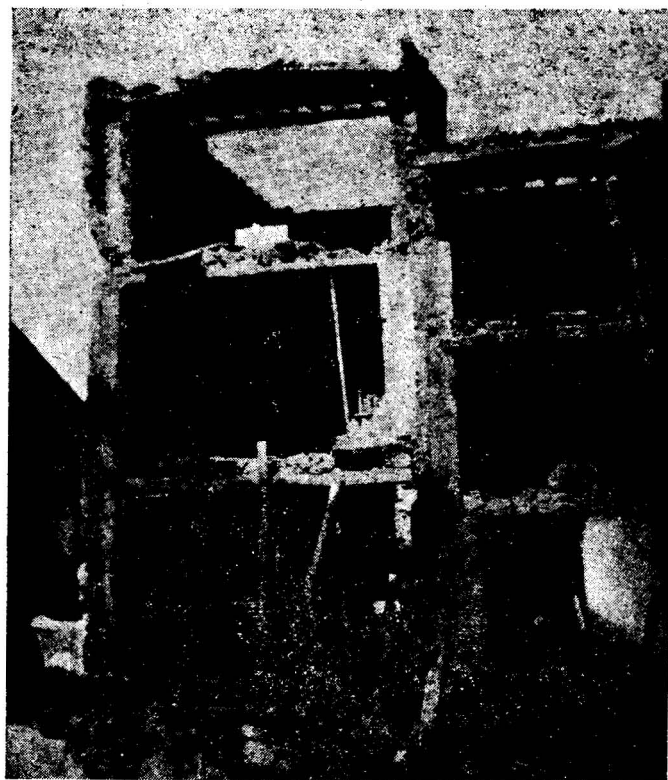
We have learned to laugh at the Fascist leaflets dropped by the millions by the Italian and Nazi planes that brazenly promised «peace and plenty» to the soldiers of the Republic if they came over to the side of their «liberators». We have learned the key to read Fascist propaganda, that «liberation» means enslavement, «peace» means war and destruction, «national awakening» the selling of one's country and one's people in bondage to the highest bidder.

But we have also learned of the power inherent in a brave and proud people who choose death rather than slavery.

We have seen the Spanish people unarmed and unafraid storm the barracks of the rebelling army and at the price of mountains of their dead wrest the power from them in Madrid, Barcelona and all of the principal cities.

We have seen the bands of enthusiastic but poorly organized militiamen develop into a regular army with ample cadres of competent military officers who have risen out of the struggle. A regular

A volunteer draws some conclusions on basis of his experiences here



After the fascist planes visited Corbera

army that was not only capable of the brilliant feat of crossing the Ebro but to maintain its conquest in the face of the bitterest onslaught ever launched by the army of invaders with their superior, and concentrated artillery, aviation and tanks.

We have learned the tremendous capacity of a People's Front government to rally around itself the best that is in a people. The People's Front has shown itself an instrument capable of defending a nation against fascist aggression by uniting the a people behind a common minimum program. Although the path of unity is a hard and tortuous one and its course mostly uncharted, unity in Spain has been developing at an ever increasing pace under the most trying and difficult conditions. Parties and trade unions have all learned to soft-pedal their own special interests for the interests of the entire people as a whole. Those of us who have lived through the agonizing days of the Aragon retreat will never cease to admire how the Government, with its faith unshaken in victory, was able to husband

and mobilize the slender resources of the entire country to carry through a successful policy of resistance which later enabled her to take the initiative at Ebro.

We have seen how a people united can bring forth an amazing number of leaders of outstanding talent and ability in all fields. Pasionaria, Durutti, Lister, Modesto, Campesino, to mention only a few, all bear witness to a genius residing in a people.

We have seen a cultural revival develop while the country was carrying on a war of desperate resistance; we have seen emancipated Spanish women take the place of men in the factories; we have seen Brigades, Divisions and Army Corps setting up and supporting schools and children's homes; we have seen the army and the rear-guard united in mutual help, support and self-sacrifice.

We have felt the treachery of «democratic» diplomacy on our own skin. We knew from experience that whenever there was renewed talk of «Non-Intervention» it signified increased shipments of Italian, German planes, artillery,

tanks and other war material. We knew that whenever the «Non-Intervention Committee» announced progress about the «withdrawal of volunteers» it was equivalent to saying that another convoy of Italian troops and aviators were about to land in Cadiz. We have learned to cut through the maze of diplomatic phrases and to place our faith in the unity of toilers and the strength of our arms.

We have learned to love and respect the heroic people of Spain who have suffered so much and who are determined to sacrifice everything they possess, to fight to the last drop of their blood to free Spain from foreign invasion.

And last, but not least, we have learned the full meaning of International Solidarity. We have fought shoulder to shoulder not only with our Spanish brothers but also with our brothers from 20-30 different countries, speaking 20-30 different idioms, united in our love for freedom and democracy and in our antifascist principles. German and French, English and American, Negro and White, Chinese and Japanese volunteers — we all fought side by side in perfect harmony, each willing to sacrifice his life to bring his wounded comrade lying out in the field back to safety.

We have seen the people in every country in the world collecting aid and supplies for Republican Spain. We have seen them watch our fight and progress with anxious eyes and, due to their effort — and of course also the magnificent fight of the Spanish people and the International volunteers — we have seen a strong sympathy develop for Republican Spain among the common people of all countries.

We have seen all of these and many things more that would take volumes to relate. And out of all we have seen and we have learned the words of Dr. Negrin stand out in bold relief:

«Hear ye well! We know that the triumph of fascism would mean our total extermination. Well, then, we'll be sooner exterminated than let fascism triumph!»

The fate of Spain must be resolved among Spaniards alone...

Ours is a policy of peace on basis of national integrity and reconstruction of Spain.

This is why we have to triumph and why we will triumph.

And we will do it in short order if they (the outside powers) will deal with us justly.

We will do it in months if they don't put obstacles in our way. And we will do it in years if they (the outside powers) will continue to crucify us and asphyxiate us as they have been doing up until now under the pretext of non-intervention!»

JULIUS HENE.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED AT EBRO

By Dr. Major Wm. PIKE

For more than a month the Sanidad, too, was preparing for the Ebro offensive—extensive instruction in bandaging, carrying the wounded and loading them on ambulances, arresting organizational defects in order to evacuate the wounded more quickly from the front lines, save them hours of suffering and pain and bring them faster to the hospital and life.

When we finally received our orders to move to the Ebro only the most essential material was loaded, all else was left behind in a central depot. When the Brigade began crossing the Ebro at night our system of relays stretched further and further away in a vain effort to maintain contact with the rapidly advancing troops. The wounded, fortunately few in numbers that first day, were brought over the swaying pontoon bridges by hand.

Late that night the bridge for heavy transport was finished—munitions and artillery first. In the early morning the Brigade Sanidad, consisting of two ambulances, coach, a truck loaded with all the sanitary material and an autobus formed part of that clamoring mass which crowded the road that lead in clouds of choking dust to the bridgehead. Hour after hour went by anxiously as we cursed the tanks and ammunition trucks that moved in ahead of us. Then, when the first, faint light of day appeared the horrible news filtered back through the dust to us—the bridge was broken!

The crowded, confused convoy melted away soon after the enemy observation planes appeared. Orders were given for the Sanidad transport to cross as soon as the bridge was repaired or the ferry ran and about three of us left to cross over the foot-bridge. Our task seemed hopeless, no possible means of evacuating the wounded, but we had to contact our forces fighting many kilometres ahead.

Walking, we reached the crossroads where we heard of the advances and, the still more relieving news, that the troops were resting. We captured an ambulance here that we had lost to the Fascists at Teruel. This ambulance functioned a few hours then broke down.

We set up a joint ambulance post with the 13. Brigade, sent runners to apprise the Battalion Doctors of the line of evacuation and returned to the river. That afternoon the road behind the Sanidad Post was cut by a battalion of fascists. Rifle fire cracked all around the Post before the Fascists were dispersed or captured.

At the river temporary arrangements were made to ferry the wounded across and additional relays were posted. Still no ambulances! Back to the Brigade!

Our personnel was strung along the road; they were ordered to the established Post. We had little or no material. Far into the

Dr. Pike has a long record of front line medical service with the International Brigades. He served throughout Jarama as Battalion Doctor with original Lincoln Battalion.

Following a months interval with an American hospital at the Cordoba front he was transferred to the 35. Division where he served in various capacities; first as Adjutant Division Doctor, next as Chief of Services of the Sanidad, and later as Provisional Division Doctor. After ten months of that he became General Inspector of the Hospitals of the XV. Army Corps from where he returned to the XV. Brigade as Chief Doctor shortly before the Ebro offensive.

In this article Dr. Pike relates some of the difficulties the Sanitary Service had to overcome to care properly for the wounded during the Ebro offensive and the subsequent counterattacks launched by the fascists.

night we trudged along picking up artolas (litters to carry wounded on mules) and mule carts abandoned by the fleeing fascists. Men were sent to look for mules.

The next afternoon we were able to send our improvised, non-motorized transport into action

ferry broke—it was overloaded with wounded—they heard the descending horror of the whistling shells and they were powerless to move.

But those anxious terrible days were soon over. The line of evacuation was changed, more am-



"Good luck"—Lincoln First Aid Post Gandesa

—four mules, two carts, three artolas. Relays of stretcher-bearers were sent to places where we had no mules to carry the wounded. All available men were utilized. The Army Corps sent over one ambulance. Pitifully inadequate! The wounded kept piling up. All trucks returning from the front were mobilized for the transport of the wounded.

The third day—news that one of our ambulances was being held at the river. No ambulances permitted across the ferry! Loud arguments, threatened arrest but we got the ambulance across.

The wounded suffered greatly. Hour after hour of riding on heavy trucks which vibrated pain through every fibre of their bodies. Then the terrible waiting at the river in the dusty tunnels, trucks rumbling by raising thick clouds of dust which stifled them, the anxious waiting while the grey Italian and German bombers circled overhead, the constant bombing that tore at their straining nerves. Once the cables of the

ambulances arrived, the wounded could be speedily taken from the front line medical posts. But the need for men to carry the wounded became greater than, ever. We had gone into action lacking 75 men—all our available men had been distributed among the battalions. Two weeks of action and then rest, which was not rest, behind the lines.

Attempts were made to disinfect and douche the men under unsatisfactory war conditions. A few days of that and again into line in the Sierra de Pandols—in mountainous rocky soil, steep inclines which left you gasping for air where even the sure-footed mules could not be used. The wounded were often carried on the backs of the stretcher-bearers from the front lines. In places even stretchers could not be used.

More and more relays at shorter and shorter distances were needed. It was back-breaking work; the stretcher-bearers worked themselves to the point of exhaustion. Here Dr. Silbergas, one of the



Dr. William Pike

bravest, was wounded. Dr. Hene, who had been directing the work splendidly in the field, took Silbergas' place as doctor of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion.

The intensity of artillery fire, the lack of natural protection, made the road unsafe for concentrations of vehicles. Only a relay ambulance post made it possible to serve three ambulance posts with four ambulances.

De Sota replaced Lieut. Dega in the English Battalion when the latter was wounded, and did excellent service. The Sanidad force of the Lincoln functioned flawlessly under the able direction of Johnny Simon, Battalion Doctor. Again all available men were used, no one was permitted to be idle. The partially disabled, the slightly sick were utilized as guards, kitchen-helpers, bringing hot food and drinks to the heroically working stretcher-bearers, replacing the able-bodied so they could function further to the front. Those soldiers who could not fight at the front but could drive released our regular chauffeurs who worked faultlessly.

Now the wounded were quickly and efficiently evacuated by the ambulances to the classification post where the bandages were checked for sign of hemorrhage, anti-gangrene and anti-tetanus serum was administered.

Again we went into a well earned rest behind the lines but recalled into action the third day. In the last action the line fell back. Late that night news came to Lieut. Mc. Farquhar in charge of the relay stretcher team that some wounded were lying far ahead, possibly in territory now occupied by Fascists. He quickly organized a rescue squad and penetrated almost two kilometres into a dead land broken now and then by the ominous sound of scraping pick-axes or rattling machine gun wheels. But they brought back the wounded—some on their backs, some on stretchers, a total of six soldiers who undoubtedly would have perished.

Many of the Sanidad gave their lives in this glorious action of the Ebro. Many more were wounded. But they worked well, these and the others who came through unhurt, fitting custodians of the lives of the heroes fighting in front of them.

COMMISSAR NICHOLAS MYER

Nick Myers, Commissar of Co. 1, Mac-Pap Battalion, was wounded in the attack on Ascó by the same shell that laid out Lionel Edwards, the Company Commander.

«I heard it coming», he says, «but I was in a hurry and kept going. I ran a hundred yards before I knew I was hit. Then I saw blood running down my wrist and over my rifle.»

A piece of shrapnel had drilled his upper arm from elbow to shoulder.



Mac-Pap transmission men on march

Like many of the Canadians in Spain, Myers has been a gold-miner, a logger, and a free-lance worker; in the depression years — jumping the freights from one job to the next. He's ran a tractor hitched to a wheat combine, hefted rails and driven spikes for a couple of railroads and served an apprenticeship as a blacksmith. «Blacksmithing is the best job», he avers. «It's hard work, boy! But I love it. If I ever get a chance I'll go back to it.»

Of medium height and lightly, Nick doesn't look much like a Village Blacksmith, but he has the unassuming ways that often go with physical strength and his biceps are more than adequate.

He joined the working-class movement in 1933 in Alberta — his native province — when he was only 15 years old. A little later he landed in a Vancouver jail for three months as a result of a mass unemployed demonstration designed to force the Canadian government to give the workers relief.

«But we got the relief», he exults. «An election was coming up in a few days and they couldn't take it. They set up a government highway project in a hurry and slammed us on it.»

His high point in Spain was at Calaceite, where, acting as Section Leader after the former one was killed, and completely surrounded by enemy, he directed his men in resisting powerful attacks for more than two hours. Six fascist tanks and over 200 infantry

men repeatedly assaulted the hill-top where Nick and his handful held out with few cartridges, no bombs and a defective light maxim.

Finally, realizing that the rest of our forces had withdrawn, he ordered his men to break up into small groups and make their way back to our lines. They all got back.

After that he was posted outside Mora de Ebro in charge of a 20 men detail of scouts to warn of the approach of the enemy to the Mora bridgehead.

The detail was armed with new type automatic rifles which only Nick handled before, and supplied with a camion for rapid withdrawal. They stuck until the enemy appeared in force and then — their function performed — das-



Mac-Paps resting in an olive grove



Siesta behind the lines

hed for the bridge which was blown up as soon as they had passed.

As a Commissar, Nick attributes most his success to «the help of good guys who were able to swing nearly everybody over

to our way of thinking. I was green at the job and at first I figured a Commissar ought to be like a foreman in a lumber camp — a big hefty guy who could lick anybody in his outfit.»



Near Gandesa



Observer - Fuentes de Ebro



A group of soldiers Mac-Pap Battalion

THE WAR IN SPAIN AGAINST THE ITALO-GERMAN ARMY

The war which Spain is carrying on against Italy and Germany, who are aided by the treacherous rebel generals, the Moors and the Portuguese, has forced the Spanish people to undergo a hard trial which is now well in its third year. The tenacious resistance of the Spanish people and their determination to continue fighting with a high morale are due to their desire for the independence of Spain and their enthusiasm for democratic ideas. The entire strength of the Spanish people is based on these sentiments. The Spaniards consider death a lighter burden than living as vassals under Hitler and Mussolini. And this desire for freedom is not felt by the men alone; it is felt by the women also. Even the children are filled with this love for Spain and for freedom. And it is due to this determination that the bombing of the civilian population does not cause discouragement but increases their hatred towards the invaders of their country and inspires them to further deeds of heroism.

Such are the Spanish people and such is the strength of Spain.

When the military uprising took place two years ago, the people rose up and overcame it. The rebellion was quashed. The civil war into which it degenerated would have been over in a few weeks had not Germany and Italy hastened to send huge quantities of war material, technicians and later legions of soldiers to the aid of the rebels. The Spanish people were full of spontaneous enthusiasm, but were not incorporated into a disciplined army — their army had risen against the nation — and their lack of organisation placed them at a great disadvantage when faced by a modernly trained and equipped army.

Of was then that the constructive qualities of the Spanish people were shown. While the Spaniards had to fight without arms against a well-armed force, while the war monopolised all energies, the Spanish Republic was organising a new State. It was building a new order to which the life of the Spanish people in loyalist territory was being adjusted. Thanks to this constructive work, the Spanish people, both soldiers and civilians, are enjoying moral and economic standards hitherto unknown in Spain. A soldier earns ten pesetas a day, as well as food and clothing. With the ten pesetas he can help his family. If he is married, his children are assured of a home in a children's colony. The most lovely country houses in Spain have been converted into children's colonies. Moreover, the factories and other enterprises, as well as the State offices, continue to pay salaries to the workers or employees who are fighting in the Army. The combatant feels that his sacrifice is rewarded, when he sees that the State and Spain in general are looking after his family.

Improvement in Social and Cultural conditions, despite the War.

Improvement in living condition of the Spanish people whose organisation and strength have rendered them capable of resisting for an indefinite period



Potato harvest in Valencia

The Spanish State has met with enormous difficulties in its efforts to feed Spain and to alleviate the suffering which war, and especially war as waged by the Italo-German army, imposes on the Spanish people. Nevertheless these difficulties have been overcome. Cultivation of soil in Spain has been intensified. The system of importing goods has been re-organised and at present a just distribution of food exists. Before the war there were nearly a million unemployed workers in Spain. The Spanish capitalists, who have now sold themselves to foreigners, exported their money and refused to give employment to Spaniards. The workers and peasants lived in dreadful misery. Now, during the war, they live under better conditions than before. In Spain, no one is without food.

The daily wage of the workers is from twenty-five to thirty-five pesetas. Some specialists receive higher wages. In the factories premiums have been established

produce more exists among the workers; the output of the factories is at present much greater than a year ago. The workers work voluntarily for ten and twelve hours daily in the munitions factories. One can give examples such as the foundry at Sagunto, where the workers continue working and increasing their production, although the town where they live has been totally destroyed. Hundreds of the wives and children of these workers have been killed and up to the present the town has undergone more than one hundred and fifty air-raids.

The case of the workers at Madrid is the same. Two kilometres from the trenches they work day and night in the factories and have withstood bombardments during which the foreign invaders, without fear of reprisal, have sometimes dropped more than a thousand bombs in a few hours.

All these workers, like those of Barcelona, who are always menaced by the Italo-German air force, have realised that Spain looks after their families and children. They know that even during the war their life is better and more dignified than before. Their children are educated in schools which before could only be attended by the children of wealthy parents. Boys, although capable of entering high school on completing their elementary education, were in the past obliged to learn some manual trade instead of continuing their studies. Today such boys are studying in the workers' institutes where the State not only pays their board and expenses but also gives them a daily wage equivalent to that which they were earning at their respective trades.

Refugees cared for by the State.

Social welfare does not leave a single soul without protection. The old people who were formerly shut up in dark asylums at present live in small family groups. They are allowed to do any particular work they like such as loc-



Their house destroyed by fascist aviation — but the people carry on



Children at the Mac-Pap festa

king after chickens, vegetables and flower gardens; and the profits of such work go to them themselves.

There are mothers who can cry no more for a child who perished amid the flames caused by a bombardment. One often finds a wo-



Workers in a factory greet a delegation of the XV Brigade

One of the most difficult and dramatic problems brought about by the war is that of refugees. Thousands of families have fled from the villages which are in the hands of the fascists. The Government of the Republic has had to take care of these hundreds of thousands of families, who had escaped from the fascists with nothing more than their clothes which were torn to tatters in their flight across roads and hills. At present there are some two million refugees. All of them are well cared for. The village and town councils in the localities where they have settled down have given a house to all and well paid work to those capable of working. The Government in addition subsidizes all refugees.

The children go to school. At present every child in Spain goes to school.

The tragedy and grief of these refugee families is enormous. They have seen their houses destroyed by bombs. They have seen their furniture, which they had bought at the cost of hard work, destroyed. The greater part of the women wear mourning. There are girls who have lost their fathers. man who has lost six or seven

of her family and who now remains completely alone. This accumulation of unhappiness which surrounds the refugee families would be enough to demoralise an entire nation if it were not inflamed with tremendous vitality, a great spirit of sacrifice and a tremendous feeling of unity between all its



The harvest of oranges

members and a state organisation which is strong and efficient.

People's Restaurants, Co-operatives and Rationing of the Civilian Population.

There is no one entirely without food in Spain. There is a just rationing system for all families organised by the town and village councils. There is also a system of co-operatives which distributes food-stuffs for more than 6,000,000 co-operators.

People's restaurants have recently been established. In order to be admitted into these restaurants it is necessary to have

a work-certificate. There are three types of restaurants gauged according to the different levels of wages. Meals are served for ten pesetas, five pesetas and 2.50 pesetas. The foods is similar in all three. In Barcelona about 100,000 people eat in these restaurants every day. When one figures on thirty pesetas as the average daily wage of a worker, it will be seen that only one-third of this sum is spent on food. The people of Spain have rallied round the Republic. The will for resistance is at present greater than ever. There is a sane and healthy spirit, a spirit of youthfulness. In this people of ideals there is no place for speculators and hoarders. No one can speculate without being pursued by justice and subjected to the contempt of his fellows. This state of things gives rise to contentment inside Spain and is the reason why people are willing to undergo all sacrifices in the assurance that in the end Spain will win her independence. A people who have been able to organise themselves and who show day by day that they are willing to face death can prolong their resistance indefinitely. And the resistance of the Spaniards means additional expense for Italy and Germany which it will be difficult for them to maintain for long. Meanwhile other nations will use this time to prepare themselves militarily so as to be able to confront the two ambitious dictators who want to bring about the downfall of European civilization.



MONUMENT

A Poem from the Spanish Front

By T. H. Wintringham

WHEN FROM THE deep sky
And digging in the harsh earth,
When by words hard as bullets,
Thoughts simple as death,
You have won victory,
People of Spain,
You will remember the free men who fought beside you,
enduring and dying with you, the strangers
Whose breath was your breath.

You will pile into the deep sky
A tower of dried earth,
Rough as the walls where bullets
Splashed men to death
Before you won victory,
Before you freed Spain
From the eating gangrene of wealth, the grey pus
of pride, the black scab of those strangers
Who were choking your breath.

Bring together, under the deep sky
Metal and earth;
Metal from which you made bullets
And weapons against death,
And earth in which, for victory,
Across all Spain,
Your blood and ours was mingled, Huesca to
Malaga; earth to which your sons and strangers
Gave up the same breath.

Bring to the tower, to its building,
From New Castille,
From Madrid, the indomitable breast-work,
Earth of a flower-bed in the Casa del Campo,
Shell-splinters from University City,
Shell-casing from the Telefonica.
Bring from Old Castille, Santander, Segovia,
Sandbags of earth dug out of our parapets
And a false coin stamped in Burgos by a traitor.

Carry from Leon, from the province of Salamanca,
Where the bulls are brave and the retired generals cowards,
From near the Capital of treason and defeat, bring now
Clean earth, new and untouched from the cold hills,
And iron from the gate, that shall now be always open
Of Spain's oldest school, where there shall be young wisdom.
From Extremadura, earth from the bullring
Where they shot the prisoners in Badajoz;
And lovely Zafra shall give one of its silver crosses;
Galicia, sea-sand and ship-rivets. From Asturias
Spoil from the pits that taught our dynamiters
To face and destroy the rearing tanks, and a pit-haft

That has cut coal and trenches, and is still fit for work.
From the Basque country, Bilbao, Guernica,

City of agony, villages of fire,
Take charred earth, so burnt and tortured no one
Knows if small children's bones are mingled in it;
Take iron ore from the mines those strangers envied;
And wash your hands, remembering a world that did so.

Navarre shall give a ploughshare and a rock;
Aragon, soil from the trench by the walnut-tree
Where Thaelmann's first group fought towards Huesca,
And steel from a wrecked car lying by a roadside;
Lukacs rode in that car.
Catalonia, Spain and not Spain, and our gateway
(For myself a gateway to Spain and courage and love)
Shall bring a crankshaft from the Hispano factory
And earth from Durrutti's grave;
Valencia, black soft silt of the rice fields, mingled
With soil from an orange-grove-also
Telephone-wire, and a crane's chain.
Murcia, a surgeon's scalpel and red earth;
Andalucia, the vast south, shall pay
The barrel of a very old rifle found in the hills
Beside a skeleton; earth
That the olives grow from.
And Albacete, where we built our brigades:
Knife-steel and road-dust.
Take then these metals, under the deep sky
Melt them together; take these pieces of earth
And mix them; add your bullets,
And memories of death:
You have won victory,
People of Spain,
And the tower into which your earth is built, and
Your blood and ours, shall state Spain's
Unity, happiness, strength; it shall face the breath
Of the east, of the dawn, of the futures when there
will be no more strangers....



The British on parade



H. Q.



Crossing the Ebro



Brigade fiesta



The Brigade Swimming Hole

Lincolns cited by Brigade, Brigade cited by Division

During the course of the recent action on the Ebro front, both the Lincoln Battalion and the 15th Brigade itself have received citations for the magnificent work done respectively by the two units.

In a special order of the day of August 21st., the Lincolns received commendation for their resistance on Hill 666 in the Sierra Pandols, Signed by Brigade Commander Major Valledor and John Gates, Brigade Commissar, the Lincoln citation reads, in part, as follows:

«The 58th Battalion (Lincoln-Washington) is due praise for its distinguished action during the past days.

«The commanders and commissars have rivaled each other in heroism, side by side with the soldiers, and they have prevented the enemy from advancing a single step.

«Despite the slight protection offered by the trenches and despite the enormous amount of artillery and mortar fire employed by the enemy, it was in no way able to bear the tenacious resistance of our Icomrades. In every case the Battalion repulsed the enemy, causing a great number of casualties with their sure fire.

«This is how Spain is being defended and how the men fulfill the orders of their Command. The

order was for resistance. The Lincoln-Washington Battalion understood its importance and accomplished the order magnificently....»

In its own turn the 15th Brigade received the praise of the Division Command when, in an extraordinary order of the day, of September 10th, its activity during the 8th and 9th of September was mentioned.

«This Command», states the Division Order, «is duty bound to make known the conscientious conduct in combat of the 11th and

15th Brigades on the 8th and 9th of this month; the first for its bravery in the attack, and the second for its self sacrifice in the defense. Both have lived up to their magnificent tradition of sacrifice and victory. For this reason this Command congratulates the above mentioned units, praising their outstanding conducts.

The Order is signed by the Commander of the Sector, Merino, and by the Commissar Delegate of War, José María Sastre.

Internationals promoted on eve of departure

On the eve of their departure from Spain a number of International military officers of the XV Brigade were promoted by the 35 Division. The list includes:

Promoted to Majors:

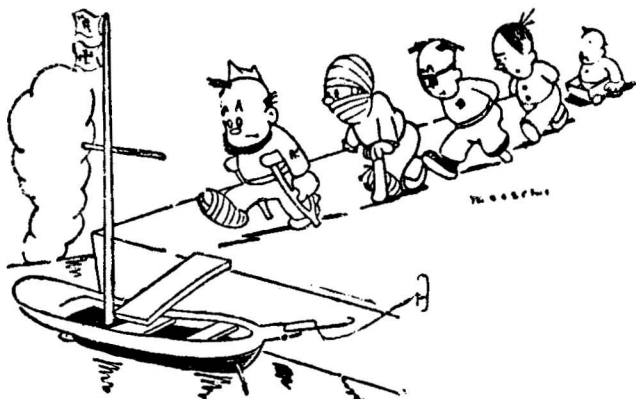
Captains Malcolm Dunbar, Chief of Staff, and Radimir Smrcka, Chief of Information of the Brigade;
Capt. Sam Wild, Commander British Battalion;
Cap. Milton Wolff, Commander Lincoln-Washington Battalion;
Capt. Dr. William Pike, Chief of Brigade Sanidad.

Promoted to Captains:

Lieutenants Howard Goddard, Chief of Operations, and Owen Smith, his Adjutant;
Lieut. John Power, British Battalion;
Lieut. Don Thayer, Lincoln-Washington Battalion;
Lieut. Gunnar Libb, Lionel Edwards and Henry

Mack, Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion;

Lieut. Dr. Julius Hene, Adjutant Brigade Doctor;
Lieut. Jack Cooper, Special Machine Gun Company.



Mussolini retreats some of his volunteers

You cant' keep a good man down

We are indebted to the Chicago Daily Tribune for the following delicious item:

The sister of an American who was fighting in Spain with the loyalists and who now is a prisoner in one of Franco's detention camps received the following:

The living conditions are fine, the food is plentiful and good and we are considerably treated. Utsnay.

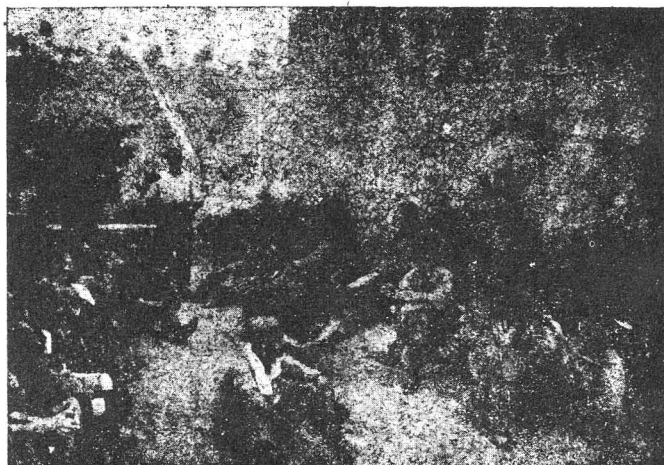
It got by the censor.

Because of error the issue of the "Volunteer" previous to this one was mistakenly numbered 33, when it should have been 34. We correct this oversight by giving this issue its proper number 36.

From the Brigade's Photo Album



Factory workers with a delegation from the Brigade



Transmission men



At the Activists' congress



Topography department



Brigade wall-paper



Watching the fiestas